Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
MARCH 1989

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PENTHOUSE
Black Label Edition

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 3/March 1989

Bolt From The Blue

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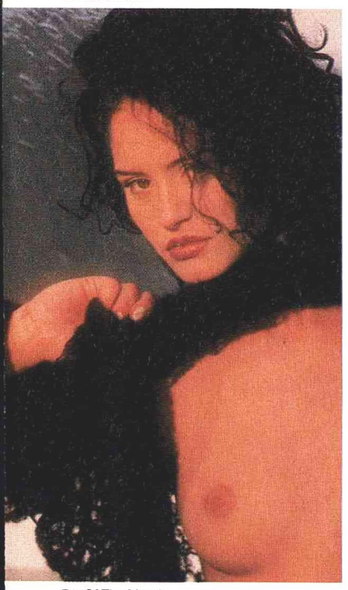

Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

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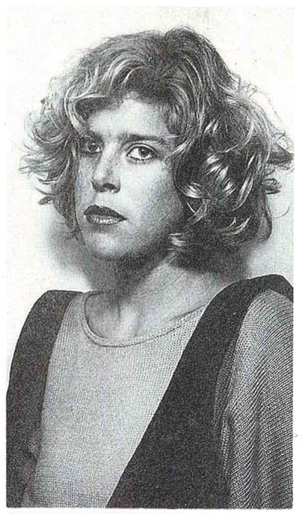
MARCH

SUSAN GEASON

JIM SHELDON


CHRISTINE HABERSTOCK

PETER McKAY

FRANTS KANTOR

HOUSECALL

INSIDE STORY
What's it like to spend 11 of the best years of your life stuck in a filthy Malaysian prison, where the only entertainment is watching violent rapes or numbing the pain with heroin, all on account of a small-time marijuana bust? Robert Symes survived the experience, but will carry the physical and psychological scars forever. **Bob Hart** tells Symes' tragic story in a savage condemnation of Malaysian "justice." **John Scott** provided the accompanying illustration on page 34.

A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME
Sports are being reinvented at a drastic rate in the Eighties. Rule changes, designed to suck in the casual viewer and pump up the money pie, are turning off the players and true fans alike. On page 74 **Nick Carroll** examines several of our major sports, including cricket, Rugby League, tennis and bowls, to mount a convincing case for sending all the meddlers to the sin bin — permanently.

BOLT FROM THE BLUE
Move over, Wayne Gardner and Kevin Magee . . . Michael Doohan has arrived on the 500cc motorcycle grand prix scene with such indecent haste, there's no telling how far or fast he can go in his first year in the big time. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** recounts the rags to riches exploits of motorcycling's latest master blaster on page 58.

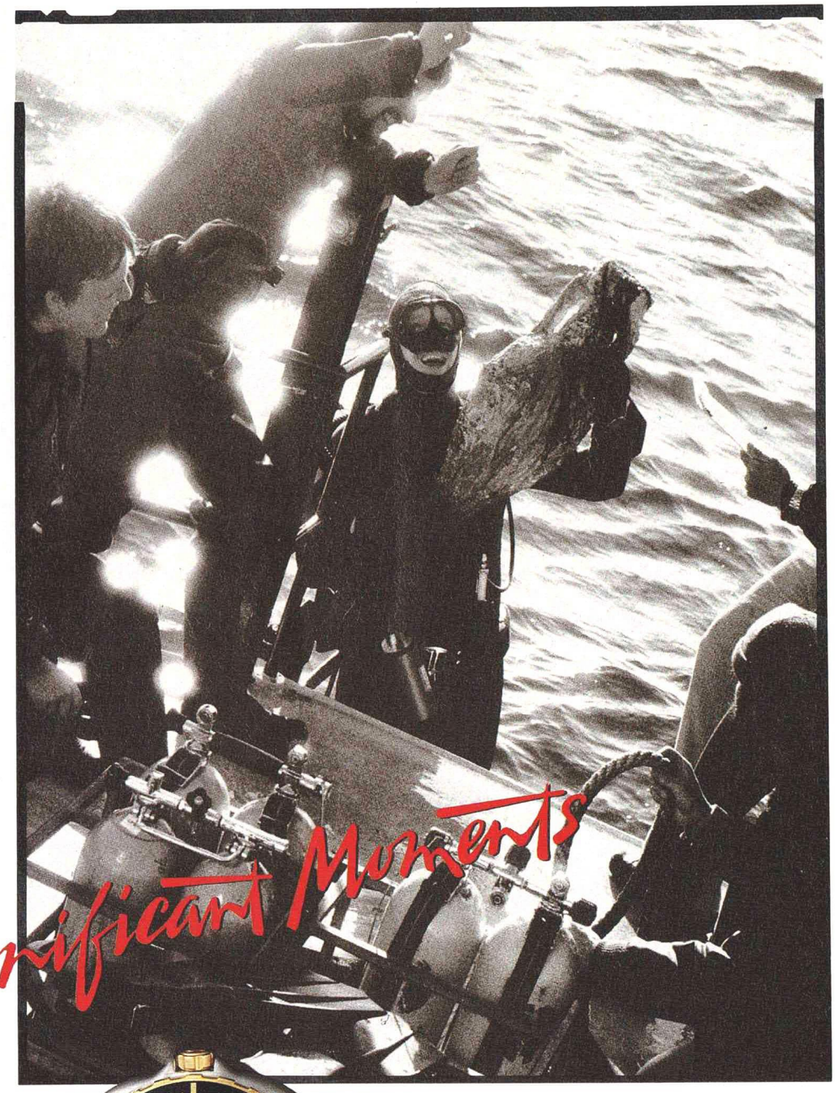
FIGHTING COCKS
You can tell a lot about the character of a nation by its favorite pastime. In Iceland, chess; in Australia, fishing; in the Philippines, cock fighting — as much as part of Philippine culture as machismo itself. **Jim Sheldon** compiled a superb photographic study of the quintessential blood sport, while Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** wrote the accompanying words. Turn to page 80.

SEMI-PRECIOUS
Precious is a 15-year-old nymphomaniac with heavy connections in the Chinese underworld. Syd Fish is an ordinary Australian gumshoe with a nice line of wisecracks but no idea where to start looking for Precious when she mysteriously vanishes. **Susan Geason's** wit shines in her latest fiction piece, illustrated by **Christine Haberstock** on page 50.

VIVA DUCATI!
Ducati's latest offering, the 851 Superbike, is a head-down, arse-up ball tearer with a price to match: $22,500. Is it worth it? **Tony Mitchell** put the hard questions to the Duke and concluded that there must be better ways to spend that kind of riding money — unless you're one of those people who can't resist the magic of Ducati. The photos were shot by **James Callaghan**. Turn to page 110.

SEX MAGIC
Can you gain Enlightenment through sexual intercourse? You can certainly have a lot of fun trying, especially if you practise the special Tantric Yoga techniques outlined by **Dr Jonn Mumford**, an international authority on the subject. Tantra is the most potent and vital stream of Indian philosophy. Find out what it can do for you on page 98. **Frants Kantor** contributed the illustration.

IT IS A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. WHEN A TREASURE FROM THE PAST, AND THE STRENGTH OF YOUR COMMITMENT TO UNVEILING IT, ARE THRUST CLEARLY INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY. OMEGA. FOR THIS AND ALL YOUR SIGNIFICANT MOMENTS.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in CAPITALS), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Censorship #3

I would like to add my 39¢ worth to the censorship/homophobic debate (December *Penthouse*). I agree that *Penthouse* caters to the majority of male readers and, I believe, the majority of heterosexual males *are* homophobic. Most men profess to be repulsed by the idea of any sexual contact with other men. However, the same majority is turned on by the thought of two women getting it on. (I refrain from using the term "lesbians", as the women depicted in the Forum letters and pictorials are rarely typically lesbian — just women enjoying isolated encounters with other women.)

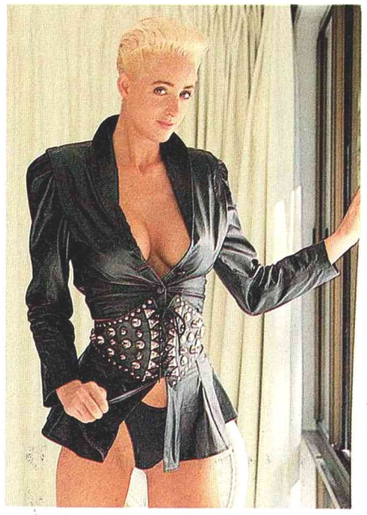
The author of Four's More sees this as a double standard, but to me it is merely another chapter in the intriguing male psyche — the very difference between men and women that makes us so fascinating to one another. Basically, it's deemed too effeminate to think of two men together, but it's pretty "macho" to fantasise about two women together or getting it on with two willing women.

Your female to female pictorials usually consist of two very beautiful and feminine women, not the butch types that would threaten the male ego. After all, when it comes to the crunch, the women must always prefer a penis. Even as a woman I can relate to this because *Penthouse* is about sexual fantasy — and reality doesn't have much bearing on what turns us on.

I think the whole homophobic issue is best summed up by that old male catchphrase, "I've never fucked a poofter, but I've fucked a bloke who has." Men could never admit it, even if they did harbor homosexual fantasies. I know I wouldn't relish the thought of my husband having homosexual fantasies — but I know he has the other kind, to do with women. I can deal with that.

But I really wonder what would happen if a typical bloke was placed in the position described in Four's More, one of three blokes getting it on with one woman. Everyone's getting their rocks off, but he's not getting any action, and the only available mouth is one of the other blokes. Would he turn his erection away and say, "Get lost, poofter"? We may never know. I, for one, don't want to know.

Lastly, I went back to the September 1988 edition and re-read Four's More, and



Titillating Terri Bowie

for the life of me I can't figure out why you bothered to censor it — after all, you left in every other gory detail.

Men! I'll never figure you out. *Vive la difference! — R. Holt, Hallidays Point, NSW*

The ultimate con?

I quite enjoyed Bill Chalker's article on the controversial subject of UFOs (December *Penthouse*). As the author of The ET Effect (*Australian Penthouse*, April 1988), I am fully aware that we are dealing with an emotional area.

There are a few points that I feel must be raised.

Firstly, does the evidence offered by William Moore (the prime mover of the "Crashed Saucer" story) stand up to scrutiny?

The so-called MJ-12 documents are undoubtedly fake. The evidence points firmly in this direction. The National Archives in Washington has issued a release pointing to ten major discrepancies in just one of the memos. Apart from this damning evidence, there is much more. The dating protocol throughout the MJ-12 papers is *incorrect*. The dates are constantly zero-prefixed. This is a protocol that did not come into use until the Nixon administration. Yet, the MJ-12 papers are supposed to originate from the 1950s. Again, this is just another of the many glaring discrepancies.

Another angle that must be considered is the character and nature of the prime mover, William Moore. Let us not forget that it was he (in conjunction with Charles Berlitz) who pandered the Bermuda Triangle pulp that was such a successful marketing ploy in the Seventies. These tales have been long discredited, and many of the mysteries turned out to have been outright fabrications. Another example is *The Philadelphia Experiment*; Moore would like us to believe that the US Navy has conquered time travel. Again, the evidence is non-existent.

Bill Chalker points out that William Moore's supposed intelligence contact, "Falcon", is indirectly implied to be the source for the MJ-12 leak. If this is the case, then the faked documents can be traced beyond Moore. Therefore, should we believe a word that "Falcon" says?

Falcon claims that we are being visited by nine different alien races. He also claims (on video) that they just love strawberry ice-cream. If we are being visited by all these aliens, why is it that NASA and the SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) program is gearing up for a ten-year search of the universe in order to attempt to locate *just one shred of evidence* that we may not be alone? — *Ben Harris, Brisbane, Qld*

Remember December

I thought the December edition of *Australian Penthouse* was the best yet. Having followed the magazine since its arrival in Australia in 1979, I think I'm in a good position to judge. The humor was actually funny — unlike some of the empty claims I see in other publications; there were gutsy articles from Greg Hunter on the Maoris in NZ and Bill Chalker on UFOs; and there was plenty of other good reading to get my teeth into.

The answer to the censorship debate, I believe, was contained in Al Goldstein's brilliant piece in the Sins.

As for the girls, somehow you are reaching new heights. The line-up for Pet Of The Year attests to this. The centrespread of Terri Bowie certainly lived up to its "titillating" toutings. The Bloopers were a riot.

First rate stuff all the way. If you can keep this standard up I'll be following *Penthouse* for another decade. — *T. Lewis, Mosman, NSW*

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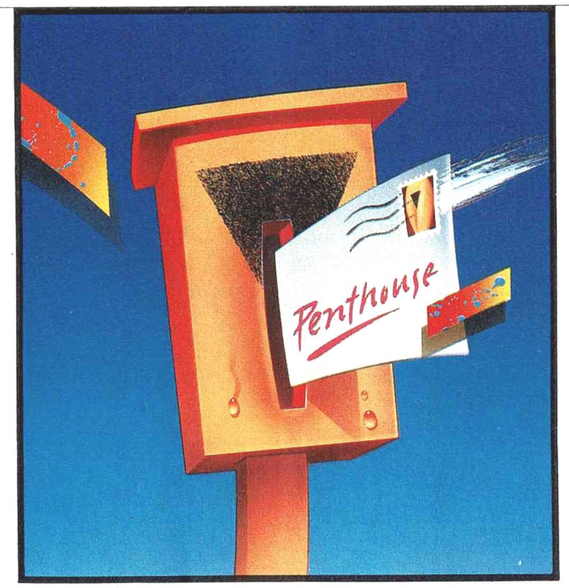
Love stories



My husband has always been the jealous type. I am five foot six and slim with shoulder-length dark hair. My breasts have very large nipples. These vital statistics have a tendency to drive my husband wild and make him very wary of other men. But as crazy as it sounds, he finds it a turn-on when I tell him stories of my torrid love affairs with others. One of his favorite stories has always been about the time I made it with his best mate. This hunk had the largest cock I'd ever seen, and I got to experience it firsthand.

Everyone was drinking that night and getting friendly. The theme was a love-in party, and we all lost our inhibitions kissing and hugging various people. When the hunk grabbed me, his hands rode up under my loose-fitting top. I was on fire. He asked me to come out to his car with him, and I knew I shouldn't, but did anyway. Once out the door, he began to fondle my big tits, squeeze my arse, and rub my cunt. As soon as I stepped into the car, I lost all resistance. I was his. I knew my husband would be furious, but this hunk was making me feel so good that I decided to deal with my husband later on in the evening.

Before I realised it, we were in the backseat and my top and bra were off. My control of the situation dwindled to nothing. His lips drew my nipples into his mouth, and his tongue made them stiffen and ache with pleasure. Asking him to slow down only sent his hands to my burning sex. I helped him pull my jeans and panties down. His fingers probed my dripping clit and caused me to grab this rock-hard bulge. The first feel of his manhood made me realise that this was no tool of ordinary size. I quickly tugged at his jeans, and my mouth went straight to his cockhead. The taste of a strange cock made me cream even more, and I marvelled at its size. He picked me up and placed me on his lap. I straddled his legs and looked into his eyes.

He lifted me up until I could feel the knob of his dick pressing against me as it sought out my cunt lips. It was slow going — I was used to my husband's dick that fit easily inside of me; this one was a challenge. Little by little, he pushed himself deeper inside me. I could feel every muscle and every vein as his cock fully entered me. Before long, I had greased his pole and we were rocking. He shot his load into me and I was hit with a breathtaking orgasm.

We returned to the party and I returned to my husband. My legs felt bowed and my cunt ached. The crotch of my jeans was soaked and I had the smell of desire on me. My husband whispered to me, "I know where you've been and I want to hear everything when we get back home." He looked so stern, and he did not talk to his mate for the rest of the evening. But when we got home, his interest in all the horny details of the evening seemed to heighten. He refused to let me shower, and went down on me so that he could taste the evidence of my quickie in the car. He told me that he never wanted to see me look at another man in his presence, but if I found myself in another compromising situation, I was to come home and share the experience with him.

Recently I had a sexual encounter with my boss. He was leaving the company and I went into his office to say good-bye to him. I gave him a kiss, but it didn't stop there. He shut the door and undid my blouse. He was quick to go for my heavy tits. With one of my swollen nipples in his mouth, he used his free hand to push up my skirt and finger my very wet snatch. I unzipped his pants and withdrew his gorgeous cock. I dropped down and began to give him a farewell blowjob. My boss held my head and began to moan that he was coming. I stood up, pulled off the rest of my clothes, and got on his mahogany desk. His fat cock drove deep into my wet hole. I came fast and he just kept pumping away. His balls slapped against me and I lifted my legs higher to give him more room. One more moan and I knew that he would be sending jets of hot come into my willing vagina. He came as expected, and I had one more orgasm after that.

We got dressed when we heard that there were other people waiting outside the office to give him warm wishes and fond goodbyes. I doubt if any were as memorable as the treat I gave him. Driving home, I couldn't keep my hands out of my flooded box. I ran my fingers between my cunt lips and continued to toy with my love knob. Bringing my boss's juice to my mouth and reliving the moment was one of the most erotic things I've ever done. When I arrived home, I pulled up my skirt and allowed my husband to inspect my cunt. I can't remember him being that aroused in a long time. I just hope that I'll be able to share more of these experiences with him soon.
— *Name and address withheld*

Party time

Well, it's almost office party time again which brings back memories of last year's bash for me. It all started innocently enough with a few drinks with the company secretary. Her name was Kim; a tall, plumpish blonde with blue eyes and pretty face. We were dancing one minute and then embracing and kissing the next. Before long we were very drunk and I brazenly asked her for a fuck. I can't remember the answer because I must have passed out. The next day I felt terribly embarrassed and wondered what would happen when we met again after the Christmas break.

For the first few days back we were both very sheepish about the incident but

gradually began talking and joking about the party. She called me to the office one day accusing me of making an incorrect estimate on a job. One thing led to another and before long we'd bet dinner on the outcome. At the time I thought what a silly wager because she couldn't win. As it turned out my suspicions were well founded.

Dinner was arranged at the local pub's bistro and I decided to book a room in the hotel just in case I got lucky. We started with a few drinks over dinner and she told me she'd lost the bet on purpose to get me alone.

My pulse began to race, along with the blood in my cock, as I gazed into her ample breasts beneath the loose fitting blouse she wore.

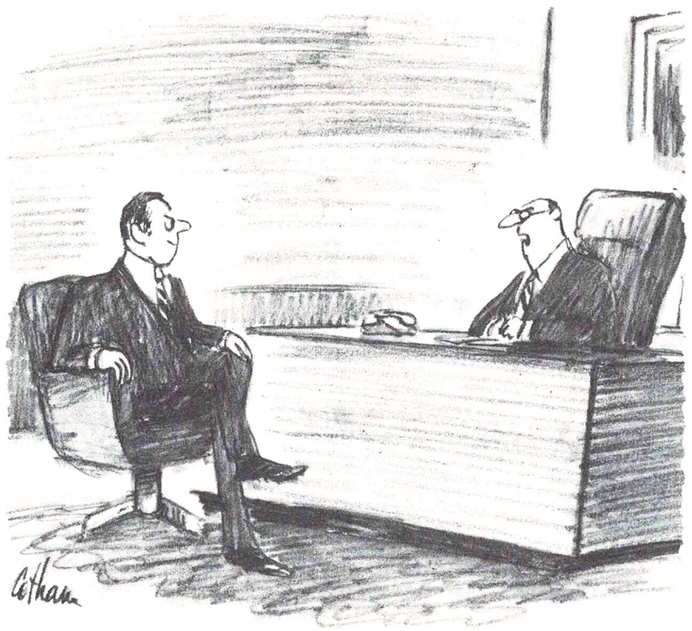
I thought it was now or never and produced the key to the hotel room. She seemed a little stunned at first and then said, "What are we waiting for?" I led her to the room and poured her a glass of champagne which she thought very romantic. My cock was bursting by this stage and as we kissed she slid her tongue in and out of my mouth. I unbuttoned her blouse to reveal a gorgeous set of tits inside a flimsy bra. I slid my hand in and began sucking each nipple in turn as she moaned in pleasure. She took off her dress and lay back on the bed clad in only a pair of brief black panties, wet with anticipation.

I needed no invitation and quickly undressed to join her on the bed. The next half hour is one I will never forget. I grabbed her panties and pulled them up the cheeks of her arse. She said, "Fuck me, fuck me," but I decided to increase her pleasure before taking mine. Pulling down her briefs I came face to face with a huge mound of glistening, black pubic hair unlike the natural blonde I expected to find.

I buried my tongue in her pussy as she screamed with ecstasy. I was becoming worried because my licking had made her nearly hysterical and the walls of the hotel were paper thin. I was sure everyone in the building could hear us.

However, I soon forgot my fears as she grabbed my throbbing cock and pulled me straight into her cunt. I couldn't believe how tight she was for a big girl. By this stage we were both screaming and pounding away until I could hold back no longer and spurted my load inside that heavenly tomb. We lay there exhausted in each other's arms until it was time to leave.

Kim left the company shortly afterwards, much to my disappointment, but who knows what this year's Christmas party may hold in store? — *Name and address withheld*



"I have always found rule by terror to be the most effective, but of course, in time, you'll develop your own management style."

Dancing

Being a naturally all Aussie girl, I love the great outdoors and everything associated with it, especially the Aussie male. Those brown bodies, bulging biceps, muscular chests and cute tight arses are too much for me to handle.

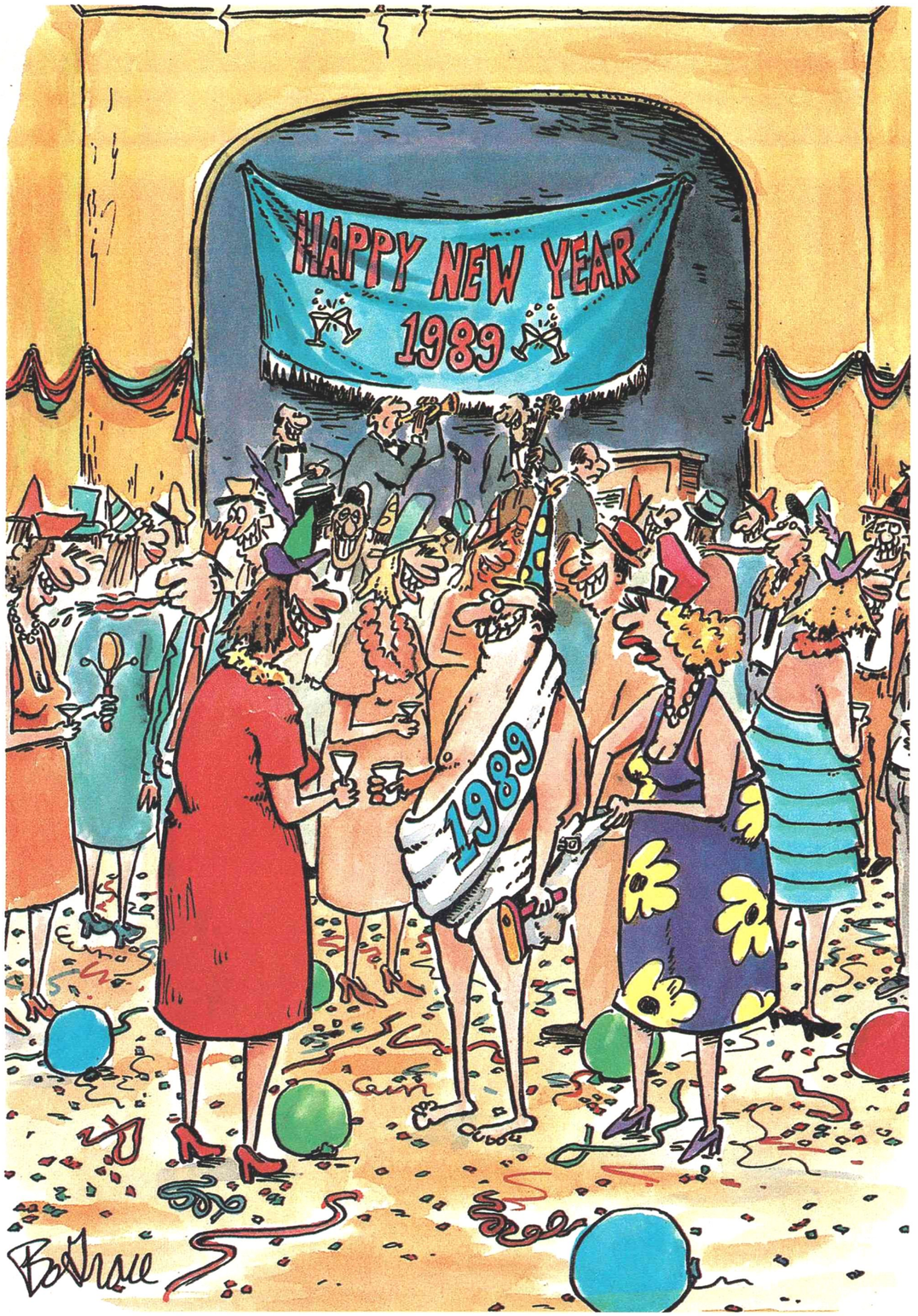
A friend and I hit the club one Saturday night. We hadn't been out together for a drink in a while, so we'd planned to get pretty pissed and have a great night, which we did — only it turned out a whole lot better than planned.

Towards the end of the night, I was quite pissed and I had to dance to try and sober myself up. I found my friend; she had got on to some guy and told me to find someone else to dance with. So I headed for the general direction of the dance floor, but I was stopped in my tracks. Standing in front of me was this incredibly well built guy. He was standing alone and moving to the music. I was in a daze. This guy (whom I later found was called Jeff) stood about six feet tall, had brown hair, brown eyes and the most delectable body I'd ever seen. He'd make a nun wish she wasn't. He had those bulging biceps, that muscular chest and his arse wasn't too bad either. I walked up to him and asked him if he'd like to dance. Jeff told me that I wouldn't be able to keep up with him. I assured him I would.

Wow! Could this guy dance. After about half an hour of non-stop dancing, I'd sobered up and was feeling human once again. The last song came on. Being a slow one, Jeff swept me into his arms and gave me the deepest and longest kiss I'd ever had. I was in lust and I had to have this guy.

Jeff asked me if I'd like to go out for a coffee. I said I'd love to and we drove into the city and went for a walk around the Opera House. Who needed coffee? He had a body that my hands desperately wanted to explore. I almost ripped the buttons off his shirt to get to his chest and then I found his arms. I asked him to flex them for me and Jeff went coy and wouldn't do it, but I managed to talk him around. They were huge. I couldn't even wrap both hands around then. I then found him to have a raging hard-on. But for the security guard who was hanging around we would have screwed each other right on the table we were sitting on. After nearly an hour of kissing and fondling, we left and headed for home. The tension was too much; we pulled up a couple of streets away from my place and dived in the back of the van. Luckily the curtains were already closed, because we literally ripped each other's clothes off. He looked even better naked. Jeff hasn't got the biggest dick, but as they say it's not the size that counts it's what you can do with it. We slipped into a 69 position. He ate me to my first orgasm.

I loved his dick in his mouth, but I needed him in me. I begged him to enter me and he happily obliged. As he entered



"No kidding, Louise — his diaper is full!"

They wish their figures were as healthy as ours.

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TIME
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THE BULLETIN
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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
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W EELS
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AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
128,137 *

In competing for the advertising dollar few magazines have the staying power to deliver the really glittering prizes.

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Australian
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*Source: ABC Audit, April 1, 1988 – September 30, 1988

Jacka 1659 A

me, I had another orgasm. Jeff felt so good inside me. We made love until we both came together. Jeff collapsed on top of me. We managed with what energy we had left to separate our sweaty bodies. I just lay there totally drained, but sexually fulfilled.

This night took place about 12 months ago. Jeff and I still rendezvous together. I recently purchased a water-bed and we've had a few good nights in that.

So Jeff, if by chance you're reading this, I'll see you in those "sheets" soon! — *Name and address withheld*

Shoe-in

Being a dedicated reader of your magazine, I have often incorporated ideas that others have written about into my own sexual repertoire. A few issues back, there was a letter by a woman who liked to flash shoe salesmen. Two months ago I found myself at a local mall browsing in one of the shoe stores. As I surveyed the scene, I thought to myself that the letter writer would have trouble here, as all of the salespeople were women. No sooner did the thought enter my neurons that I was on my way home, tingling with the anticipation of being outrageous.

At home I found a pair of running shorts that I had long since put in the bottom drawer. They had seen better days — the material was a clingy nylon, and the leg openings were stretched from frequent use. I put them on and sat down in front of the mirror to see what the show would look like. The only problem would be hanging out too much — not too little.

The excitement of planning this had given me continuous hard-ons. I thought about jerking off, but I wanted to keep myself on a sexual high. The closest I had ever come to doing this sort of thing was skinny-dipping, and I knew I was now in another dimension. My cock had reconciled itself to a permanently engorged state that was about half a hard-on. It was thick and very red, but still able to be bent downward and to one side. All I had to do was lift my right leg at the knee while sitting and my cockhead would begin to show through the left leg opening. Even better, the cut of the shorts was such that my cock was only visible from the ground up.

It was early afternoon by the time I returned to the shoe store. There were two saleswomen present, both very attractive and in their early twenties. I asked the more innocent-looking of the two if she could get some shoes to try on, and I pointed out four or five expensive styles. She was the picture of politeness as she went into the stock-room. I settled into the chair and put one foot on the footstools that the salespeople sit on.

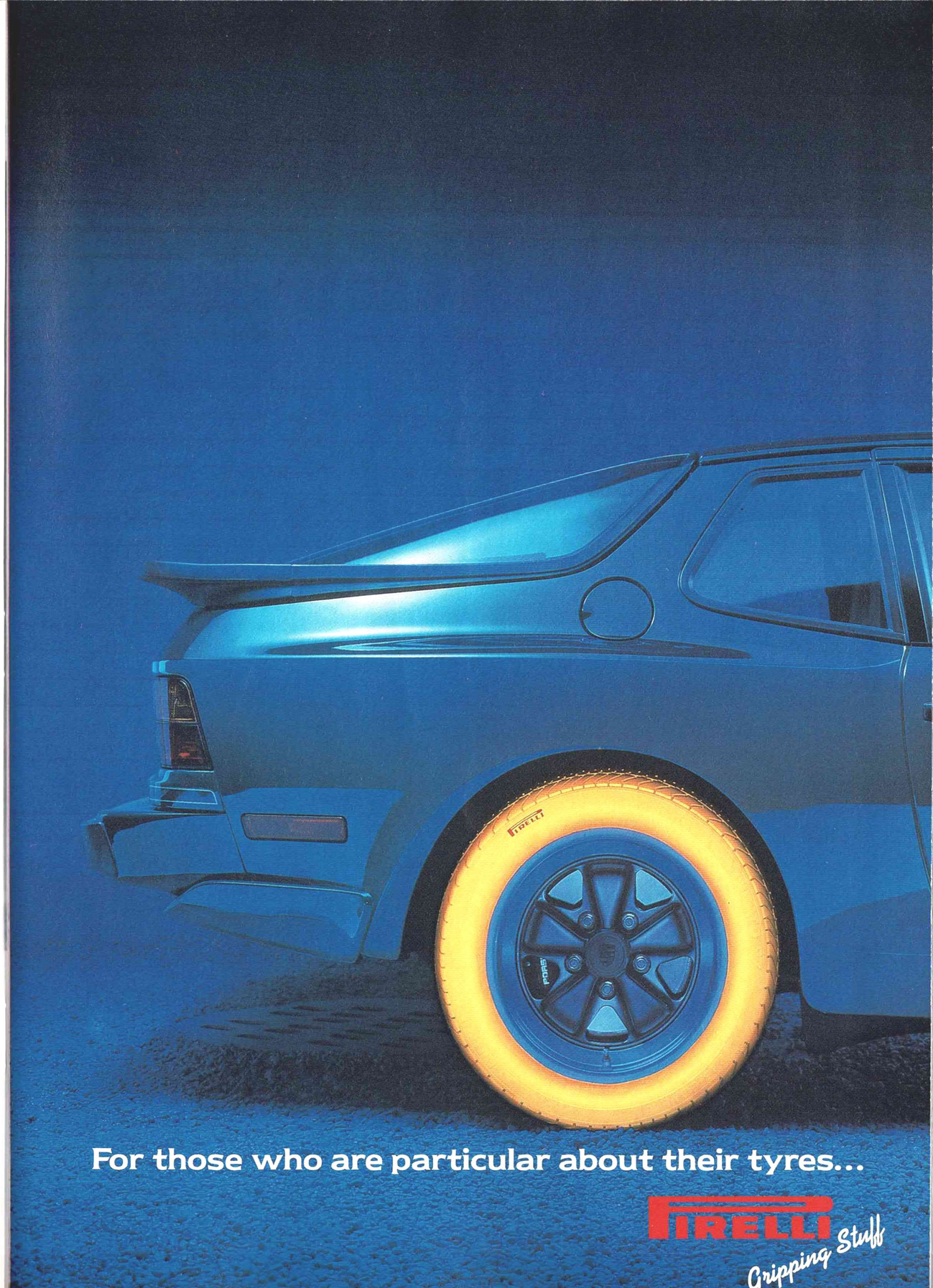
"For God's sake, pull the plug!"

She soon returned, her arms piled high with boxes. She selected a pair, and I nodded my approval as she pulled up the footstool to sit down. Holding the new shoe, she gestured for my foot. I lifted my foot at the ankle, and as she was sliding the shoe on, I helped her by lifting my leg at the knee. Our conversation which had been going smoothly, now became choppy. I could see the flush on her neck, and she was stammering. Pretending not to notice, I kept up the conversation and put my foot on the floor, asking her to please put on the other shoe. She didn't hesitate, and neither did I in giving her an eyeful. Goose bumps were colliding with each other across my body. My salesperson had glowing eyes, red cheeks, and her breathing was getting more pronounced. She had moved the footstool closer, and every time she bent down to get another shoe from the pile, her face was not more than 18 inches from my cock. Since it was midweek and after lunch time, there were very few people around. But I should add that whenever another customer did come by, I would open the newspaper I had with me and let it rest across my lap.

After ten minutes (which seemed like an hour), she said there were other shoes that I might like and that the other salesgirl could bring them up from the basement. Of course I agreed, and had her put on one more pair before she got her friend. This time I knew that most of my cock was exposed, as I could feel the air-conditioning on it. My cramped position and the fact that my dick was bent across were the only things keeping it from springing up. As my foot slid into the shoe, I leaned forward and pretended to look away. Her face was less than 12 inches from my cock, and she let out a miniscule groan that was no more than one one-hundreth of a decibel, but sounded like a cannon shot to my throbbing cock.

Needing a rest, I tried to recoup while she was gone. I regulated my breathing and congratulated myself on what a pervert I was. Suddenly the other salesgirl came up to me, and wow, what a looker! She was a little older, had bright blue eyes, and her pouting full lips were adorned with red, red lipstick. She told me that the first salesgirl had told her that I was very particular and that maybe she might find something better for me. She was looking directly into my eyes when she gave this little speech, and all my instincts told me that this was an invitation. I repeated the same movements as I did with the first girl. I was so turned on, I could hear my heart thumping. My cock was huge and now it was aching. I looked away, and when I glanced back, No 2 was looking at my crotch.

She told me her name was Vera and she reached for another box of shoes. She was moving boxes all around, and it wasn't until her hand was on my ankle that I realised she had made a little wall of



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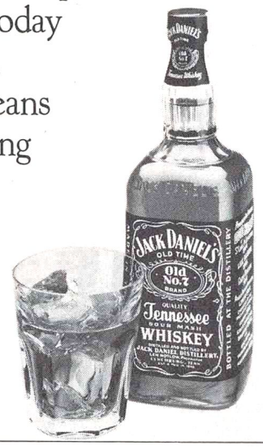

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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FORUM

shoeboxes on either side of me. I also noticed the other salesgirl watching us intently while trying to act like she was restocking shelves.

Vera had moved so that my right leg was between hers. I felt the top of her leg, and it was so hot I thought that we would both burst into flame. When she reached for my other foot, her hand touched my leg and slowly made an ascent toward my thigh. Very hesitantly she reached my crotch and very boldly she grasped my cock. My head tilted backward and I exhaled, a sigh that made everyone horny. Vera could just get her hand around my cock. "I've never felt a cock this hot," she said. Looking at her intently, I told her that I had never been so hot before. With that, Vera rose and motioned me to follow. I quickly paced behind her.

We went to a room at the back of the store. It was full of boxes and was dominated by a large square table in the centre. Vera reached the table and turned around. I took her into my arms and kissed those red, red lips. What a wonderful, serious kiss it was. We didn't know anything about each other except that we wanted to fuck our mutual brains out. Her hands were quicker than mine, and she yanked my shorts off so she could continue to caress my cock. Precome was making the shaft slippery, and I knew I was over the brink and hovering in mid-air.

Vera knelt in front of me, and this time it was my prick that entered her mouth. Every inch of me slid into her mouth until her nose bumped against my groin area and her lower lip grazed my scrotum. I lightly rested my hand on either side of her face as she began to move back and forth. Tearing at the buttons of her blouse, she had it off in seconds, never missing a beat as she steadily increased the tempo. Her tits were creamy-white, topped off with very pale nipples. I wondered if the pink of her nipples had anything to do with the red of her lips. That was the end of logical thinking for me. Vera had quickened the pace and I knew I was going to have the orgasm of my life. I felt it start in the soles of my feet and explode through my body — a mountainous wave of pleasure that kept cresting and cresting. I howled and moaned and cried out from the sheer joy of it. Vera started swallowing all of my precious come. She drank every drop until my dick could give her no more.

I told her to keep sucking my cock because I wanted to fuck her. She agreed, and in no time I was hard as a rock again. In one move I pulled up her skirt, took down her panties, and bent her over the table. I put my hands on her hips and she began to moan in delight. Her arse was pear-shaped and firm — her smoothness really

Continued on page 121

Sins

AVARICE

Tax And The Nation

There has been some fuss recently about just how little income tax is paid by our captains of industry — or at least by the ships they sail. Bond Corp, one of Australia's biggest companies, last year paid a little under 1 percent of its gross profits out in company tax. Elders IXL, the flagship of the President of the Liberal Party, John Elliott, paid but 1.1 percent — and even then he was whingeing, threatening to take the whole business offshore to pay even less. (Bye bye John, go and be President of the Liberal Party of the Cook Islands.)

"Tsk tsk" was the response of many observers — especially those of us paying 40 cents or more in the dollar to the tax man. And while the Bonds and Elliotts and so on point to their massive payroll tax bills, their sales tax bills and their excise bills, and say that it is not true that they don't pay tax — while they play their word games — we, the salary and whatever earners, can point to the massive sales taxes *we* pay (on nearly everything we buy, including the beer that both Bond and Elliott sell). In fact, *we* pay their sales tax bill, they don't — they just collect it from us and hand it on to the government.

However, too often our response is similar to that of the little boy who sees another little boy with a better pop-gun and who then hounds his mother to buy him a pop-gun as good, if not better. "We pay a high rate of tax — why don't they?" And having made that response, it is to our credit, as a nation, that we then rather embarrassedly say little more about it. There would be very very few of us who have not, when filling in our tax returns, gilded the lily a bit. So when we see Bond and Elliott and the rest paying precious little tax, while the good citizen in us is saying "But that's unfair," deep down inside we're all wishing for half their luck.

Of course, tax minimisation is not luck. It is the result of lots of hard work and imagination — but mostly hard work, as the various permutations of the results of various courses of action are computed and assessed.

A basic of tax minimisation technique is the use of debt, whereby the entrepreneur simply replaces the tax man with a lender as the recipient of a good part of his earnings.

Say your company has made $100 million profit for the year. Given straight tax rates, $39 million of it ought to go in tax. Hmmph, you say, what do I get for that? A mob of bleating politicians, some traffic lights and a lot of bureaucrats that rarely do me any good but do cause me a lot of heartache. Pay them $39 million? Stuff that!

Okay, we assume you're prepared to pay a little tax and also a bit of dividend, as you own half the company and need a mill or two for the new boat.

Declare a dividend of $5 million, fully franked (which means tax-free in the hands of the shareholders). For that to be considered fully franked you will have to have paid at least the going company rate on that dividend, 39 percent or, in this case, $3.2 million.

You're probably getting the picture now. You work out the answer you want, then you go back and fill in the questions.

You deduct $8.2 million from your "profit" and use the $91.8 million balance as interest on a $613 million loan (ie, at 16 percent a year) which you invest. You declare an after interest, taxable profit of $8.2 million, pay tax of $3.2 million and a totally tax-free divvy of $5 million. Your shareholders will love you.

Your company is getting bigger, the shareholders are getting a bit of income and the bureaucrats in Canberra are getting a bit too — but not much.

Now note who gets the most of the money: the banks, or whoever the lenders are.

You are still paying out that $100 million profit but, simply, you're not paying it to the tax man, you're paying it to a bank, in return for which you are getting money to buy yet more income-producing assets which will produce more profits which will have to be taxed or used to borrow even more money to buy yet more assets to produce yet more profits on which tax will have to be paid unless you use those profits to borrow again and so on — getting bigger and bigger and bigger, like Alan Bond or John Elliott.

Now, we know what governments do with our money. A little bit goes to pay themselves (which is sometimes us) and a lot goes to build up the country — or at least used to, before these privatisation prostitutes got into the act — in those areas where it is not profitable for private enterprise to do so: bridges, roads, railways, pensions etc.

But what do banks do with the

Illustration by Jill Ryan

Sins

money? Money, you remember, that would've gone to the government for roads and bridges etc. Usually, they set a bit aside for contingencies and lend the rest out to other businessmen to invest at a profit.

This, the free marketeers will say, is good. The money is put to work — useful work, work that will yield a profit. Because the flow of funds is market and profit-driven, and not driven by some politician's need to win votes, the money is invested efficiently.

Well, it may be efficient — but is efficiency everything? Hitler's gas ovens were, I believe, efficient. Slavery was a fairly efficient way of establishing industry in the United States of America, too.

What is happening as a result of replacing tax liability with bank debt is that the government is being cut out of the game of allocation of resources. The money that should go to them goes to bankers instead — often bankers outside the country (some 70 percent of our $119 million foreign debt is owed by business).

So instead of the government deciding we should spend $100 million on a new bridge we have banks deciding to lend money to companies (even overseas ones) to build new factories, new office towers or, in the case of Sydney, to build not a bridge, but a tunnel under the harbor (and to charge us for using it).

I'm still undecided as to whether this is a good thing or a bad thing; but it is happening. Government is losing its authority because it is losing the most powerful tool of control: wealth. It can still, in some cases, say yes or no, but it is less able to actively generate projects.

Business has the bucks so business calls the tune. And there's no tune played unless it's going to sell a million records. If it's unprofitable, you don't get it.

The other worrying thing is the character of the business that's gaining power at the expense of the government — and this character is, of course, a tax-avoiding type. You could go over the top with this analysis (and forget that, throughout history, we the people have been dominated by robber barons, be they Hittites or Huns, factors of the East India Company or the NSW Corps, J.P. Morgan or Stanley Korman) but, given the nature of the beast, it is the entrepreneurial types — the Bonds, the Parrys, the Chris Skases, etc etc — who are setting the agenda, who are building the nation as *they* think it ought to be built, as long as it makes a profit.

So friendly little fishing villages become megaglitz resorts, every darned horserace carries a sponsor's name, as do football teams, runners, and even operas. The trucking companies are powerful so we get more trucks ruining the roads while the underfunded state railways let more and more established track languish each year. John Elliott needed to make IXL jams more profitable so he made the apricot conserve (which once contained whole half apricots) a shadow of its former self.

But then, maybe it's better to have these thrusting go-getters shaping the nation, rather than some grey bureaucrat fulfilling the whims of double-dealing politicians.

I dunno. I need to think more about it. For that, I need peace and quiet. I'll have to buy a few acres somewhere miles from anywhere. Now, if instead of paying that $20,000 I owe the tax man, I borrow $100,000 and . . .
— *David Quicksilver*

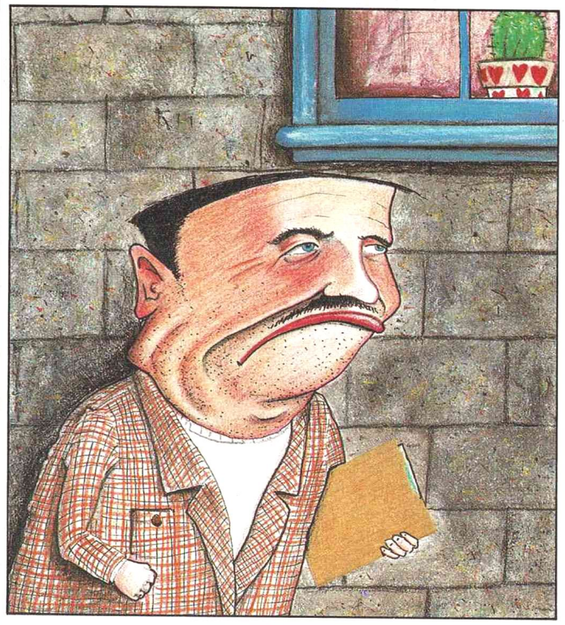


Illustration by Simon Bosch

LUST

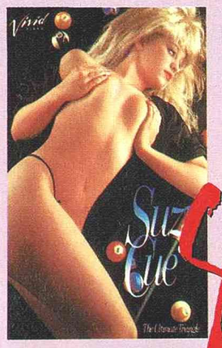
Becoming Single

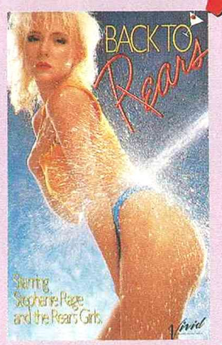
So the wife or girlfriend has given you the flick and gone home to Mother — or to *him*. You're alone, miserable, and angry as all hell. What's your next move? Grab the bottle of Scotch and slide into oblivion? Spruce yourself up and head down to the wine bar to try your luck? Find the nearest hooker and fuck to forget? Put a brick through the appropriate window to start with, then start planning some serious vengeance? Grab the 12-guage pump-action shotgun in the shed and . . .

Whoa. Hang on a minute. There is one thing you should do before you even consider anything else. You should go to the bookstore. There you will find a copy of *Becoming Single* (Simon & Schuster) by Hamish Keith, a "resource manual for the newly separated" which is destined to become as much a source of guidance, comfort and inspiration to the suddenly single as the Bible is to Fred Nile and his friends.

This book is special. It doesn't pitch from the sexual politics angle, so it avoids the sort of structured rage you get in groups of custodial fathers, feminists or whatever. (Their arguments might be right on the button, but that doesn't really help anyone suffering emotional turmoil.) Nor does it take the view that separation is the matrimonial equivalent of totalling your car at the lights. What it does do, as the author puts it, "is provide a common sense guide based on professional knowledge and on the experiences of people who've been there (including myself), done it, and at the end of the day saw the whole thing with some optimism — saw that they could actually make the most of the opportunities separation provided." Hence the title — not "Coping With Marital Breakdown" or some such, but "Becoming Single." It's not just about survival, it's about growth and change and more growth. It's about taking hold of the shock, anger, depression, guilt — the bucketful of misery — and moving through to acceptance, understanding, and peace. It offers practical advice on everything from vitamin therapy to sorting out the property, from dealing with loneliness to welfare and child custody. And it contains more horse sense than you're liable to get from a truckload of shrinks.

The sexual aspect is only one of the problems confronting the newly separated man, but it's one of the most difficult. Typically, men race out and try to screw themselves senseless, partly to massage their egos and partly to





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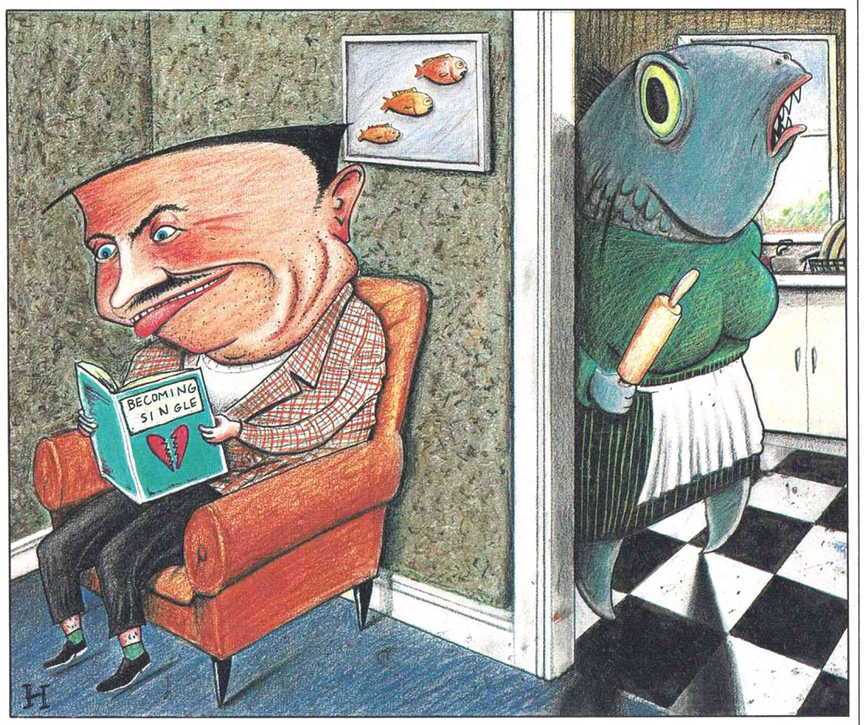
numb the pain. For most, it's a bum trip. To begin with, most men don't realise that emotionally wounded people aren't very attractive to the opposite sex. When they meet a new woman they generally find themselves bitching about the ex — not an auspicious start. They tend to behave like half of a couple because they've lost the social skills that made them attractive as single men. Inevitably they find themselves posturing beneath the revolving silver ball, drink in hand, genitals rampant, all dressed up with nowhere to go. Desperatesville again.

You've got to relearn your social skills and think positively before you'll get anywhere. And you have to avoid the tendency to see every new woman as a replacement wife. As Hamish Keith admits: "I was in a state of mind that had me proposing to any woman who was kind to me. Thank God none of them accepted." The companionship of women does have enormous possibilities for comfort and solace in this situation — but don't rush to confuse lust with something more serious.

Naturally, sexual frustration will rear its head sooner or later, and you'll have to make some decisions. Screwing yourself silly — if you're fortunate enough to have that option — can be a bit like drowning your sorrows in booze or work (both common indulgences for men). Do it if it seems right, but think about the possible consequences first. On the other hand, assuming that you're not about to enter the priesthood or the Foreign Legion, it's good to recognise that you have such needs. In the early stages after the breakdown, it might be best to take care of them in a casual sort of way, rather than set yourself up for more pain. One of the many anecdotes scattered throughout the book reinforces the point: "I began another relationship almost immediately with a really beautiful person . . . What I thought was starting again was just cuddling in a great selfish cocoon. I was too wrapped in myself to hear or feel or see what she might have wanted from our relationship. So it didn't last. I can't help wishing that I hadn't met her quite so soon; that somebody else not so special had come in between. If there is one thing I would really want to tell people like us it's: 'Don't be too quick to start another relationship. Wounded people make lousy lovers. Take your time and become at least mostly whole before you commit another person to your life and you to theirs.'"

Illustration by Simon Bosch



There's a pretty obvious corollary to all this. It's not just a matter of pulling yourself together and getting back on top; you need to sort through the shit and work out what went wrong last time. Probably your initial reaction will be to regard the ex as a five-star bitch and consider yourself blameless — but how much did your own behavior contribute to her walking out? Nobody likes doing their homework, but if you don't you're bound to eventually create the conditions for a repeat performance. How many blokes do you know who are into their third marriages or their fourth separation, still making the same old mistakes and crying into their beers about it?

On the subject of crying — DO IT. As you're no doubt aware by now, men in our society are not encouraged to express their emotions. But suppressing the hurt only hinders recovery, and that's the main reason why women tend to get over this sort of trauma more quickly and completely than men. "Men always think they can cope," says Keith. "They are not good at admitting they need support or in some cases professional counselling. I was the same — I thought: 'I'm grown up, intelligent, sophisticated; I can handle this.' And I couldn't, so I got into all sorts of destructive behaviors as a result. A lot of men end up stuck in the anger-depression-guilt stage because they can't let it all out, and it can turn into a cancerous bitterness. Many of them become physically ill. It's amazing the number of men who are incredibly bitter about their ex-wife, and you imagine they must have separated last week until you find out they've been divorced for 15 years."

There are all sorts of other pitfalls in the sexual arena. For instance, if you had been married a good while the odds are you'll find your new partners are much younger than your ex — and yourself. Not only will you be ribbed by mates and ostracised by some former friends, you'll find yourself confronted by a real generation gap. Alternatively, you'll suddenly become the most popular bloke around as friends work their butts off trying to get you rematched as quickly as possible, assuming the single state to be the equivalent of a social disease. All this stuff is admirably dealt with in *Becoming Single*.

Of course, the whole thing is a lot easier to cope with if you've made the break yourself. Sadly for men, though, it's usually the other way around. One recent study showed that 57 percent of marital break-ups were initiated by women and only 26 percent by men; the rest were mutual agreements. So for the male who has

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stopped listening to his partner and stopped being aware of her feelings, the announcement will often come like a bolt from the blue. While she's been considering her options and making her plans, he's left with rage and disbelief.

"She'll come to her senses in time" is the typical response. She already has, and she's not coming back.

"The main thing for men to realise," says Keith, "is that it isn't the end of the world; that it can be an opportunity to make a better job of it next time." With his book under your arm, the chances are good that you're going to make it.

— *Greg Hunter*

GLUTTONY

Foie Gras — Stuffed in Alsace

Foie gras is like love — it should be approached with abandon or not at all. It's expensive, sure, but you can't apply a dollars-and-sense rationale to pleasure. Like truffles, foie gras is the epitome of elegance. In France, you can buy fresh and semi-cooked foie gras but our quarantine regulations restrict the Australian experience of foie gras to the canned, preserved variety. A tragedy, but I was lucky enough recently to taste the fresh product on a week's journey through Alsace, the easternmost province of France and home of the world's finest foie gras.

Pate de foie gras d'Alsace is far beyond mere goose liver; its suppleness, unctuousness and tenderness is surely one of man's nobler creations, whether it is served plain, straight from a pottery crock, or baked in a coverlet of puff pastry. At chef Jean Schillinger's two-star Michelin restaurant in Colmar, I ate it fresh, grilled to quivering pink perfection, graced with fresh grapes and pinot noir jelly. A more orgasmic hors d'oeuvre I have yet to eat.

From Jean Schillinger, I found out that by the early 1900s France could no longer meet the demand for foies gras and had to import them from Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Alsace still imports the bulk of its goose livers from Eastern Europe (small amounts from Israel, too) but those exported to the US and Australia are French because of our restrictions. It takes about three to six weeks to fatten a goose liver and a good one weighs between two and three pounds. The traditional accompaniments are a baguette and a bottle of perfectly chilled Alsation riesling.

The ancient Egyptians first started force-feeding geese with dried figs to produce an extremely rich liver packed with flavor. The Greeks took up the idea and passed it on to the Romans, who took the huge, velvety livers to the outposts of the known world, as the Monty Python gang was fond of saying. Today, France is the acknowledged "home" of the delicacy, with Alsace having the edge over Toulouse and Perigord. "Stuffed as a Strasbourg goose" is a familiar strangled cry from those hardly able to squeeze themselves out of a restaurant chair after a "little business lunch."

Like lambs to the slaughter, the first few months of a young Alsation goose's life is spent living it up in green pastures for the only summer it will see. As the warmer weather winds to a close, the big meals begin — a diet of corn porridge designed to get heavier and heavier as the weeks progress. Not surprisingly, the geese get to the point where they have to be force-fed to produce the "fat liver" (foie gras translates directly to this magic phrase) required by the producers. The bird is ready for market around November, or December if a larger liver of two kilos is required.

On a trip to southern France as a teenager, I witnessed a farmers' market solely made up of these totally stuffed geese. Old French peasants whose shrewd eyes were little more than slits haggled furiously over the plucked birds and livers. Once the bargain was struck the "*mère*" whizzed home to remove the liver and cook it slowly in a large earthenware pot to render out the fat to preserve it. Most cooks can't wait to get their teeth into the finished product. So-called connoisseurs prefer to store the foie gras for 12 months in the pot to mature it fully.

Foie gras is the high point of any meal or occasion, and its versatility is legendary. You can serve foie gras simply with melba toast, or include it in a vast range of recipes from hors d'oeuvres, quiches and tournedos to stuffed fish fillets, chicken and veal chops, and fettuccine and tagliatelle dishes if you and your

Illustration by Paul Newman

Sins

live-in resource person are willing. Some gastronomes contend that it should be served at the beginning of a meal, when diners are still hungry and can fully savor its delicacy. Traditionalists maintain that foie gras should follow oysters, consomme, fish and poultry, and that it should precede the cheese, fruit and/or dessert.

The choice of wine to serve with foie gras is far more restrictive than its culinary applications. The traditional matching is a rich sauterne, in France usually the stratospherically priced Chateau d'Yquem, but in Australia we have more state of the art sweet dessert wines going for a pittance, considering their quality, than any nation on Earth. A good dry white or red is perfectly well matched too. The well-heeled can restrict themselves to a VSOP cognac or champagne.

Buying canned foie gras in Australia means having a working knowledge of what's what. Bloc de foie gras is what it sounds like — a whole piece of liver, the most expensive variety by far. Mousse de foie gras is a puree, whipped and lightened. Pate de foie gras is similar to mousse, only heavier. All the varieties are available plain or flavored with truffles, and should always be pre-chilled before opening.

I've never known why foie gras has never made it on to the aphrodisiac list. I know scores of people who don't like oysters; I've never met anyone whose nose turned up at the thought of foie gras — even liver haters. Everyone can handle a teaspoon and a can opener. The best midnight "in between" snack is to scoop out tiny egg-shaped (very symbolic) pieces of foie gras from the tin with a teaspoon and serve them on a bed (naturally) of crushed ice with hot (what else?) toast. The drink has to be the best champagne you can afford.

I once fell deeply in love with someone who woke me up with the following: tiny brioches bought from the local cake shop stuffed with foie gras mixed with some leftover Philadelphia cream cheese he kept hidden among the mystery bundles at the back of the fridge and tarted up with a little whisky. I found out later that the only other thing he could cook was a dubious chicken curry which tasted like an old chook in canned tomato soup flavored with stale Clive of India curry powder. But by then, it didn't matter.

But once in everyone's life, it should be possible to journey to Alsace on a foie gras pilgrimage. In Strasbourg, be sure to prowl the old quarter around the cathedral and just beyond, saving your strength (and your appetite) for some of the city's outstanding restaurants, such as the two-star Le Crocodile, where chef Emile Jung serves only the freshest foie gras with no butter and only a little Madeira aspic. Maison Kammerzell, a museum-piece Alsation restaurant serving a prodigious menu of Alsation specialties, includes a delicate terrine of foie gras. But it's at Zimmer-Sengel where the freshly grilled foie gras is as rich as the chocolate cake. Be prepared to go to heaven and dine.

Most Alsatians you get into conversation with lament the fact that the American and Australian governments insist that goose livers be cooked at higher than usual temperatures before they can be imported. It's a safety precaution, they know. "But people taste fresh foie gras in Alsace and then wonder why it is never the same at home. That's why." — *Elisabeth King*

VANITY

Take The Case

Is this the ultimate attaché case? If it's not, then it's certainly the last attaché case you'd want to leave behind in a cab. The cabbie picks it up to see if there is any ID on it, fiddles with the handles — and every ship and jetliner around the country tuned to the international distress frequency bands picks up the signal that either a plane has gone down in Redfern or a ship is sinking in the main street.

Of course, they'd record the frequency of the emergency beacon and pass the information on to the Canberra Coastwatch Surveillance Centre — who'd check with their records to confirm that the frequency is registered to a briefcase . . .

It's easy to make light of, but in the world of hi-tech corporate security these incidentals are bread and butter. "If it's a kidnapping," explains the case's devisor, Richard Jennings, Director of the Sydney firm Websters Corporate Security, "you have this situation where all the authorities are alerted, you have tracker dogs and choppers all mobilised and standing by — and then you look at each other and say, 'What do we do now? Where do we look?' In the vast majority of kidnaps, especially in the corporate world, the abductors take any personal or official belongings, thinking they may be of some value. They will take his briefcase. Even if we're only tracking them for five minutes before they toss it out a window, we know where they're heading. That can answer the first, most difficult question of where to look."

Richard Jennings is not about to indulge in name-dropping, but his clients are among the most high-profile in the land. Several of them carry an attaché case just like this. On the inside, that is. Outside it will be indistinguishable from their favored style but for two tiny screws below the handle. Touch these simulaneously and the bag starts up an alarming wail to put flight to any two-bit mugger.

Touch a totally concealed point and the case becomes a hidden tape recorder, voice-activated — the microphone is in the lock.

The other big feature is the mobile acoustic coupler scrambler telephone. Just place the hotel telephone in the sockets and dial the secured headquarters network to completely throw any telephone tap.

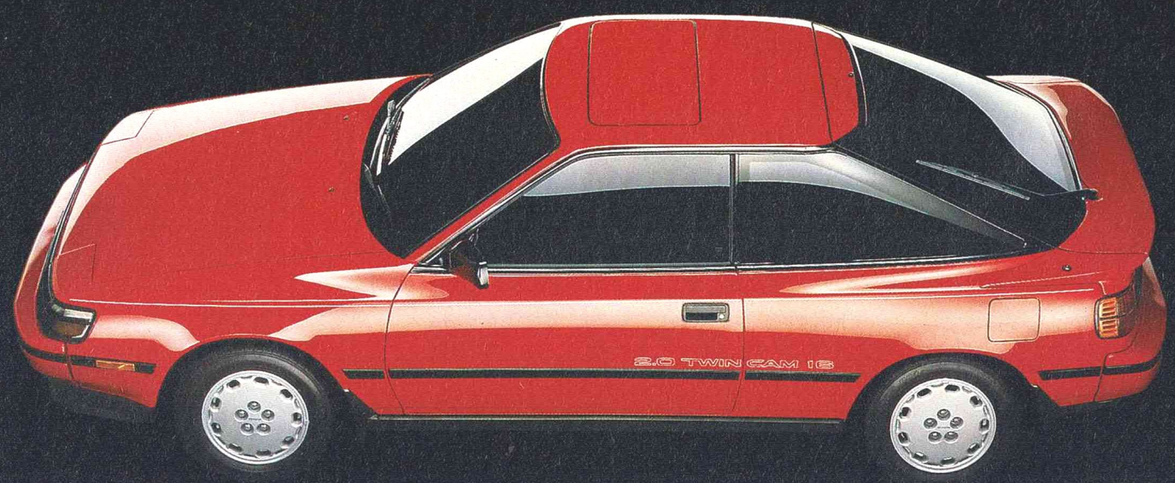
All of this is secreted in a rather hefty false bottom. They had to put some sort of shelf in it, so that papers and files could be laid

Arguably the ultimate attaché case, customised for individual clients by Websters Corporate Security — everything bar the cone of silence.

Photos by Geoff Howden

When you make a great wine,
you don't need to make a noise.

O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !



O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !

TWO LITRES OF DYNAMITE

Toyota Celica is perhaps the best definition of stylish performance on the road today.

The style was created by Celica's designers when they refined the lines into flowing aerodynamic smoothness.

The performance is delivered by a 2-litre deep breathing Twin Cam multivalve engine, an engine that in its rally guise has notched up a number of impressive wins on the international circuit, including the gruelling Cypress Rally.

Toyota Celica in action – Rally Australia 1988.

To ensure useable power across the performance band, Celica has two additional integrated systems: computer controlled electronic fuel injection and a variable induction system which helps produce better engine flexibility and low end torque.

You'll feel the performance characteristics change as the tacho sweeps past 3500 rpm and the Celica moves from cruising coupe into high performance machine.

Under any road conditions you'll find the handling is precise and stable. Celica's fully independent suspension combines MacPherson struts up front with dual link struts at the rear for optimum road grip at all times.

Inside the Celica you'll experience the meticulous integration of convenience and comfort. The driver's seat is body contoured.

Fingertip controls adjust for side and spinal support.

So when Celica takes those sporty twists and turns, your body doesn't.

The three spoke steering wheel telescopes and the tilt mechanism has a setting memory which automatically returns the wheel to the driver's preferred position. When it comes to a stylish performance, the Celica gets it all together.

Experience it. Borrow the keys and take a test drive.

TOYOTA
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Sins

Right: Designer style from Pierre Cardin, the smell of success. Far right: New in leather from WA, fish skin — the case in barramundi.

across the top — and that shelf is bullet-proof lexan, the type of plastic used in bank screens and capable of stopping most small firearms.

Websters Security does not churn this type of number out on a production line. "It's an extension of our service," says Jennings. "You can look through the catalogues of some US security firms and find cases with built-in tear gas cannisters and dye bombs — but they're mainly to protect valuable property. This case of ours was designed to protect the executive himself as well as information."

The model described would set you back around about $4000. It's not for everyone. A survey of the market of attaché cases suggests that there definitely *is* something to suit everyone.

An attaché case is the regalia of the executive. It must be leather of some sort. It must be black or dark brown. With these criteria, the question that is then asked is this: how much do you want to spend?

Head for the heavyweights in designer labels — the YSLs, the Dunhills, the Guccis, the PCs — and you can be looking at a bite the measure of the security attaché case without the security. You'll get immaculate stitching, the smell of leather, a sturdiness to last a lifetime — and a small logo reeking of success. Traditionally, however, Australians are not known to be very name-conscious. These are deemed in the industry to be more the domain of the Japanese businessman on a duty free spree. Though it must be said that most of these brands also cater for the mid-range, $400 to $600 buyer.

Others look for status in the leather itself. One South African outfit is turning out quality attaché cases in ostrich and elephant — the ostrich leather a light tan with curious dimples, not inconspicuous, and the elephant hide black with stylish grooves. We are assured the ostriches and elephants in question have been bred to be briefcases from the word go so it's all legit — though it makes you wonder whether or not we're hiding our heads in the sand. Mind you, they look splendid. David Jones have the connections. They'll set you back something on the far side of two Gs.

Yet it's an Australian company who are doing some of the most novel work in what might be loosely described as exotic leathers. Fish skin.

Neptune Leather, Perth-based, are one of a handful of tanneries worldwide doing things with fish — and the only one in Australia. The case pictured is an example of what they can do with barramundi, while their other favored varieties are snapper and shark skin.

It's a highly technical operation. Not all fish skin can be tanned, and each variety must be treated differently due to the variance in oil from species to species. Skins are obtained from fishing co-ops through the filleters; where they were once thrown away, they are now being turned into a range of luxury items and accessories.

Neptune Leather is relatively new on the scene; they haven't yet reached the point where you can haul in a mighty Great White and have it made up into an attaché case that doubles as a trophy. Maybe down the line, though, we can look forward to leather-jacket leather jackets . . . — *Graem Sims*

SLOTH

Rocking The Boat

It was like some stoned Harbor cruise gone off the rails. Just a few hours after sailing out through Sydney Heads aboard *Fairstar*, my research assistant and I stepped outside for the first time in the evening — after pre-dinner cocktails, five-course meal, a show . . .

"What are those funny little lights over there in the distance?" she asked, her wavering not altogether connected with the undulations of ocean swells beneath us.

"I think that's Australia."

I was right. It actually was Australia. But on *Fairstar*, that country — but for the hearty middle slice who had filed on board earlier that afternoon — already seemed oceans away.

Before departure, I had garnered opinions of this pastime we call "going on a cruise." "Basically, mate," said Mullet, "you don't go on a cruise to the South Pacific to see the South Pacific." Even though we'd been just hours afloat, I could see his point. It's called the Funship. It's been called a floating RSL — not

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Sins

always unkindly. It's been called a non-stop party. Around about 1500 passengers — and 500 crew — all at sea and out for a good time.

It is total entertainment. The ultimate Aussie slothful lifestyle encapsulated within its gleaming white dimensions. Cinema, shops, auditorium, five bars, casino, swimming pool, games room, sport deck, gym, and a virtually continuous round of games and activities to keep the most frenetic occupied.

You do not lift a finger. Put down an empty glass and it is removed and another one put in your hand. Finish a meal and the plate disappears to be replaced by another. Ask a question and get an answer. Go to breakfast and return to find your room spruced. Go to dinner and return to find your bed turned down and yet more fresh towels. To call it a well-oiled machine is to understate. The crew is awesome for its service, courtesy and patience. They work their butts off. They seem to enjoy every minute.

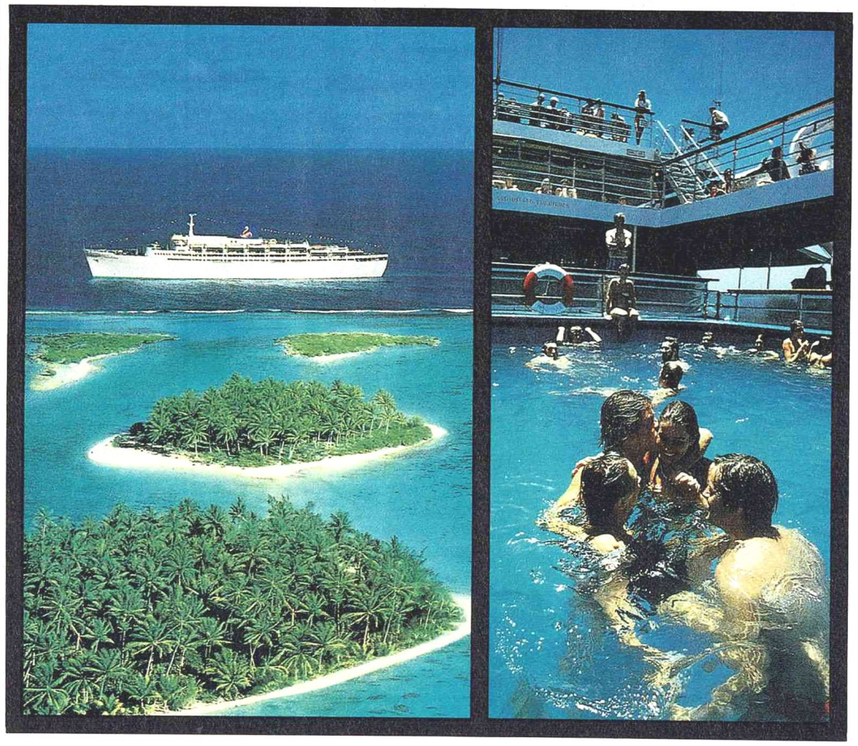
The passengers come from far and wide to soak up their week or two of total indulgence. There's Tom, the instant millionaire after winning the lottery. What is the first thing Tom chooses to do now that money is no object? A cruise on *Fairstar*.

Or there's Sam — in his 50s, Coke bottle glasses, single. Sam is on the *Fairstar* for the 24th time. This is how he introduces himself to everyone.

Then there's the mandatory footie team, some members of which are not spotted sober in a week. Happy drunks all.

"You wanna know the best thing about going on a cruise?" garbles Frank — a Queenslander bulging with cholesterol — in between rounds of Snowball Jackpot Bingo (a cruise institution). "Going on a cruise makes you realise that you're no different to any other bloke . . ." Spittle fluffs at the corner of his mouth as he speaks. Thanks for reminding me, Frank.

Yet in a way, he's right. Once the fare is paid and the cabin allocated, there is no preferential treatment and no differentiation. Everyone gets to enjoy the same excellent standard of service. The nearest thing to a pecking order is the level of deck that can be afforded. I ask Wayne about the goings on in the more than healthy singles scene going down on board.



"Aw, mate," he says, "there's bulk women. It oughta be a smorgasbord. But once you tell 'em you're on D Deck, they don't wanna know about you." To tell the truth, it sounds like sour grapes; other reports suggest that the line of chat, in some cases, needn't even go that far — that a nod and a wink is all that's required . . .

Yet to suggest that every single on board is out for a week or two of wild bed-hopping is a mistake. The *Love Boat* ethos of shipboard romance is alive and well — people generally *want* to make friends, and they do. By the end of the trip, it would be fair to say that there was not one person on board who did not come away with at least one address of a newly found friend. To this end, the work of the crew is marvellous; if the more introverted do not find companions as they are thrown together in all manner of activities, then it can only be because that's the way they want it. There's a stage production organised for anyone to take part in — and there's even a set-up they call "Cruising Companions." Fill out a form and the crew will sift through to "match" you with a companion for a special cocktail party. Every effort is made to get together the lonely guys and the shy girls.

Of course, for the cruising couple, any or all of this scene can be neatly and simply sidestepped. The boat could not be described as small.

The question does arise: what do you do on a cruise if you don't drink? At the time of writing, a beer is $1.20 and a cocktail $3. The great wines to accompany dinner beat the best bottle shop prices back home. The only factor that would seem to temper out-and-out excess is the boat's rocking, which has everyone a little wary.

Oh yes, the ports. Shore tours are definitely the go, although some are better than others. If you are going to form an impression of a country on the basis of eight hours ashore, the recommendation is to find out everything you can about what's on offer and book early so that you can nab the best. Some of them fill up pretty quickly. The ports make a welcome break from the shipboard scene, which does have a decidedly formulaic flavor after a couple of days at sea. Look forward to the drops on deserted islands. Everyone seems to agree these are the highlight. — *Graem Sims*

* *Fairstar* has some deals going which are excellent value — particularly the Fly/Cruise connections. Any travel agent can supply you with a quality brochure. There are no hidden extras. If you're prepared to share a cabin with more than one other, the prices start to look like a steal.

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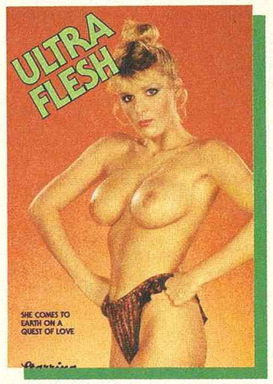
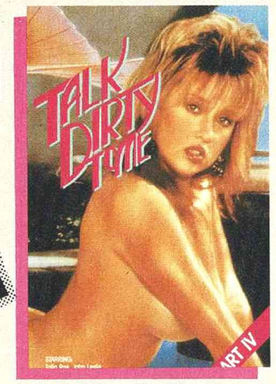
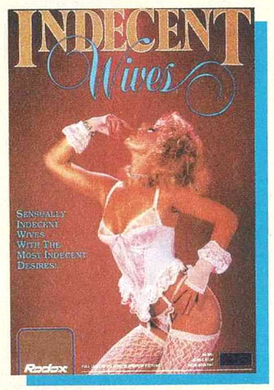


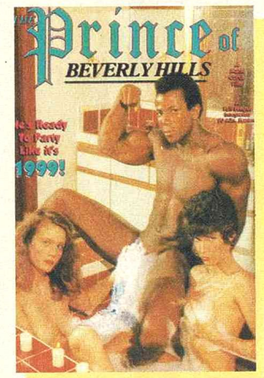
Ultra Flesh



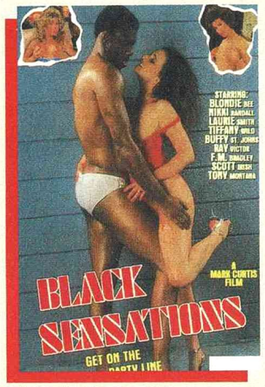
Talk Dirty To Me 4



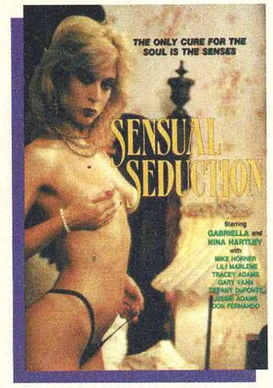
Indecent Wives



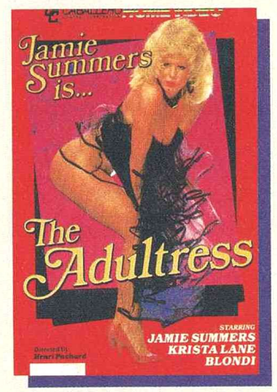
Prince Of Beverly Hills



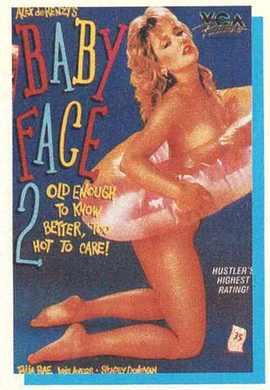
Black Sensations



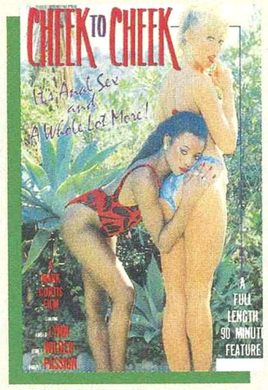
Sensual Seduction



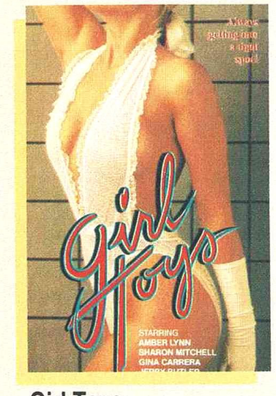
The Adultress



Baby Face 2



Cheek To Cheek



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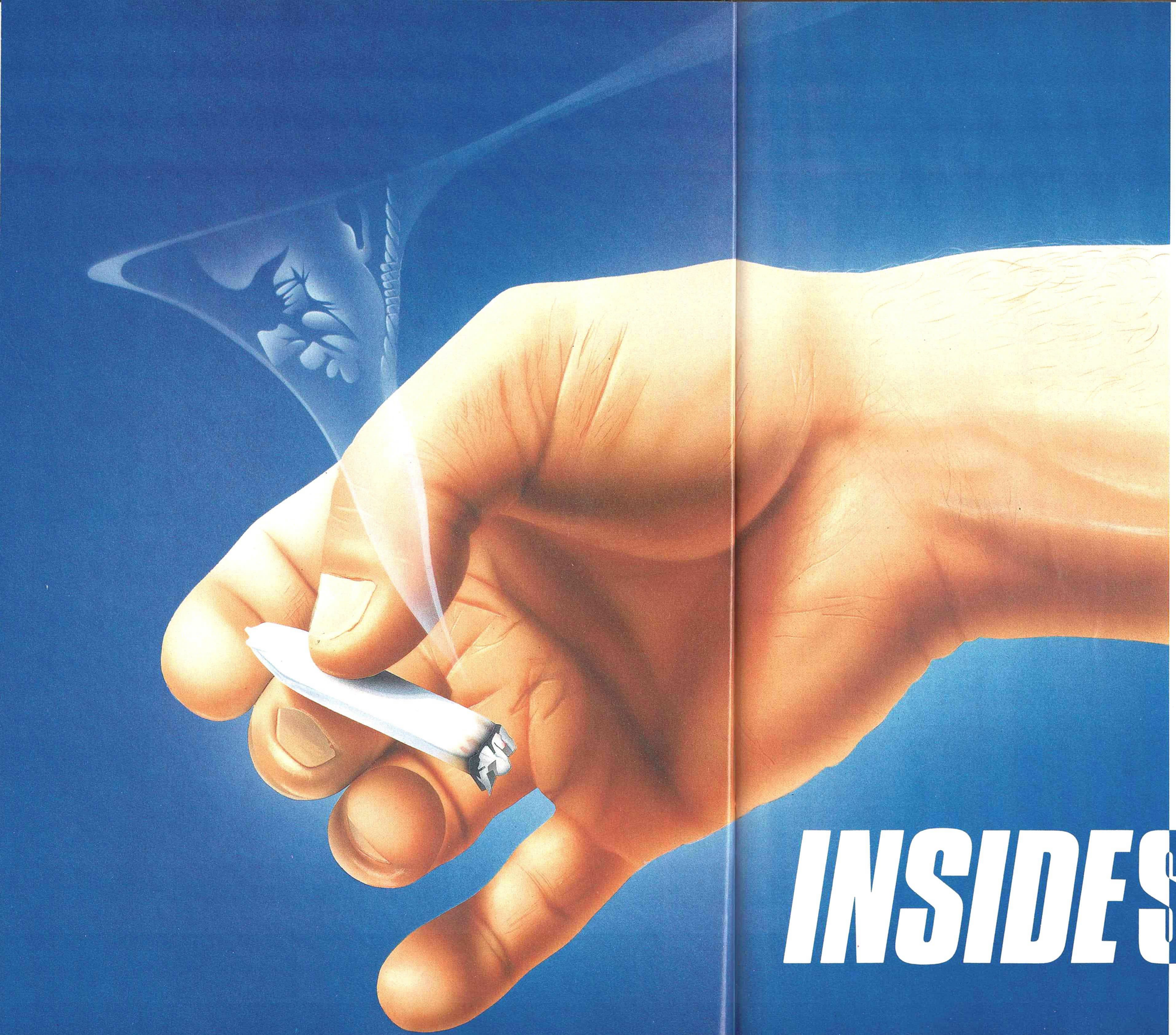
KANTOR'S GALLERY



BY ROBERT SYMES WITH BOB HART

In the Malaysian prison system, punishment rarely fits the crime

On December 21, 1976, Robert Symes was travelling by train from Bangkok in Thailand to Butterworth in Malaysia. He didn't make it. In Padang Besar on the Malaysian border, he was arrested during a routine Customs check for possession of 1666 grams of Thai Buddha sticks. Fine grass, according to Symes. The Malaysian authorities exhibited no sense of humor about the incident. One year later, Symes was sentenced to 20 years imprisonment and a flogging for drug trafficking. The judge decided against hanging Symes, but admitted that he was sorely tempted.

In fact, this young Australian was a fool, not a criminal. He had no intention of parting with any of his stash in Malaysia. He was happily on his way home to his idyllic Bali beach house which he shared with an Indonesian girlfriend and anybody else who happened along. He had flown to Thailand in search of some cheap shit, and he found it. The offence for which Symes was convicted — drug trafficking — was the same one that resulted in two other young men, Kevin Barlow and Geoffrey Chambers, being hanged some eight years later. Symes survived . . .

It was a Friday morning in Malaysia's Tai Ping Prison, where I was serving a life sentence. The thing that made this Friday different was that a number of the scumballs with whom I shared this hole were laughing a lot, and people don't usually laugh at all in Tai Ping Prison. On this Friday they were laughing because this was the day when the white guy was going to get his arse lashed. The arse in question was mine.

I cursed my excellent health. Even in the unforgiving

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

INSIDE STORY

INSIDE STORY

world of the Malaysian penal system, where necks are routinely stretched for lesser offences than the one I'd been found guilty of some four and a half years earlier, unhealthy men are not thrashed. Heart problems, high blood pressure or haemorrhoids will get you excused. Not even the highly punitive Malaysians want to be accused of killing some poor sod with a cane. But sadly, I had the heart of a lion, the blood pressure of a baby, and an immaculate back passage. Bugger it.

This was late in 1982 — just about a year before two guys called Barlow and Chambers would also be arrested and charged with drug trafficking. They were involved with heroin in a big way. I was involved with grass in a dumb way. It made the difference. Back in January, 1978, in a sweaty Kanga courtroom, a Malaysian judge had sentenced me to life imprisonment, and had iced the penal cake with a sentence of six strokes of the *rotan*. *Rotan* is Malaysian for cane, but somehow the English word does not begin to describe what an encounter with the *rotan* is all about. Not by a long chalk.

On this Friday, six of us were dragged off to the hospital compound so that this punishment — perhaps the most barbaric still routinely administered in the civilised world — could be performed. We were instructed to strip, and then given small sarongs to wear. One by one, we were led into the doctor's office. One lucky sod scored a spectacular blood pressure reading and his punishment was deferred. How did he do that?

The first prisoner was led out of the doctor's office and into the walled punishment compound directly behind. Conveniently, the place in which they half kill you is right next door to the place where they patch you up again.

Suddenly there was an incredibly loud swish and then a sickening thwack. I mean *incredibly* loud. Did that hurt, or what? This seemed like a good time to get nervous, so I did. I had a weird feeling in my stomach. This reminded me of something . . . a long time ago. School. Standing outside a headmaster's office while some kid gets what you are about to get. But that was a cane. This was a *cane!* The *rotan* is more than a metre long, and around a centimetre thick. One end is neatly bound in pink string to provide a firm grip for the warder, who will arrive at the punishment block with a bundle of half a dozen or so canes tucked under his arm. The warder will be dressed in khaki trousers but will wear a white T-shirt instead of his usual uniform top. Freedom of movement is essential. Before punishment begins, he will loosen up by beating the crap out of a large feather pillow, and making a lot of noise in the process. Just so that everybody knows what to expect.

Swishhh THWACK! If this felt like it sounded, this was going to hurt a hell of a lot. Thank god I was second. Sitting through any more of these would have been almost as bad as the punishment itself. *Swishhh THWACK!* Now that's *loud!* A pause, and it was my turn. The warden came back into the room, smiled, and signalled that it was time for the white guy to get his.

I was led into the enclosure. It had decaying concrete walls and a scrubbed concrete floor. Nothing but concrete all around, except for the A-frame. This was a strange piece of goods: a heavy-looking version of a blackboard easel. Indentations in the dark wood surrounds were reminders that this device had seen many bums in its day, and interestingly enough those days started in the time of British rule. This was no cute item developed for the dispensing of Islamic justice. This little treasure was handed down directly by the

> Now I know why I am tied to a wooden frame. No man can live with punishment like this.

British judicial system. It was the first time I had seen it, or anything quite like it. I was told to remove the sarong, which I did. The A-frame and I were about to meet.

Suddenly I had another flash. So this is what an execution would feel like. Not the clinical sort of execution routinely carried out in bleak corners of modern prisons, in gas chambers and the like, but the sort of execution that I remembered from *Boys' Own* stories. Executions in which plucky chaps who declined blindfolds were stood in front of pock-marked walls and shot. Or occasionally rescued at the very last moment. But not until they had sucked once or twice on a cigarette. That sort of thing.

The prison superintendent stood to my left and slightly behind me, with a doctor on one side of him and a prison officer on the other. Two other prison warders were in the punishment courtyard somewhere behind me, but I could not see them. I would never know which of them inflicted the cruel punishment I was about to be subjected to — one which would leave deep scars on my backside for as long as I lived. Nor would I care, for that matter. Here was another parallel to the rituals that traditionally accompany executions. Victims seldom know the identity of their executioners, which is quaint. I mean, how mad can they be at them afterwards?

Anyway, there I was. Strapped to the wooden A-frame, my backside surrounded by thoughtfully padded bars that caused it to project in the general direction of the man with the cane, presumably so that he would know which particular piece of me to wallop, just in case anatomy was not his strong subject. It suddenly occurred to me that this could be a very nasty position in which to have found myself at the Cross, and I started to giggle. That must have thrown them. Caning was not intended to be a procedure that amused the victim in any shape or form. I didn't giggle for long.

The details of my punishment were read aloud and the order was given to proceed. *Satu!* That means one, and it certainly was! The swish of the cane, and then a heavy thump, not pain. Hey, how about that? It doesn't even hurt. It . . . *Dua!* Oh shit! Now it hurts. Now the pain is cutting in. An excruciating pain. Nothing hurts this much. Nothing . . . *Tigal.* Ah, hey, no! Not funny. Now I know why I am tied to a wooden frame. No man can live with punishment like this. Let me off this thing and I will tear this guy's arms off and ram them up his . . . *Empat!* My God! The pain is worse, and spreading. Like an incredible burn. Like being branded with a red-hot iron bar. Do they heat these canes? *Lima!* One to go! Thank god I can count in Malay, otherwise I would lose track of how many I have received, and I would never know how many more I have to go, and I might go nuts at this point. *Enam!* That's it. The last one. It hurts as much all the rest, but hey, I almost enjoyed it. It's the last. No more. Not ever. Jesus . . .

The maximum number of strokes that could be administered at one time was limited to 16 a few months after my encounter with the *rotan*. One man was crippled for a year after having been given 22 strokes. Some men faint after the first couple of strokes, which sounds like an excellent move to me.

The men responsible for administering this punishment know precisely what they are doing. They are pros. People about to be caned are given incredibly thorough medical checks before the punishment is administered — far more detailed checks than those given when a prisoner is admitted to a prison. If you die in prison from some ailment or other, too bad. But if you die from having your bum whacked, somebody somewhere is going to look bad.

I was untied, and iodine was applied liberally to my wounds with a cotton swab. It stung like hell, just as I remembered it always had when I was a kid growing up in Brisbane and I fell off my bike and my Mum had put iodine on my knee. Then I was given two Panadols to ease the pain, and I was told to lie down and rest for ten minutes in the hospital ward. I lay down on my

"I hope you're not going to do anything silly, Perkins . . ."

stomach. I figured I had better get used to lying that way. It was going to be weeks before I could lie on my back, or sit. Ten minutes didn't help. And nor did the two Panadols. Giving somebody Panadols to ease the pain of a caning is like putting a band-aid over a bullet hole.

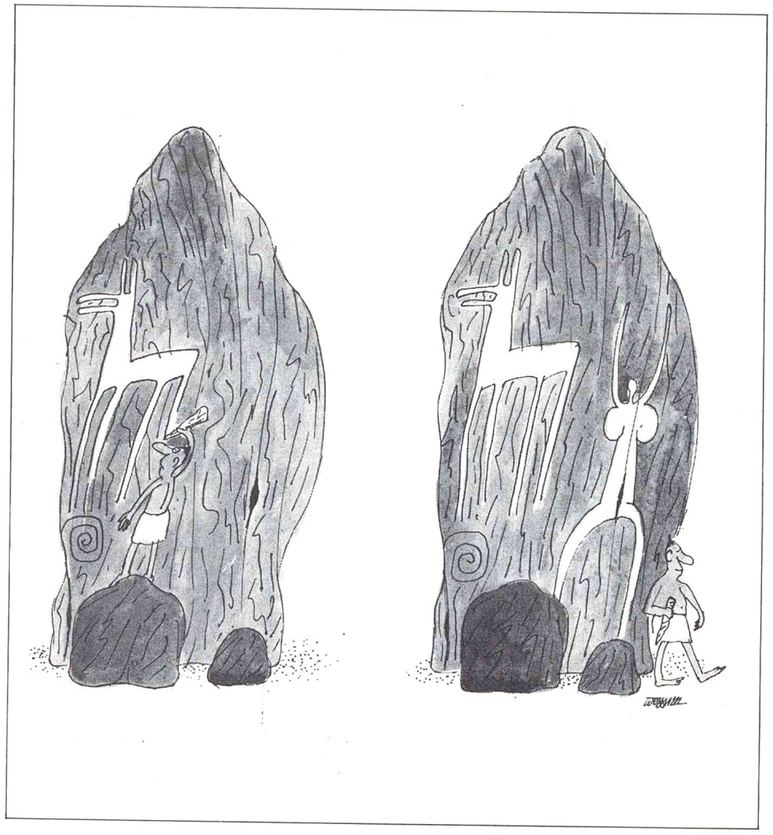
I staggered back to my cell and collapsed face-down on my bunk. Minutes later, a Chinese friend arrived bearing gifts. He pressed a small piece of foil into my hand. It contained a few rocks of brown sugar heroin. He half smiled, and then left the cell. I held a match under the foil, inhaled the fumes, and that was that. No pain. No pain at all. Do hospitals know about this stuff? Panadol, schmanadol.

For days, I wore a sarong. It was impossible to wear anything close-fitting. Iodine was administered daily. I was instructed to keep the wounds dry until they healed. In the tropics, open wounds can become breeding grounds for all kinds of bacteria very quickly. And prisons are not the most hygienic places on Earth. The cane had chewed hungrily through layers of skin and soft tissue, and had left furrows that were weals of bloody pulp. The scars would never heal. Nor can anyone ever know how deep scars from a punishment like that really go.

Oddly enough, my *rotan* scars provided me with a degree of protection. Unblemished backsides were regarded as highly desirable items in prison. As the owner of a fairly trim and definitely white arse, I was in receipt of some fairly explicit proposals during my visits to the shower in my early months in prison. But once my backside had become as battle-scarred and disreputable as most other backsides on show in the shower-block, the offers came less frequently. For which I was grateful.

The day of the caning was one of the very few occasions on which I used heroin in prison. It was always there, and most prisoners who could afford it used it. Chasing dragons helped to pass the time, and ease the pain. Nobody is lonely with a brain full of smack. No, this was not my first time. I had snorted it once or twice in the late Sixties when the entire population of the civilised world seemed to be seeking inspiration through one chemical or another.

Personally, I had found no inspiration in smack, but decided that grass and speed had their moments. Strangely, though, prison had cured me of any real enthusiasm for drugs of any kind. There I was, in a strange world in which drugs were the accepted currency of life, and I was not particularly interested. Smack is probably unbeatable when it comes to the reduction of pain caused by a professional thrashing, but aside from that I found it had little to recommend it.



Strange places, prisons. There I was, being punished for having committed a drug offence by being locked up with a bunch of junkies in a society which runs on narcotics. Show me a prison, and I will show you drugs. In Malaysia, in Thailand, across Europe, and certainly in Australia. Prisons run on drugs, and in spite of an occasional well publicised search or even a bust, prison authorities do not go out of their way to discourage drugs in prisons. Why should they? The last thing they want is the sort of publicity that would surround the revelation that prison officers supplement their meagre incomes by supplying narcotics to prisoners. They are simply providing the sedatives that oil the wheels of the system. Because unless the cons are dropping PCP or smoking crack and sending themselves crazy, anything they inflict upon themselves is helping the prison system to function. Helping prison officers to do their jobs.

The easiest prisoner in the entire world to deal with is one who sees life through a mild heroin or opium haze. Or even a guy with a good supply of grass. These guys are pussycats. These are not going to chomp through bars or bite the legs off the screws. They are going to lie on their beds and gaze at the ceiling. Sometimes with their dicks in their hands, and sometimes with somebody else's dick in their hands. Or somewhere. These guys are lovers, not fighters. Some prisoners should be given heroin on Medicare! Just kidding . . .

Grass became a rare commodity in Malaysian prisons in the time I was there. This was due to the anomalous situation that developed in Malaysian drug legislation as part of the country's bumbling attempts to come to grips with the drug trade. As far as Malaysia is concerned, it's all *dadah* or drugs — smack, opium, coke, speed, grass, whatever. They believe this is a very smart law. In fact, it is a very dumb law.

All it means is that the penalties for smuggling 200 grams of grass are the same as the penalties for smuggling 15 grams of heroin. In both cases, a mandatory death sentence is called for by the Malaysian justice system. Clever? Actually, not clever at all. Think about the problems of making 200 grams of grass disappear about your person. Unless you have a very big person, it won't. But take 15 grams of heroin. You *could* take it in a well-oiled condom. Just assuming you were a maniac, of course, which most serious drug smugglers are inclined to be. Your chances of getting away with the rubber-wrapped smack rattling around inside of you are infinitely greater than your chances of making it through customs with a suitcase full of grass.

And then, just to add insult to injury, the profit that can be realised on 15 grams of heroin is significantly higher than the profit that can be realised on 200 grams of grass. So what would you smuggle, if you had to choose? Start greasing the condom, Mavis . . .

Malaysia claims to be a country that has come to grips with its drug problem. Wrong. Malaysia is a country that has come to grips with hanging people like Barlow and Chambers — a pair of dimwits rather than a pair of hardened criminals intent on destroying the youth of a nation — for offences ranging from the serious to the ill-considered. Most of the people they are hanging tend to be Chinese Malaysians, who are unloved by the Malays. One race hanging another. Muslims hanging non-Muslims. And the drug problem is not being addressed, whatever they might claim.

Here are the facts: The Malaysian government happily admits to having 500,000 heroin addicts in the country. They claim to be dealing with this by stringing up lots of Chinese and a couple of white men. So why are these 500,000 addicts smiling so much of the time?

The smack flows across Malaysia's borders with Thailand. Just north of these borders, the drug refining business is booming as Muslim separatist rebels, remnants of the militant extremities of the outlawed Malaysian Communist Party, and an assortment of bandit warlords pursue the most effective means of raising money available to them. The raw materials come from the Golden Triangle to the north, much of it overland through Burma or through the South China Sea. And the nearest customers are those 500,000 receptive Malaysians, happy to offer a quicker turnaround than the lucrative export market.

Of course, the Malaysian authorities will assure visitors and anybody else prepared to listen that there is no organised crime in Malaysia, and that they have come to grips firmly with their drug problem. But who are they kidding? In 11 years in Malaysian prisons, I never met one prisoner convicted of any drug offence more serious than smuggling in a single shipment. These were all small-time operators compared to the Malaysian drug lords — many of whom are far too well positioned in Malaysian society to be vulnerable to a bumbling and corrupt police force, some of whose senior members are also deeply embroiled in the drug trade.

Meanwhile, back at Tai Ping Prison, life continues. My arse is healing, while the arses of dozens of other prisoners are being shared, peddled and generally abused. Sex in prison is a serious business, and it is a business which revolves around drugs and violence. There is nothing pretty about sex in a Malaysian prison. People die of it.

I saw knife fights and other violent clashes develop when "wives" negotiated with favors for the heroin their "husbands" could no longer provide. Drugs are the currency, sex is the negotiating weapon. New arrivals in presentable condition can demand a $5 "straw" of heroin for sexual favors. A few hours of attention would be expected. But as the new prisoner does his time and is passed from one veteran to another, his price drops to a $3 straw. While his smack needs are increasing.

Prison sex is a strange commodity. It is homosexual activity, but it is seldom gay sex. The aggressor considers the act of dominant sex to be a decidedly macho one. The recipient of this attention — the "horse" in prison terminology — is generally despised, treated badly, and considered to be gay. Even by the prison staff, who always know more or less who is doing what to whom, and for how much.

One of the most popular items on sale in prison shops in Malaysia is Brylcreem. There aren't too many prisoners with neat hair.

Rapes occur a couple of times a month in Malaysian prisons. Few are reported for fear of reprisals. The victims seldom complain. The guards turn a blind eye. Like

> Sex in prison is a serious business which revolves around drugs and violence

heroin, casual sex and violent sex are necessary to maintain a kind of peace in prison. Not all *jumbus* or sweethearts regard themselves as victims. For many, their new-found popularity provides them with a status they never enjoyed outside prison. They earn extra food, drugs and the protection of their jealous "husbands." Until the magic wears off.

Prison sex transcends racial and religious boundaries, whatever the Muslims might claim. The fact that Muslims insist they don't participate at all simply means that as non-participants, the religious persuasion of their loved ones hardly matters. Occasionally, prison sex becomes a spectator sport. Vigorous and spectacular performances are usually watched through windows and sky-lights. Such events are called "tiger shows", and are infinitely more entertaining than absurdly puritanical Malaysian television. Some involve voluntary couplings. The more colorful involve brutal rape.

I managed to resist the temptation to indulge in prison sex. A fairly conventional Australian upbringing had provided me with no inclination to share the apparent joys of slippery sodomy. This curious attitude puzzled some of my Chinese friends, several of whom offered to buy me an evening's entertainment with one or other of the more expert providers of sexual services. A couple were quite offended when I declined.

Except for a few anti-AIDS posters dotted around Malaysian prisons, which are generally treated as something of a joke by both prisoners and guards alike, there is little awareness of the dangers of prison sex. Guards generally turn a blind eye to it, but seldom participate. One oddity to be found in Malaysian prisons, however, is the strange physical relationship which develops between guards and some prisoners and which leads to the odd sight of a guard in a cell, stark naked, being enthusiastically massaged by a prisoner.

Another day in prison is a day survived. I survived exactly 4122, but who's counting? It took a prison sentence to teach me what sort of a person I was. Quite simply, I learned that I was a survivor. I survived violence, I occasionally used drugs without ever being tempted to let them use me, and I found nothing appealing in the prison concept of good, healthy macho sex. In fact, 11 years of imposed celibacy left me with a useful legacy of impressive sexual control. I'll tell you about it some time.

Prison also taught me other kinds of control. Like how to control the rage I felt almost every day for what had been done to me by a bunch of power-crazed animals who were incapable of differentiating between dumb kids and professional drug smugglers. Some days the rage burned like a fire, but it was a fire I learned to keep a lid on.

Often the flames were fanned when Chinese friends were dragged from their cells and hanged. I would lie in my cell on the night before their dawn hangings, trying to imagine how they must feel. Does anybody sleep on the night before they are to be hanged, I wondered, or do they lie there trying to draw some final moment of enjoyment from the sweetness of being alive? Sometimes I would sweat profusely, and often I would doze, and then awaken suddenly, convinced that it was my turn. That I was the one who was going to die.

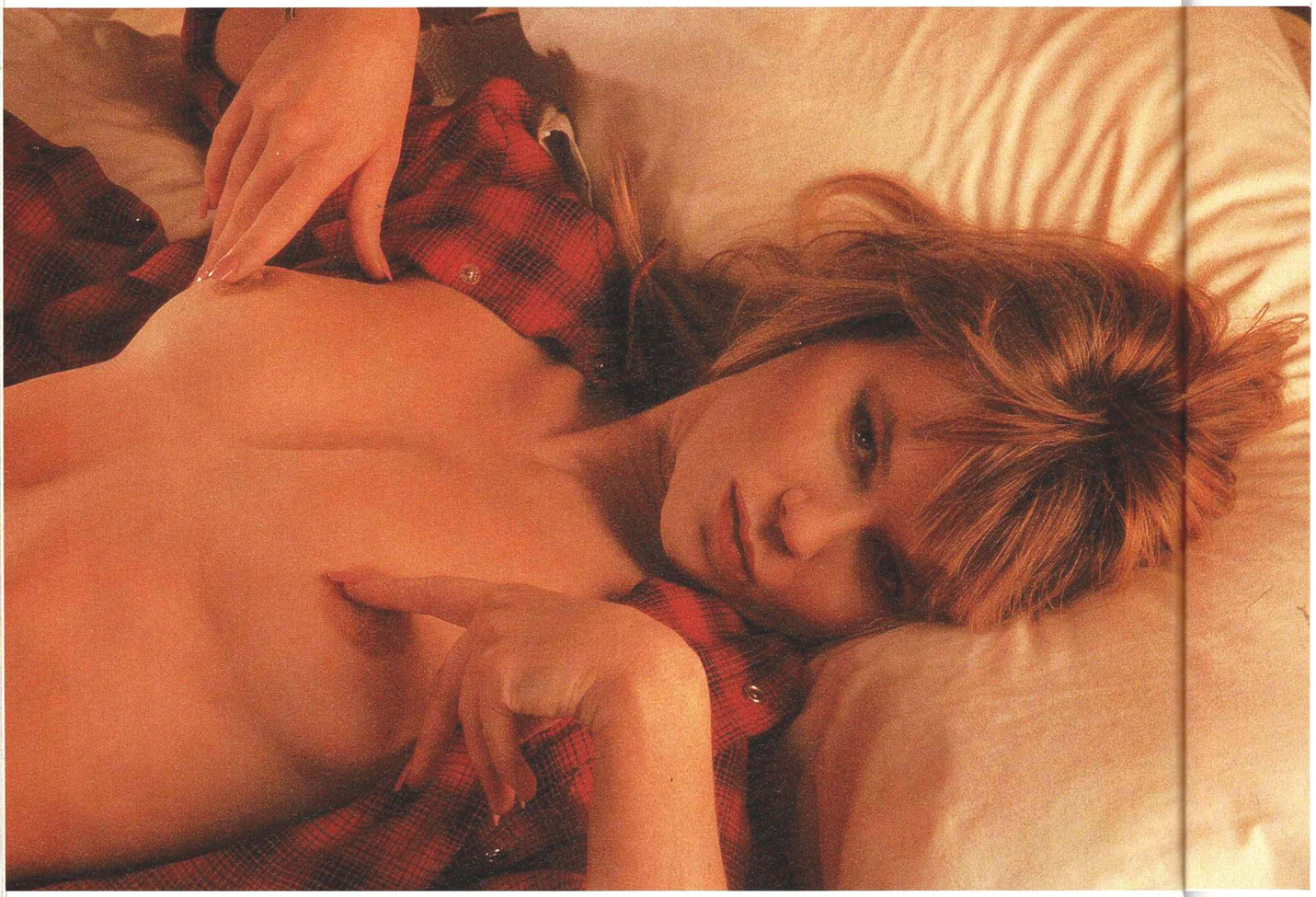
And then the morning light would start to filter into my cell, and birds would sing outside, and I knew that those were the birds of death. Can you believe that? When you know that somebody is going to be hanged, you know that the obscene act has been carried out when the birds begin to sing, and you learn to hate the sound of those birds.

And even now the rage occasionally burns, but I can live with it. I survived a system which drew some strange satisfaction from carving deep furrows across my arse. I survived a system which taught me to dread and fear the singing of birds. I learned to hate the bastards, but I survived.

When it comes to displaying physical assets, Pam Mann is not an inhabited girl. "I've always treated the men in my life to impromptu floor shows where they can look but not touch. It's the best way I know to build up sexual tension . . ."

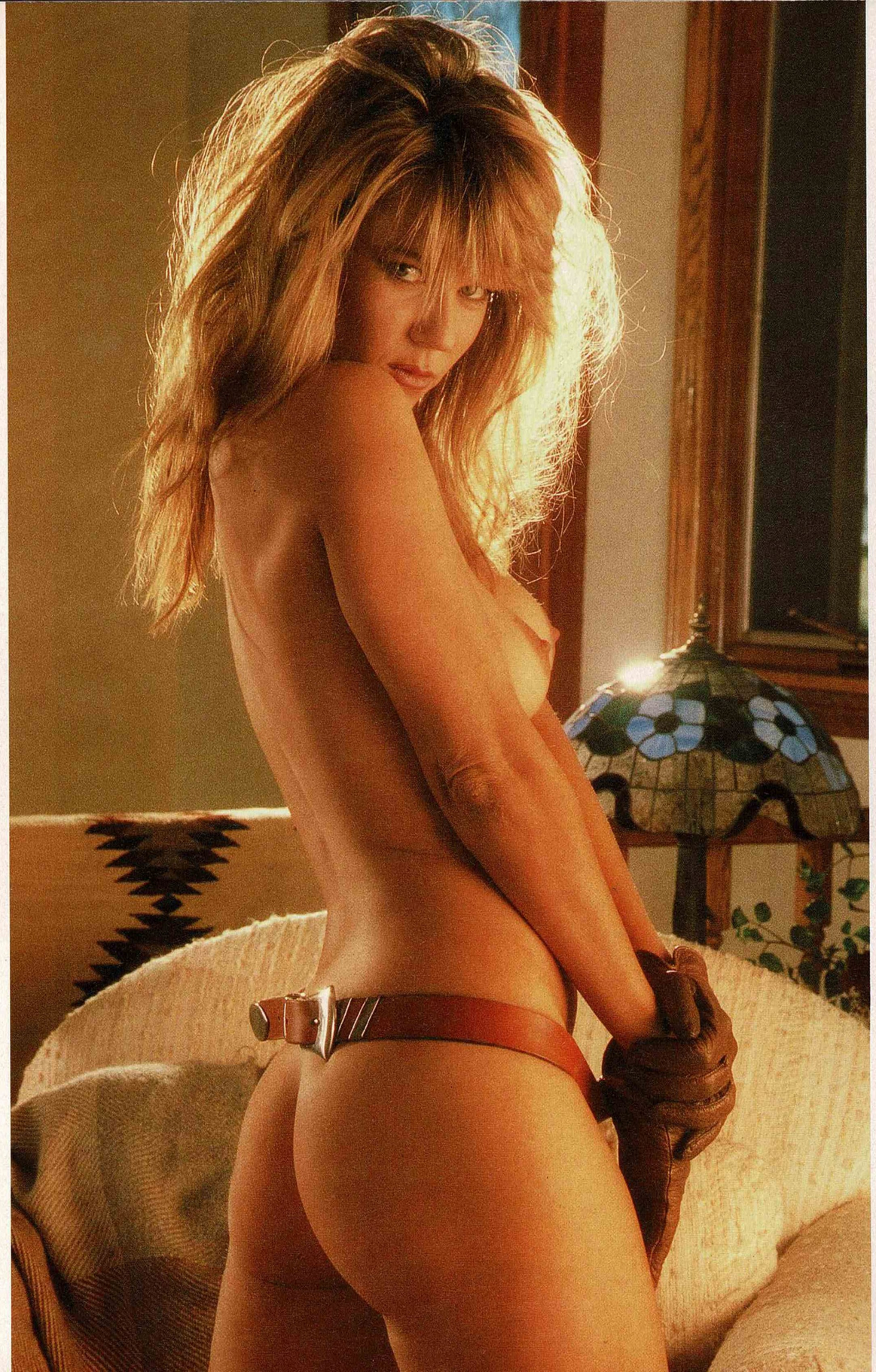
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION



"I treat the camera as a lover. I think I really understand what men are looking for in erotica. I must be doing something right, because even I get incredibly turned on."

"It's amazing to think that there are so many men who get such a kick out of watching me. I sometimes think of it in public — and I get weak in the knees."



"It's so insulting to a person like me when those nutty moralists suggest that I'm being exploited because I choose to pose nude. Yet there's something ironic about it, because I exploit every moment. It's great."

SEMI-PRECIOUS

The missing 15-year-old was no ordinary schoolgirl. But then, Syd Fish was no ordinary detective.

Fiction by Susan Geason

Amazing Grace Ho's little-girl voice on the phone asking me to drop by her apartment in Elizabeth Bay — urgently — affected me like a kick in the guts. Grace made me feel like a rabbit in the headlights of a Mack truck.

"It is a family matter, Mr Fish. I need your help."

Grace was devious and totally unscrupulous. Her idea of help was sure to be flexible and probably dangerous. But she was also beautiful and oddly fascinating and I was flattered. I went.

I'd met Grace while searching for Devon Kent, a hooker with a big mouth who'd got offside with a drug importer. I didn't find the girl, who'd turned up dead, and my client went out over the top, taking the two major suspects with him. My cases tend to be like that.

The Chinese woman, who'd shared her luxury apartment with the murdered girl, had been dubbed "Amazing Grace" by my journalist friend Lizzie Darcy for her looks, intelligence and meteoric rise in one of the Chinese drug syndicates.

The apartment looked the same — polished floors, Chinese rugs, Italian leather, expensive harbor views — except for some new Papunya paintings. "Very nice," I said, inspecting them. "You're interested in Aboriginal art, Ms Ho?"

"Of course, Mr Fish. And they have already appreciated considerably."

Some things never change.

Before getting down to business, Grace made coffee in an Italian infuser and plied me with French pastries. The last time I'd been here I'd got Chinese tea and insults. I started to worry.

When the story came out it concerned Precious, Grace's 15-year-old sister, who had gone missing between Elizabeth Bay and St Clotilde's, an expensive boarding school in Rose Bay. Precious was a well-kept secret, but then Grace had good reason to be discreet.

I asked Grace to tell me about Precious. Was she the sort of girl who would run away?

"My sister has been very well brought up," said Grace. "I've sent her to the best schools."

"What does she look like?" I asked.

Illustration by Christine Haberstock

SEMI PRECIOUS

"Chinese," said Grace and looked at me from under her lashes, but she disappeared and returned with a silver-framed portrait of her sister. Precious was a younger version of Grace, delicate as an ivory carving, but with a fuck-you look about the mouth and eyes.

"Very pretty," I said. "How much money did she have on her?"

"Only $50. I pay her allowance into an account each month."

Either Little Sister couldn't be trusted with large amounts of money or Grace was trying to instill the work ethic into the girl. Judging by that face, I didn't like her chances.

I asked Grace who Precious' friends were, but she was vague. Some girls from school, she thought. Boyfriends?

"She is very young, Mr Fish. I only allow her to go out in groups."

Who was Grace kidding? Precious looked to me like she'd been climbing out of dormitory windows since she was 12.

I thought I should start at the school, but Grace refused. She still had ideas about sending the girl back there if she turned up safe, sound and scandal-free. In the meantime, she'd take care of the headmistress.

I couldn't do the job with both hands tied behind my back, so I disregarded my client's wishes. Posing as a merchant banker considering hiring Precious as a receptionist, I rang the school for a reference. My pompous manner impressed the school secretary, but didn't get me through to the headmistress. Instead I was passed on to one of the teachers, Joan Brooks.

Ms Brooks was enthusiastic until I mentioned Precious' name. Painful though it was for an expensive school to admit failure, it was obvious Ms Brooks was reluctant to let me hire Precious Ho. She told me she thought Precious' particular talents could be utilised more profitably behind the scenes than in direct contact with the public. Though I probed as gently as a Macquarie Street orthodontist, Ms Brooks declined to reveal more.

After stoking up on coffee and a cheese Danish, I called Lizzie for a yarn and told her I was looking for Grace Ho's sister. Lizzie is a journalist who has looked under most of the tiles in Sydney's cultural mosaic. She knew Grace through interviewing Devon Kent, and had a healthy respect for her.

"How come you're working for Amazing Grace?" asked Lizzie.

"She asked me," I said.

"Don't pussyfoot. You know what I mean. You know where her money comes from."

"Look, I'm not delivering parcels for the woman," I protested. "I'm looking for a runaway kid."

There was a silence, then Lizzie said: "You know what I think? I think you're mesmerised by her. Just be careful, that's all. Grace eats big dopes like you for breakfast."

The shot went home. I was a sucker for Grace; I admired her cool perfection, her ruthlessness, and her ability to look after herself in the nasty and brutish world of drug dealing.

"You're just jealous," I said, without much conviction.

Despite misgivings, she didn't let me down. Lizzie had a spy in every network in Sydney; this time it was a friend with a daughter at St Clotilde's.

"Precious is apparently a genius at passive resistance," Lizzie told me when she rang back a couple of hours later. "Does exactly as she likes. She also looks like a doll and has beautiful clothes and fast menfriends. The other girls hate her, of course. She probably makes them look like clodhoppers."

"Can you respect a confidence?" I asked. "If it's disgusting enough," she said, and I decided she was all right.

It was something, but not enough to tell me whether or not the girl had gone off under her own steam.

Help came from an unexpected quarter when I got a phone call from Joan Brooks, who had succumbed either to conscience or the desire to chance her luck with a merchant banker.

We met at the Lord Dudley in Woollahra. I was expecting Doris Day to walk in, but Joan Brooks looked more like Lana Turner — cool, blonde and curvy even under her executive suit. I was so overcome I stood up. She put out her hand. I wondered if I were supposed to kiss it, but compromised by giving it a sort of squeeze. She almost frowned.

To atone, I ordered champagne from the barman, who had trouble unriveting his gaze from her crisp white blouse long enough to get the cork out of the bottle. We exchanged pleasantries, and she said suddenly: "You're not a merchant banker. Who are you?"

She was curious rather than hostile, so I said: "And you're not Doris Day." This time she did frown.

"Can you respect a confidence?" I asked.

"If it's disgusting enough," she said, and I decided our Ms Brooks was all right.

"I'm working for Grace Ho," I explained. "Precious has been mislaid . . ."

"That's a change," she interrupted.

". . . between Elizabeth Bay and the school," I went on. "Grace is keen to get her back, preferably without alerting New South Wales' finest, and definitely without the *Willesee* crew in tow."

Joan Brooks thought Precious' disappearance was probably just a lost weekend. "There's no real need for Precious to bolt now. The school has never seriously cramped her style, and she's leaving at the end of the year anyway."

"What's she like?" I asked.

"Uncontrollable. If Grace Ho didn't have a very strong investment in the school building fund, Precious would be at the local state high school by now. If they'd take her."

"Is it that bad?"

"The girl is as bent as Grace, but she's a nymphomaniac as well."

"You don't like her," I deadpanned.

She laughed. "That's not entirely true. She's a bad influence in the school, but she's more interesting than the charity queens we turn out. And she certainly has the courage of her convictions."

"Which are?"

"Good drugs, bad men and other people's money."

"Sounds sensible to me," I said. "Do you think she's got into the sort of company that might go in for kidnapping?"

That opened her eyes. "Is that what you're thinking?"

I said I was reserving judgement until I'd checked out Precious' boyfriends.

She stood up. "I have to go now."

"Give me a call if you remember anything," I said, without much hope.

"Just one thing," she said. "If it is a kidnapping, they're in for a rough time. They'll be in touch soon begging Grace to take her back."

My card disappeared into her handbag and she exited in a cloud of expensive scent. For a moment I almost wished I were a merchant banker. Then I remembered some of the ones I knew.

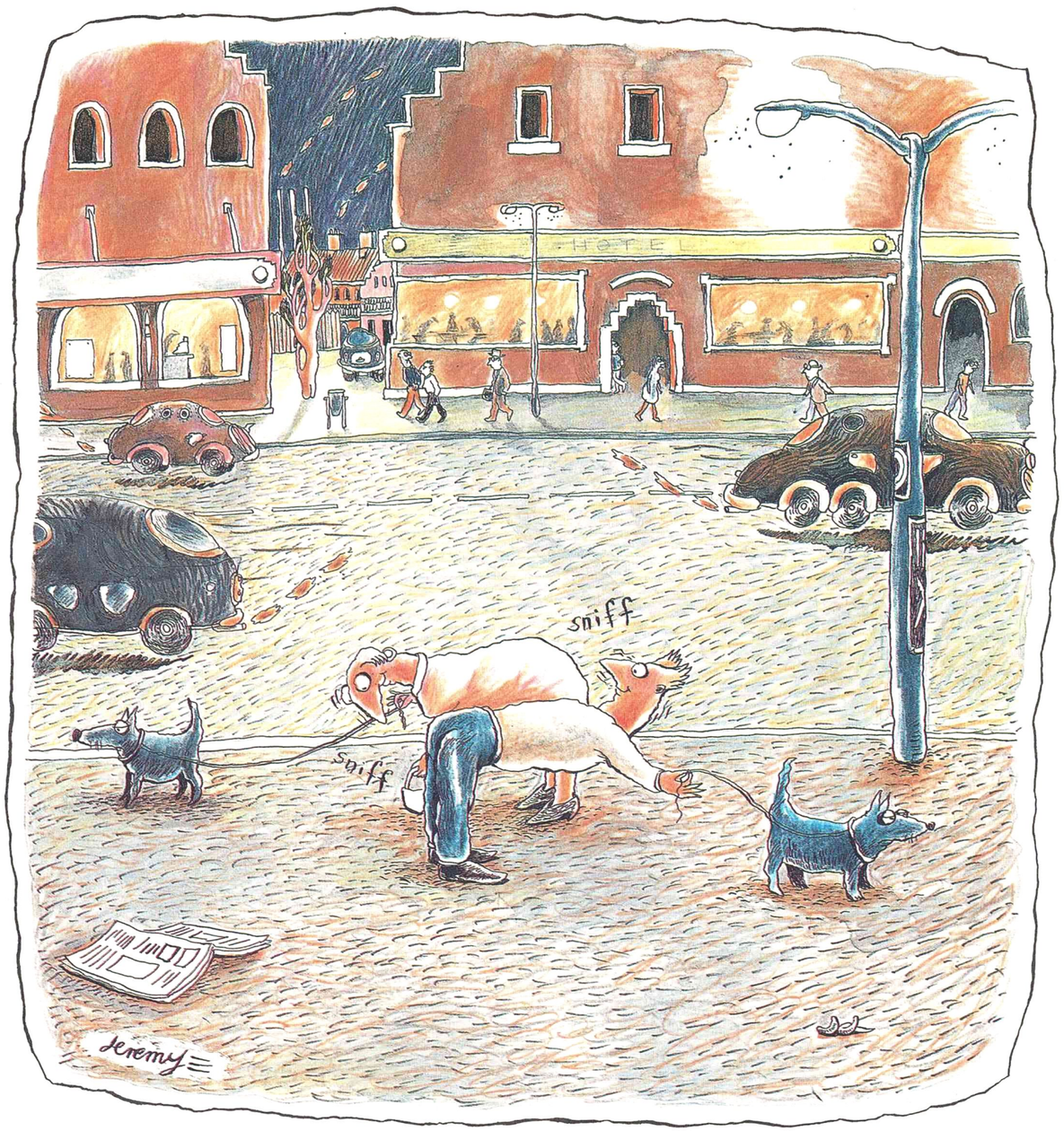
The mention of kidnapping had apparently alarmed Ms Brooks, and she rang next day and advised me to talk to Eva Nagy, Precious' best friend at St Clotilde's. I asked her to set it up for me.

I caught up with the girl in the Cosmopolitan at Double Bay, amid the shrill babble of overdressed women, overtanned social climbers and men with gold chains and no visible means of support. Eva Nagy was 15 going on 28, olive-skinned, gold-braceleted, languid, sultry. Long brown eyes and Magyar cheekbones completed the trap. I pitied the school.

Continued on page 126

strange tails

a cartoon feature by
JEREMY ANDREW



Walking the Dog, Paddington...

Fish out of Water...

"You new around these parts, Buddy?"

Hmmm
. . .

Bevan makes the worst decision of his brief and uninspired aquatic life...

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1983 edition
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Er, that's Dweeb Crescent

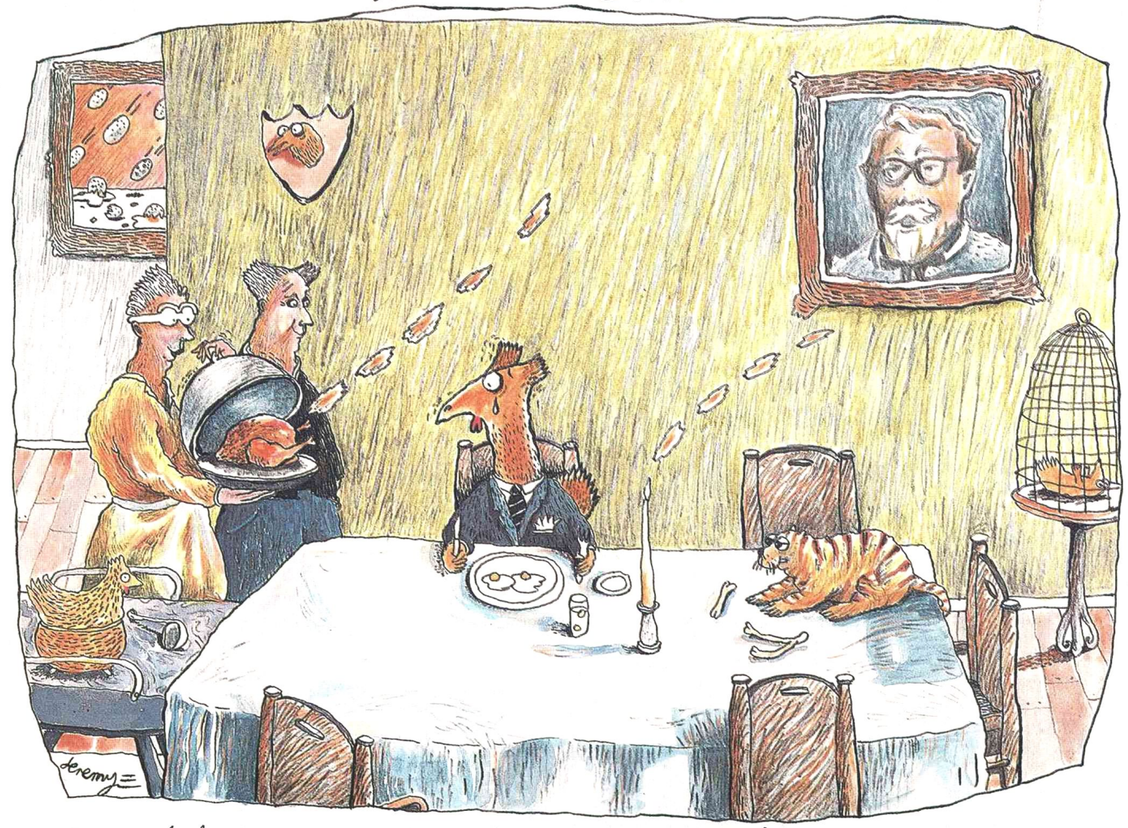
A Roads Scholar

Junior operated his fishtank on a strict 'Entertainment for Food' régime.

The Quintessential Cat Dream

Symbiosis in the Animal Kingdom...

Underwater Birth..



They did everything to make Uncle Bruce feel unwelcome...

bolt from the blue

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Gardner, Magee . . . Doohan. Meet Australia's new 500cc grand prix contender

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN PRYKE

Michael Doohan shares a rambling Gold Coast beachside shack with three others. Weekly rent is $25. It's a huge 40-square hangout, cheap on account of it lacking a few basics — like a kitchen, power and hot water — when Michael and his friends moved in.

It doesn't sound sufficiently salubrious for Australia's latest grand prix star, but Mick Doohan readily defends the place he calls home. "We've fixed the place up, slapped some paint around and put down some carpet. Looks good."

The real attraction for Mick is location. It's a five-second walk to the water, where he spends most of his available time.

This year he shouldn't have much trouble finding his $6.25 contribution to the rent tin. Finding the time to hit the surf will be harder.

When 23-year-old Doohan autographed a two-year contract to ride with Rothmans-Honda in the 1989 World 500cc Motorcycle Championship, his salary zoomed into six figures. With the new role come new responsibilities and a jet-set lifestyle. Things can never be the same again.

He knows the Japanese phrases for "hello," "goodbye," "thank you," and "big problem." He has a business manager now, and a publicist. He probably even owns a briefcase.

Just 12 months ago, Doohan was working as a swimming pool concreter, an honest if not abundantly paid occupation. Since he gave up this job to become a pro rider in March of 1988, the kid's view of life — on and off the circuit — has been one unbroken blur. Doohan has been subjected to lots of head-spinning stuff during his full-throttle blast out of nowhere.

Back-track two years and Mick Doohan was a suntanned knockabout surf fiend whose recipe for living amounted to a simple blend of sun, birds and bikes. Bliss was a blonde on the arm, hitting the frothy-tops with a wave-jammer, or flinging a bike around a circuit every fourth Sunday.

The ingredients remain the same today although the emphasis has changed. Bike racing is the priority as Doohan, the hottest property in Australian racing last year, leaps expectantly into grand prix racing.

Can it be as recent as 1987 that Doohan was tearing around Lakeside Raceway, Brisbane, on his modestly-powered 250cc production bike in front of crowds of 1500? There was success but no headlines. Prod bikes are a motorcycle racing backwater. This year at Rothmans-Honda he will be alongside superstars Wayne Gardner and Eddie Lawson, and one of an elite band of two dozen men in the toughest two-wheeled competition on Earth. He'll ride in 16 grands prix across five continents, watched by up to 200,000 spectators at the track, and 300 million television viewers. The waves off Mermaid Beach are a long way, geographically and metaphorically, from the Dutch Grand Prix at Assen.

No-one can recall such a meteoric rise to the top run as Doohan's unholy, indecently quick charge at the big time. Somehow the exuberant young Queenslander with the touch of magic caught the eye of the shrewd, street-smart Marlboro-Yamaha Dealer Team manager Warren Willing, himself a former leading international rider. Willing, the starmaker, had already discovered the brilliant Victorian Kevin Magee and propelled him into grand prix racing.

In the second half of '87, Willing invited the incredulous Doohan to guest ride for the local Marlboro-Yamaha team, deputising for the injured Michael Dowson and, later, Magee, who was off sampling grand prix racing in Europe. What was a huge gamble by Willing turned out to be an inspired move. Doohan immediately shone in the more luminous company, taking fifth in this first superbike race and later in the year even managing a third in a Japanese Formula One Championship race.

And last year, with Magee permanently engaged by Lucky Strike Yamaha on the grand prix trail, Doohan was offered full-time employment by Willing.

After his first ride of '88, Willing — always cautious about praising his riders — said of the incredibly quick new boy: "Mick's problem is that he's given himself so little room to improve."

Improve he has. Over Easter, in the Australian 1000cc Grand Prix at the life-threatening Mount Panorama, Doohan sent the aficionados into raptures with an awesome display on a treacherous, rain-slashed track. With a well-defined balance of skill and bravado, Doohan left the estab-

Doohan

lished heroes well behind.

That race was the making of Mick. It won the rider his first real media raves and confirmed Willing's suspicion that Doohan was one out of the box.

Willing may have been the first man of influence to recognise Doohan's burgeoning talent, but he wasn't the only one. A coterie of influential Queenslanders — native and nouveau — jumped behind Doohan, giving his career a kick along in the right places.

Gregg Hansford, twice a world champion runner-up in the late Seventies, says Doohan reminds him of triple world champ Eddie Lawson at the same age. Smooth, quick, safe.

Another of the Doohan drum-beaters is Britain's Barry Sheene, the world 500cc champ in 1976 and '77, now living contentedly on the Gold Coast. Mid-'88 Sheene raised the alarm at Suzuki, Honda and Yamaha, warning team trumps in Japan that the young bronzed Aussie had ability to burn and they could do themselves a favor by snaffling him pronto. "He's as good as any new rider (on the grand prix scene) could hope to be, and better than most," declares Sheene. "One of the big things in his favor is his attitude — Mick doesn't think the world of himself."

Significantly, Sheene predicts Doohan could win a couple of grands prix in his first season. Doohan is more cautious about his prospects for '89: he's setting himself a target of regular placings among the first five.

Doohan certainly won't be awed by reputation or experience. His giant-killing moves last season have amply and often demonstrated that he dips his lid to no-one. Doohan's laid-back manner off the bike camouflages an unbridled ferocity on the track.

Riding in the second-last round of the World Superbike Championship at Sydney's Oran Park in September, Doohan slaughtered the international field, including the man who went on to snare the title, America's Fred Markel. The young Australian rode off with both heats, breaking the lap record no fewer than 33 times in 78 laps. It was a remarkable performance by any standard.

And the shocks kept coming. Late last year Yamaha gave Doohan a ride on a grand prix bike for the first time. Within 20 laps he had undercut the lap record, then the property of a Japanese GP star.

Despite Doohan's superb 1988 in which he racked up a 50 percent win rate, Yamaha appeared in no haste to push him into grand prix racing. The plan was to give Doohan another season in Australia as part of Warren Willing's local Marlboro-Yamaha Dealer Team squad. Doohan had also expressed loyalty to Yamaha, and particularly to Warren Willing, for whom he retains the greatest admiration and respect.

But the lure of grand prix racing was impossible to resist. And unfortunately for Yamaha, Doohan's exploits had not gone unnoticed by other manufacturers. Arch-rival Honda had the Queenslander on its shopping list.

It was last spring when a slightly bewildered but delighted Doohan took a phone call from Wayne Gardner, checking on the youngster's contractual situation for '89. This was before the end-of-season game of musical riders had begun, before Gardner, to his chagrin, learned that his partner for '89 would be Lawson, the American who wrested his title from him.

At the time Gardner desperately needed a strong and capable number two who could occasionally ambush his Yamaha opposition. He believed Doohan could be the ticket.

Gardner and Doohan spoke again, at Sugo, Japan, in September, where the Gold Coaster had won a leg of the World Superbike Championship. Gardner, an interested spectator, liked what he saw. But of course Gardner could not make the final, binding decision. That responsibility was Honda's. If there was any reluctance by Honda to sign a virtual unknown, such caution disappeared at Oran Park when Doohan dispatched the superbike superstars. The next day, Honda team executives met with Doohan again. Doohan indicated he was interested in the offer. And on October 23, at Sugo in Japan, Doohan agreed to terms for 1989 and '90.

> Doohan's laid-back manner off the bike camouflages an unbridled ferocity on the track

Why Honda and not Yamaha? Doohan says the Honda deal was better in every respect. "I was to work with Australians and as the team's number three rider I wasn't under pressure to win. At Giacomo Agostini's Marlboro-Yamaha team, I would have been with a bunch of strangers — strange language, strange food. I don't believe I would have settled in easily in what was always going to be a difficult year. And Agostini expects his men to win."

So Honda, having already stolen Lawson from Yamaha (although this wasn't revealed until later), had also pilfered its prized prospect, forcing the ravaged factory Marlboro-Yamaha grand prix team to resurrect the injury-prone former world champ Freddie Spencer for this season.

And Australia had its third rider in the world championship grands prix. Almost as ecstatic as Doohan were the organisers of Australia's first world 500cc championship, set for the magnificent Phillip Island circuit in April.

While his new teammate and countryman Gardner opened the doors for his entry into the world championship, the GP neophyte is not counting on Wollongong's finest holding his hand this season: "World championship motorcycle racing is not so much a sport but a very serious business. Everyone's job is on the line so I'm not expecting Wayne or anyone else to offer support.

"Everyone says the first year is always the toughest and I suppose I'll have to learn the hard way.

"Experience is really important," acknowledges Doohan, "particularly in the setting up of the bikes for the different circuits." He knows he'll be disadvantaged this year although Honda has helped his chances by allocating Gardner's chief mechanic, Gerry Burgess, to the new boy's bike. He's fired up, ready to cast aside the laid-back manner when he flings a leg over a 500cc grand prix bike.

In his favor is his mental strength. This will be important when the old hands subject him to the inevitable mind games — the psyching onslaught — this season.

Doohan refuses to endorse the feelings of some older riders who claim the young blokes are often hare-brained and indifferent to personal safety. "Usually these claims come from riders who're pissed off because they're getting beaten. I reckon a young, fit guy should be quicker and it has nothing to do with his lack of regard for his well-being."

The rigors of travel, the unfamiliarity of the circuits, the hard professional approach of competitors at this level, and Doohan's lack of experience will make this a difficult year.

Fortunately, too, Doohan has ridden before at the first two circuits on the '89 GP calendar, Suzuka and Phillip Island. He's hoping he might make a strong start to the season.

Doohan isn't intimidated by the prospect of having his performances compared directly with those of his highly-credentialled teammates, Gardner and Lawson. "No, I don't find that much of a concern. No-one really expects me to beat Wayne or Eddie. They are the two best riders in the world. There is no pressure at all on me to win."

Then comes the postscript. "But if I do happen to finish ahead of them, I'll look okay, won't I?"

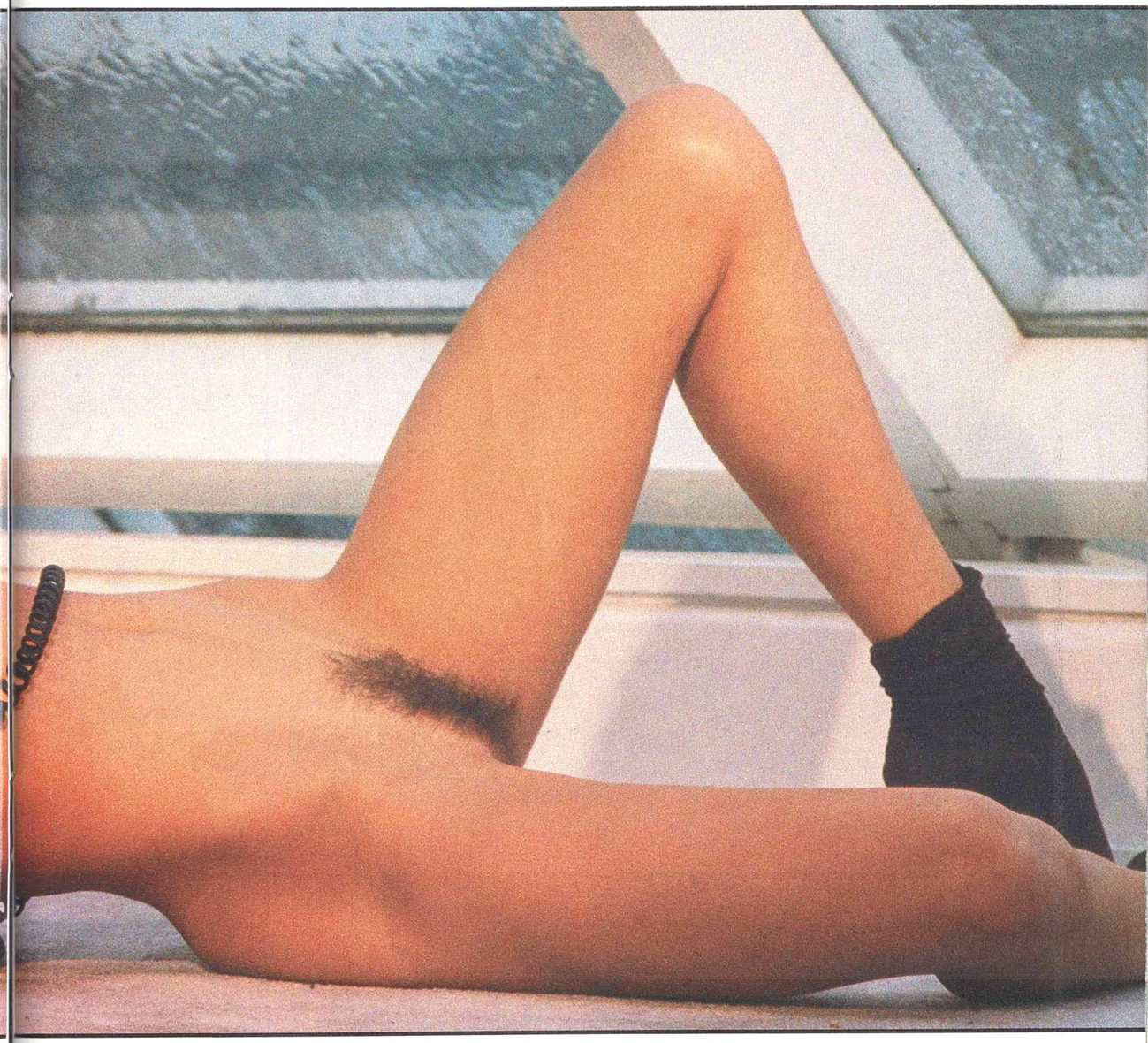
jacqueline

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Mohair jumper by Impact Imprints, Centrepoint; Beret and swimwear by Risk; Lingerie by Intimate Apparel; Belts by Zazimova (02) 264 2901; Satin sheets by Satin Affairs.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

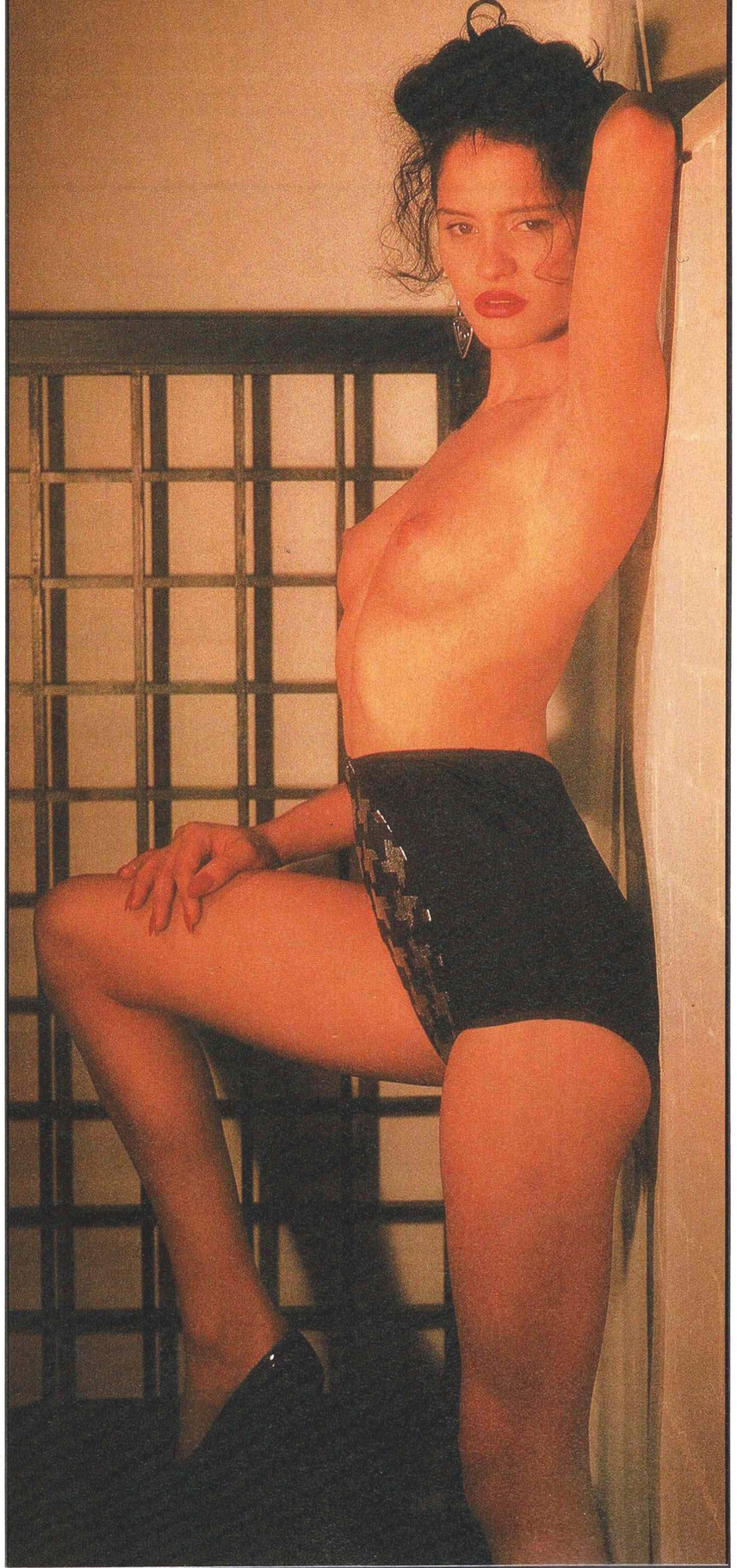
flair

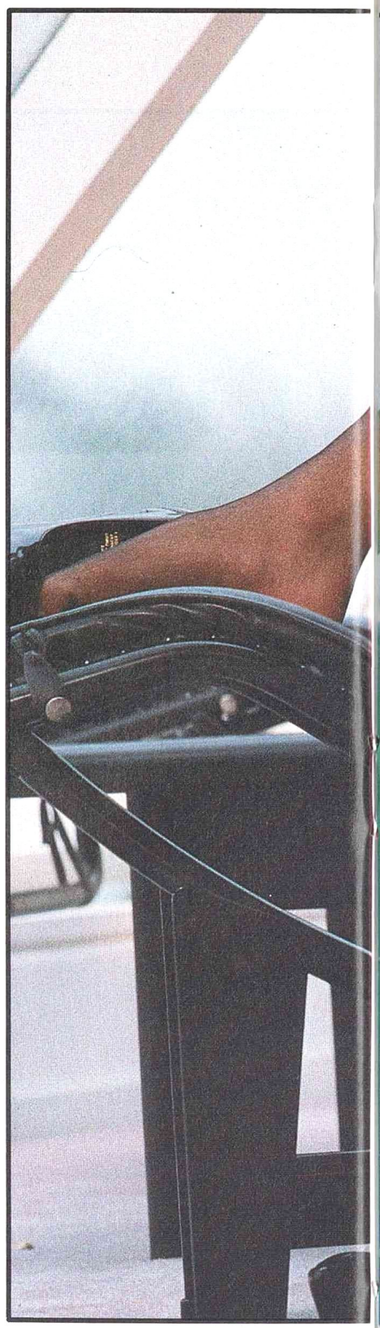
Some would call it style or elegance, but the impact of 20-year-old Jacqueline Brisk somehow goes even further. It's flair — with all the connotations. Jacqueline radiated for the cameras, and certainly took a shine to the luxury surroundings chosen for her *Penthouse* appearance. "Call me adaptable," she smiles.



Adaptable is almost an understatement. Jacqueline has cooked barramundi over hot coals in the Top End, camped out in Kakadu, and caravaned around the coast of the country not once, but twice. "Believe it or not, I'd never been on a train up to a few months ago."

Jacqueline's settled in Sydney for now, but there's no telling for how long she'll stay put. Even for someone who has seen the country as thoroughly as she has, there's always room for more.





With plenty of modelling under her belt, Jacqueline has been tempted to look further afield to acting as well. "I can turn on the confidence when I have to," she says.

Any man who wants to keep up with Jacqueline will have to be "understanding, strong-minded and ambitious — someone who can motivate me."

a whole new ball game

BY NICK CARROLL

When will they learn to leave sporting rules alone?

A great philosopher — he must have been a sportsman — once remarked: "All change causes pain."

He wasn't kidding. And there's no better example of this than the game of cricket.

Remember back in 1977, when Kerry Packer and World Series Cricket kicked the shit out of the International Cricket Board with the one-day game? They changed the rules. And morality, playing style, public perceptions — all were thrown into the melting pot.

The outrage! From Bill "Tiger" O'Reilly, perhaps the loudest critic: "What happens in the pyjama game means absolutely nothing. It brings not the slightest rush of blood."

Even more savagely, the Indian cricket writer Vinay Verma wrote: "The success of one-day cricket is based on the same formula that has seen the proliferation of fast-food chains, hypermarkets and pornographic videos."

Now, 12 years after the Great Experiment, one-day cricket is still bowling along. Some of the bitterness has vanished with the years. It *looks* like a success.

But is it really?

No cricketing expert has managed to find an area of the game that has actually been improved thanks to one-day cricket. No player has ever come forward and stated aloud that he enjoys playing the one-day game more than the five-day. And those dragged into the fascinating and complex world of cricket through a couple of hours on the TV on a Friday night — the ones who are to become *real fans* — sooner or later abandon the pyjamas for the Tests.

This despite the words of master motivator Ron Barassi, spoken to the early WSC players as they sat awaiting their first trial. "That fellow out there [the spectator] has a right to criticise

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY PHOTOBANK/ALLSPORT

a whole new ball game

you and he will," barked Barassi, while the players sat silent. "That's who you're playing for; that's the man who's going to control your future. You've got to give him everything — total effort, total commitment."

That sums it up nicely. Where a sport was once played for the playing, the rules have been changed so it could be played for the spectators. And the spectators don't particularly like it. *When will they learn to leave sports alone?*

This is not an argument about whether sports need money to survive. Of course they do. But do they need to change to get it?

In the past decade or so, as sports tear ligaments in their rush for a slice of the wondrous Eighties Money Pie, some truly silly and destructive things have been done to the rules in the name of mass appeal.

Cricket is just one example. Sometimes, as in the cases of Rugby League and tennis, the fiddling is with rules that have worked well for a century or more.

Rugby League could lay claim to being the most fiddled-with game in Australia . . . perhaps in the history of sport. There was unlimited tackles, then four tackles, then six. There was the three-point try, then the four-pointer (and the one-point field goal). There was the bomb, then the no-bomb. And in recent years there have been numerous small changes, giving odd little advantages in different areas of the game.

And all the recent rule changes in League have been based on the same philosophy: League needs crowds. Entertaining football is scoring football. Therefore the more tries, the better.

In 1988 the NSW League experimented with two more changes: a single marker only at the play-the-ball, and a five-metre rule at scrums for the defending backline. Again, these were designed to open up the game and make it more of a spectacle. But the experiment was restricted to the midweek National Panasonic Cup competition, which pissed the players off no end.

Some liked it. Some didn't. All wanted consistency. "It's like playing cricket on a 15-yard pitch one day and a 22-yard pitch the next," Canterbury-Bankstown coach Phil Gould said at the time.

Ron Massey, Cronulla-Sutherland club secretary and one of master coach Jack Gibson's closest footballing confidantes, figured the single-marker rule was open to abuse from the start. "First thing a coach thinks is how he can use it to his advantage. All through the trials, the teams who had good dummy-half runners didn't use them, because they were hoping the rule would be brought in. Then all they'd have to do was run from dummy-half, make eight metres every time and they'd beat anyone."

The confusion was total. Neither rule looks like making it into the books — which would seem to add even more weight to the pungency of Gibson's opinion of such things: "Rugby League must be a great game to have survived so much bad administration."

Recently a bloke named Philippe Chatrier made an announcement that tied many a tennis player's strings together. He introduced the tiebreaker to Davis Cup.

Back in 1969, when the tiebreaker was being introduced to the new-fangled pro tournament tennis, the shit flew. Many old-timers felt it could lead to damnation of the game. The USA's veteran Vic Seixas, in an article in *Tennis* magazine, rekindled memories of great matches: "10-9 in the fifth set, as the shadows draw further across the court and the crowd is utterly silent, and two great players dig deeper into their reserves of skill and strength — can anything in tennis compare?"

But pragmatism won out. Two-up sets were burning precious television time. That time would grow ever more precious through the late Seventies, as pro tennis boomed worldwide and TV schedules became more and more important.

Davis Cup, however, was always held to be sacrosanct. For many tennis people, it represented all that was good and pure about the game. Players donated their time to play for their country; they did it in an atmosphere of sportsmanship and team play that is conspicuously absent from most tournament tennis. The doubles game was as important as the singles. Tiebreakers and bad manners were out. In short, Davis Cup was played the way tennis *used* to be played. (Never mind that all Davis Cup players receive substantial bonus endorsement payments as a reward for Cup appearances.)

This being the way things were, some people wet themselves when Chatrier, president of the International Tennis Federation, brought down the ITF decision on Cup tiebreakers. Cameron Williams, of *The Australian*: "The introduction of tiebreakers removes yet another variable from a sport that could become as homogenised as milk."

Australia's Davis Cup captain Neale Fraser was firmly anti-tiebreaker. He prepared the Australian case for the ITF rules hearing. "I suppose it wasn't enough," Fraser now says ruefully. "I'm a traditionalist. To me, the Davis Cup is the greatest annual sporting trophy in the world. The best in the Davis Cup is brought out by three things: talent, mental toughness and physical strength. I think that by putting in the tiebreaker, they've taken out the strength aspect.

"Plus they're putting more pressure on the umpires. If it's 4-4 in a tiebreak and a whole country's chances are riding on it, then one mistake at that point will have a much bigger effect. That's another reason I opposed it."

Fraser thinks the tiebreaker will result in the ebbing of Australia's chances in the Cup, believing his team's superior fitness and preparation gave them the edge in long, tense advantage sets.

Even more bizarre, however, was a statement Chatrier made in conjunction with his nasty little Cup surprise. It amounted to a suggestion that in tournament play, players be only allowed a single serve. No more double-faults.

His suggestion was based on the undeniable fact that in the past 40 years tennis, like Rugby League, has developed into something its makers may never have imagined it to be: a high-powered, supremely athletic contest, where intense pressure, high-tech equipment and relentless training are focussed into a ruthless gladiatorial duel. Jack Kramer's "power game" of the Fifties has been stretched to the limit; big players now smash the ball at each other at service speeds of over 200 km/h and slower court surfaces, like clay, are falling further out of fashion.

The single-serve argument says that the players have overpowered the court: that the first serve has become too important, and something must be done to slow it down. Chatrier calls tennis "a conversation" and thinks that too often the spectacle is cut brutally short, diminishing the pleasure of the audience.

Barely any player agrees with him. "I think the better server would actually be assisted," says Fraser. "A less than excellent server would find himself in a lot of trouble. You would adjust to it but it would take a lot of the attack out of the game. It might even become a bit boring."

Does Chatrier have any chance of passing it? "Well, I don't think so. Not right now. It might take a period of time. A man like him, with ties to so many officials around the world . . . It's hard to say."

You can see the rule-changing confusion even more clearly in newer sports — ones that are just beginning to hunt down their slice of the Pie.

Iron Man is a classic, because in its modern endurance form it is almost solely a creation of the publicists, the media, and by extension the audience — or the potential audience.

The seven-race Nutri-Grain Iron Man Gold series is now a standard feature of the Oz summer. And each year, the series is designed closer and closer to the specifications of TV and sponsorship.

The Iron Man, in its original form, has been a part of surf lifesaving for more than 20 years. "Original form" means four race legs, one each of surf ski, paddleboard, swim and run, the lot taking no more than eight or ten minutes. The Iron Man was a tough event even then, but it never held a candle to the boat race or the surf swim or

a whole new ball game

the R-and-R when it came to glamor. That was, until Grant Kenny and the Coolangatta Gold.

The 42-kilometre Gold was the first example of what has become known as endurance Iron Man, or triaquathon. Set on the Gold Coast in late 1983, it was designed as a vehicle for a Michael Edgley-produced flick of the same name.

A year or so before, Grant Kenny had finally won both the open and junior divisions of the conventional Iron Man at the Surf Life Saving Association national titles, thus sealing his amazing rise to glory and giving Iron Man a monstrous charge. Surf club membership had almost doubled in the years of Kenny's rise, after a decade of stagnation. This had not escaped the SLSA's keen if somewhat conservative eye.

Edgely's flick bombed. The race didn't. Effectively, Iron Man had become an event in its own right. A four-hour aquamarathon could comfortably operate outside the SLSA's carnivals — in fact, it had to. And with Kenny, along with Gold winner and new hero Guy Leech, competing, it seemed like a pretty saleable idea.

The SLSA is on a winner. But — this is a sizeable "but" — only if they can keep the media interested.

For the '88-'89 season, there will be more and shorter running legs. "The idea is to bring it back to the crowd," says SLSA co-ordinator Ian Macleod. "They tend to get a bit lost on the craft and swim legs, and we want to bring the race back to the crowd and the cameras."

For one race last year, the Fosters Iron Man at Bondi, the SLSA actually consulted with *Wide World Of Sports* staff as to how the race could best be structured for television.

Overall lengths will also be altered. Last year the SLSA experimented with shorter distances, down to 11.5 kilometres. But such a race, as a spectacle, just doesn't last long enough. This year the shortest race will be 15.3 kilometres, at the Gold Coast's Burleigh Heads.

All of this stuff tends to confuse the hell out of the competitors. Often they will go through a winter of training leading up to the series, only to find one discipline is suddenly a great deal more important than the others. This happened in 1986, when many were caught short by the huge surf-ski legs. Next year they trained like maniacs on skis, only to find that the ski legs had shrunk and running was suddenly the vital skill.

And the competitors are kept quiet. Or at least, so the SLSA hopes. After last year's series several top racers, dissatisfied with some aspects of Iron Man, called a competitors' meeting to canvass the prospect of forming a union. Dissatisfactions included uncertainty over race lengths, complaints over the grinding race schedule and a general desire to find out where the sponsorship money was being spent.

Macleod says no specific action was taken by the SLSA. "We didn't tell them not to talk to the media . . . But there has been a tightening of the rules concerning bringing the series and the SLSA into disrepute." Might this include criticism of race setups? "Yes and no."

Which could be interesting, because among the Iron Men themselves, talk of the union still goes on. And, if an enterprising gentleman came along and set up an Iron Man circuit to rival the SLSA, some of the unionists would be quite happy to change sides.

There is a great lesson to be learned here: *Most rule changes don't help the game at all.* Ian Chappell is very strong on this one. In 1989, the former Australian cricket captain finds himself in a unique

> "Anyone who says he's playing for anyone except himself and his own pride is either a fool or a liar"

position to judge sports — cricket and others. As sports director of TCN-9 in Sydney and host of the Nine network's *Wide World Of Sports*, he is often lobbied by sports entrepreneurs seeking TV time. This year, for instance, indoor soccer has been hard at it.

As far as rule changes go, Chappell's views are simple: the more you change rules to change a game, the more you screw it up.

He likes it better when players are given room to *play* within the system. Even better than that — give them enough rope and they'll hang. "I heard some cricket authorities the other day talking about banning bouncers. That's ridiculous. They don't see how a bouncer can work the other way. See, when I bat, for instance, I like to play hook shots and cuts. Now, say it's late in an innings and the bowler's getting a bit frustrated and he decides to let go a few bouncers. I'll say thank you very much because I know that in there somewhere there'll be some fruit for the sideboard. If I was captain of the fielding side I'd tell my bowler to keep it well up the pitch at that point, because then I can set a field for it. If he starts bowling bouncers, you can't set a field at all."

He is horrified by Ron Barassi's statement quoted earlier in this article. "Did he really say that? Well, I don't agree with him on that one. I never played one minute of my cricket for the spectator. Anyone who says he's playing for the crowd and for anyone except himself and his own bloody pride is either a fool or a liar. I always believed that if I went out and played to the best of my ability, then that would transmit to the spectators."

In other words, it is the players who turn it on in a sport. Those who think rule-fiddling will help the game think so for all the wrong reasons.

But are there sometimes right reasons?

Well, sometimes rule changes seem on the surface to be more a matter of public morality than public entertainment. As in the case of the Rugby Union.

Tradition in Rugby is almost as strong as in cricket. It needs to be. Rugby men are amateurs. Unlike the League stars, they cannot rely on the professional motive to help drag their bodies on to the field week after week. Instead, they rely on a creed: tough it out, take your knocks, give as good as you get, and above all, don't whinge.

Don't whinge. This is practically Holy Writ in Rugby.

The creed has a lot to do with why, after a 1986 Sydney University report declared that between 1960 and 1985 37 Australian Rugby players had been rendered quadriplegics, no Rugby men cried out in horror. Some, in fact, seemed to wear a tacit badge of courage as a result. *You've gotta be tough to play this man's game* . . . None ever considered the need for a rule change.

But the creed did not spread into the public domain. All the pressure came from outside the game: doctors like John Yeo of Royal North Shore Hospital in Sydney, who conducted a long personal campaign both in Rugby circles and in the media to have the laws changed; worried parents; and, tellingly, schoolteachers.

Schools Rugby is vital to the continuing health of the game in Australia. And the goodwill of the teachers is vital to schools Rugby. The attitude of the Teachers' Federation to links with South Africa is one reason why the Australian Rugby Union will not permit an official tour of the naughty republic.

The pressure pushed the ARU rules committee into a safe compromise. Under-19 Rugby is now played under a set of rules designed to weaken scrummaging, while the senior game remains untouched — for now.

At other times, the changes might seem more a matter of survival, pure and simple. Take bowls, for instance. Yeah, bowls. Dad's game.

Or what used to be Dad's game. See, the trouble with being Dad's game is that eventually Dad gets too old to play any more. And then where the hell are you?

So in order to raise its public profile, and thus attract a new, younger set to the bowls rinks, Australian lawn bowls is currecently undergoing a monumental identity change.

Al Mewett, executive officer of the Australian Bowls Council, says that pro bowls, as played indoor in Britain by hugely-paid stars of the rink, is about to break here. Mewett explains: "In Britain it's been big-time for years. In Australia it developed differently. It started with older people basically as a social exercise. But in the last three or four years you've been getting fellows in their 20s and 30s.

"It's the sponsors too, not just the players. The sponsors are realising there's half a million bowlers out there. Then when you transfer it to television, there's — I don't know — another million."

Mass appeal will mean stadium bowls on a portable laser-levelled rink, colored outfits *à la* cricket, increasingly youthful converts. It will also mean a dramatic change to the scoring system. Rather than single games being scored to 25 points, competitors will play short sets of seven points each, with the game decided on the best of three or five sets. In this form, the patience and subtlety of the long game is replaced by speed and accuracy.

"It means you're getting a result every few minutes," says Mewett. "This is ideal for a television audience." It may also mean that the traditional players of the game are feeling more and more left out. "A lot of bowlers have been ringing me up and saying: 'You're threatening our game.' We're not. We're seeing the emergence of another game altogether."

Okay. Perhaps it's good that kids now have a safer game of Rugby to play; and so far other rules of Rugby are sacred, although for how long is open to question. Once people start fucking with rules, it's hard to stop 'em. The NSW Rugby Union is now up to its neck in a $15 million debt thanks to their purchase of Sydney's Concord Oval, and chairman Ross Turnbull is more than aware of the need to entertain, to Pull Crowds.

"That should be something we should concentrate on," he says. "With other sports — League or American football — when crowds have dropped they've said: 'OK, what's causing the crowds to drop? They're getting bored? We'll change the laws to fix that.' We've never been into that. We might have to." Well, that should cheer up all the rugger buggers.

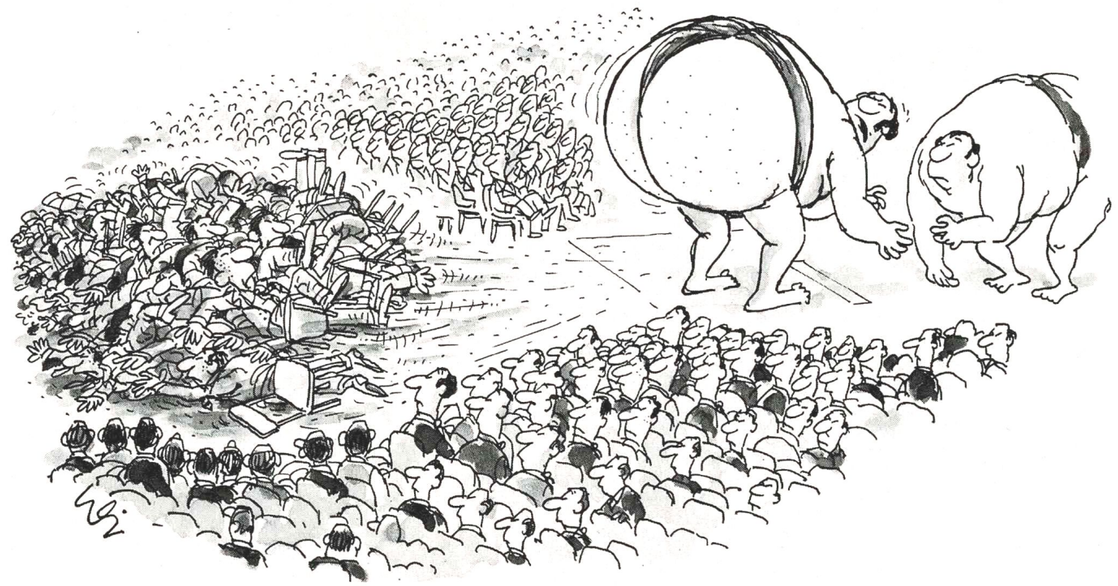
But in the end, it makes no difference. All we are seeing here, once again, is rules being changed to suit people other than the true aficionados — the players, and the dedicated lovers of the sport. There is a huge distinction to be made here: between the commitment of the aficionado and that of the casual onlooker sucked in through the huge mouth of a modern sports promotion machine.

Who can deny that pandering to such thinking, if not held in check, will eventually drain the life from any sport?

Ian Chappell is very firm about it. "I think it's important that it doesn't happen. I think sports administration has to be fairly strong in that regard. You've got to tread that line between changing and buggering up the game. A lot of the changes are made by administrators who mightn't know what is really in the best interests of the game. They should be speaking to the people who know — in other words, those people who've played the bloody game.

"Really, the best games have been around for 100 years or more, and they'll be around for another 100 years. The reason is because they are good contests, and they're good contests because of the way they're set up. Look at the gimmicky sports like the Roller Game and so on, the ones they made up specially for television. Because there's no real base to the game, eventually the thrill wears off and they go on to the next fad."

Indeed. You can't invent a sport and get away with it. Not even in the Money Pie days of the Eighties. And even more importantly, you can't re-invent a sport either. Do it and you risk coming home with fool's gold. It shines on the surface, but what you end up with is worthless. Hands off the rules!



"So sorry!"

WORDS BY GREG HUNTER

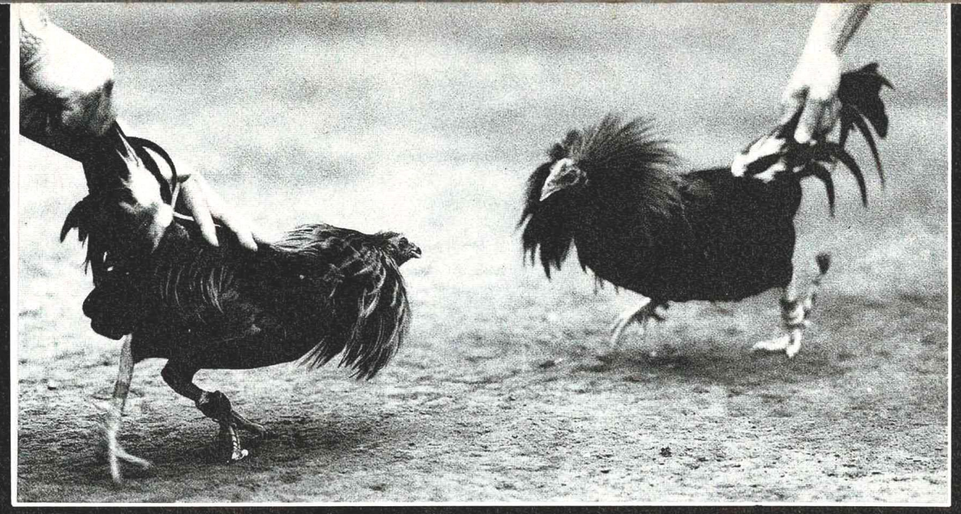
FIGHTING COCKS

In the Philippines, the allure of blood and money makes cockfighting the common man's sport of choice

If horse racing is the sport of kings, cock fighting is the sport of everyman. Especially in the Philippines. After basketball, it's the country's most popular pastime. Rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves congregate in crowds of up to 10,000 in Manila's big cock fighting stadiums. In the most impoverished villages, in the filthiest slums of the nation's capital, and even on Smoky Mountain, a Manila garbage dump which is undoubtedly the foulest human habitat on Earth, there is a time and place for sport, and the sport is cock fighting. The potent combination of heavy-duty gambling and the spectacle of death is profoundly appealing to the Filipino psyche. And there is fascination in the sight of an apparently vanquished bird, lacerated to within an inch of its life, rising up to exert one last effort of will, make one last attempt to strike a lethal blow. Often that final gasp ends in victory, and that's when it's most satisfying.

There are degrees of victory, though. Once you attach a blade to a bird, its prospects are grim. Many winners expire soon after the fight. Only about one in

PHOTOS BY JIM SHELDON



FIGHTING COCKS

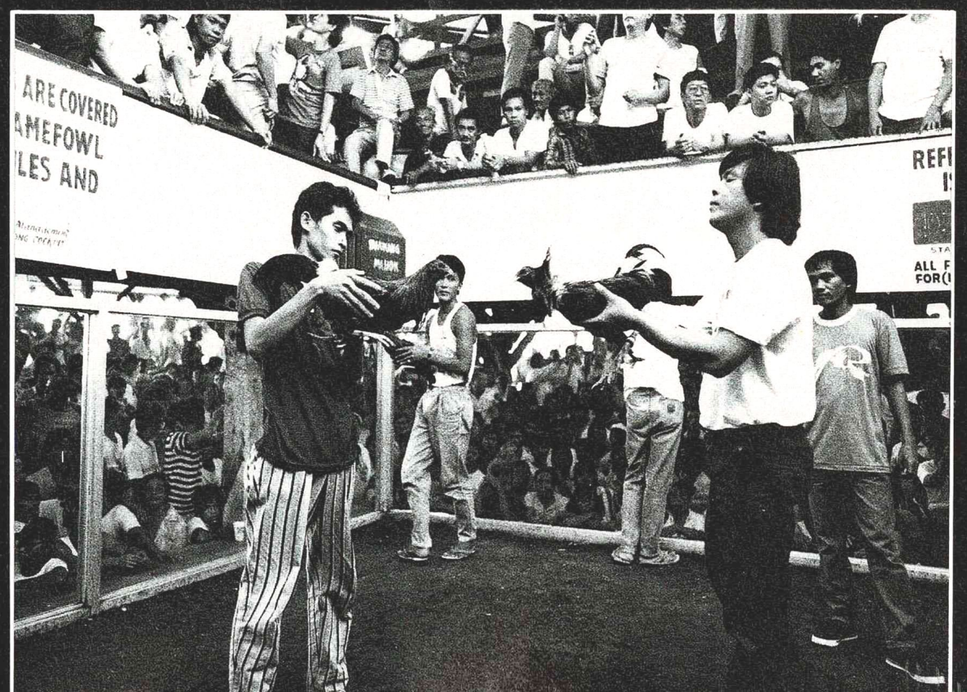
four will emerge in good enough shape to ever fight again. Some are veterans of three or even four battles, but these are very rare. A fighting cock's best hope is that it will show such heart, such spirit, that its wounds will be stitched up so it can be used for breeding more winners. The rest end up in a crock pot, because nothing is wasted in the Philippines.

By its nature, cock fighting doesn't provide gamblers with much of a form guide. If you want to get hold of a winning bird you need to study blood lines. It's an exact science and large tomes are published on the subject. The majority of breeding birds are imported from the US. An average breeding trio — one male and two females — will cost around $400. An American trio with great blood lines can run to $3500. There are a lot of rich men in the sport.

For these big-time operators, showtime is the "derby", an event which might bring together 50 breeders each entering four cocks to make a total of 100 fights. A derby can last 24 hours and a lot of patrons stick it out for the duration. Prizemoney goes to the breeder with the best record on the night. In these fights, the birds are weighed and the discrepancy between matched birds can be no more than 50 grams. The cocks in a derby are cock of the walk, immaculately turned out, their combs trimmed and their feathers shiny. They look great, for a while.

At the other end of the spectrum is the "*tupada*", an impromptu and illegal affair of the sort you'd find in any backstreet anywhere in the country. One guy challenges another, a crowd gathers, bets are laid and it's on.

But the most popular form of the sport is called a "hock fight"; this is the one you can find every Sunday in any of the Philippines' 2500 cock fighting stadiums. It's the one where the average Filipino gets his time in the limelight. Outside the stadium, in the matching pen, the bird owner examines the other



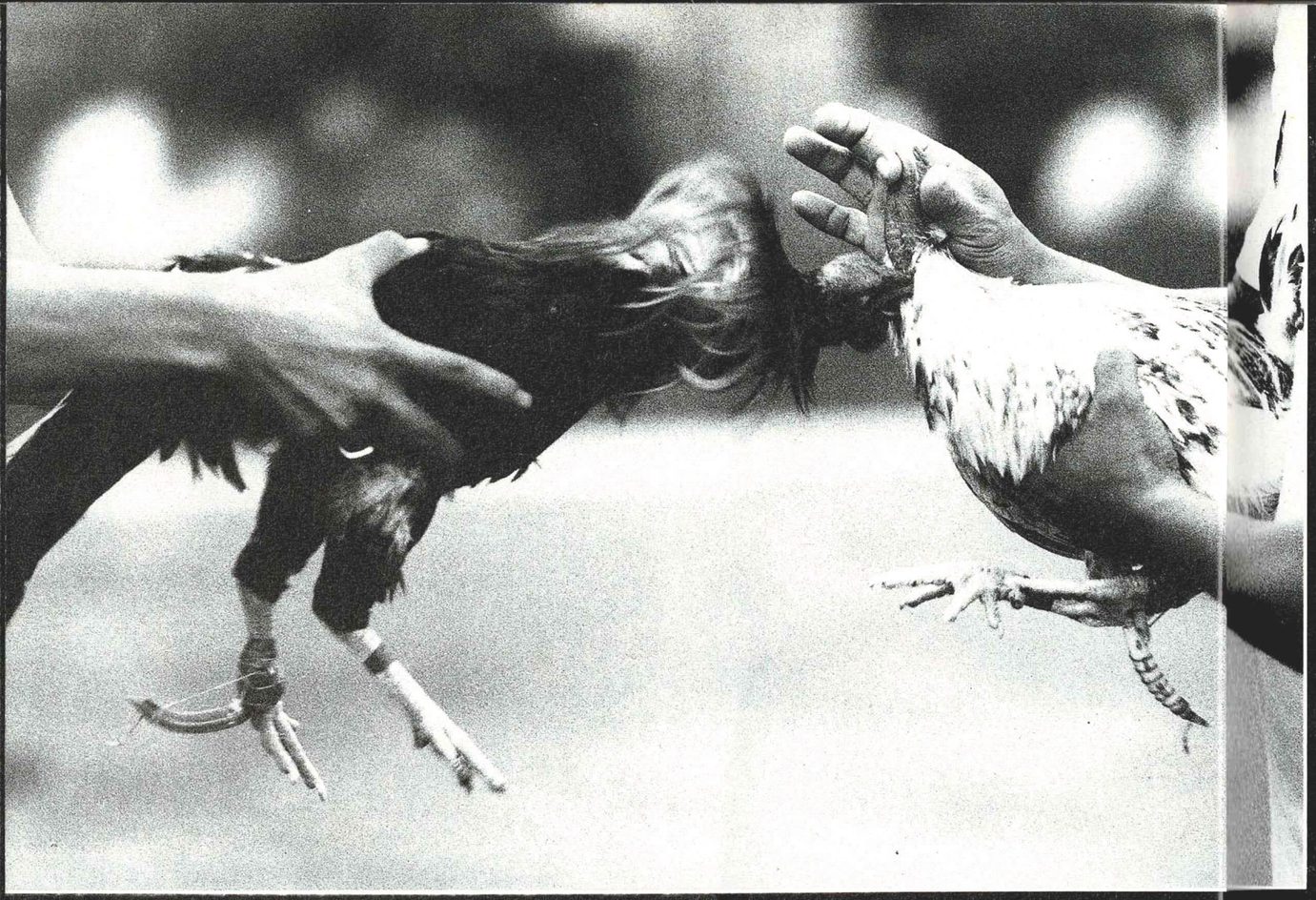
FIGHTING COCKS

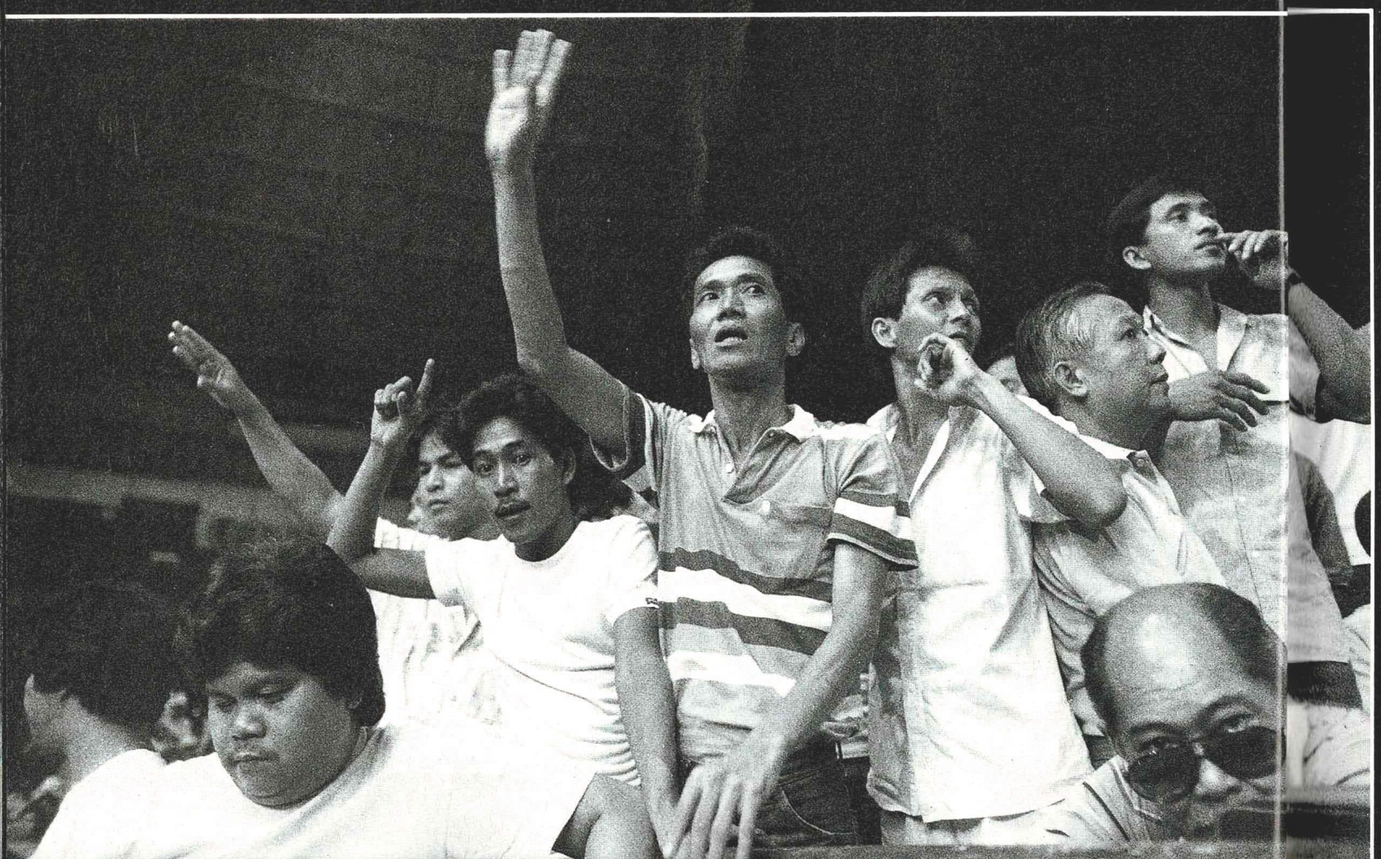
birds and decides which one he wants to take on. He'll try and fake out the other owners by making his bird look as scrawny as possible. He'll match his cock against others to see how they relate to each other. (Fighting cocks come in four personality types: "high fliers", "grounders", "rushers" and "waiting birds." The terms are self-explanatory.) He'll consider every angle, so will his opponents, and after much deliberation, a match is made and the bets are laid.

All this is preceded by a six-week training period. First, a dull blade is attached to the left spur — the animal's natural weapon — to get the bird used to it; after two weeks that's replaced by a *maff*, a covered blade, so that it can practise fighting with a sparring partner; various methods of strengthening the bird are employed, such as making it scratch through hay to get at grain; and finally it's placed in a coop full of sawdust so it can wallow around and feel good about the upcoming bout. Some trainers will play loud music and set up flashing lights, just to make sure their boy doesn't freak out when his big moment comes.

Just before the fight, the bird is taken to a special room to have the *gaffe* fitted. The gaffer's job is critical. The lightweight, razor-sharp steel blade must be exactly the right length (usually around ten centimetres) and must protrude at exactly the right angle for that individual bird. (In other countries where cock fighting is practised, a spike is used instead of the much more damaging blade.)

Now the combatants enter the stadium. Depending on the amounts wagered by their owners, one is declaring the favorite — *meron* — and the other the underdog — *wala*. The betting is fast and furious, operating in a similar way to two-up. Nothing is written down; all bets are gentlemen's





FIGHTING COCKS

agreements, but the sight of a beaten punter trying to scarper is rare indeed. His chances of making it to the door would be slender — and even in that event, he'd be barred for life.

Rich men have a "Christo" (Christ) to do their betting for them — so named because the betting is done by extending their arms in various ways to signify the amount of the wager. With Christos flapping their arms all over the place and thousands of punters screaming at one another and falling about as they strain to get a good look at the fighters, the total effect appears to be mayhem. In fact, it's no more out of control than the New York Stock Exchange.

Now, in the ring, each cock is pecked around the throat by its sparring partner to get it really aggressive. The referee cleans the blades with alcohol in case they've been dipped in poison. The birds are brought to the centre of the ring, their owners holding them by the tails, goading and psyching them still. When the bell rings, they let them go and get the hell out of the way. Those ten-centimetre blades flashing through the air have killed more than one man.

Some bouts last only 30 seconds, with one cock inflicting a lethal slice in the first rush. The maximum length of a bout is ten minutes. The outcome is generally not simply the death of one bird. Usually the fight will get to the stage where one or both birds is immobile. Very carefully, the referee will pick up the exhausted cocks and hold their heads close together. If one pecks the other twice, with no response from its opponent, then that bird is the winner. If the other cock can summon the heart to peck back just once, the ref puts them down, steps back, and it's on again. Often a cock will be savagely mutilated early, survive the peck test, and come back to snatch a win. It's never over till it's over.

Many Filipinos are morally opposed to cock fighting. They're far outnumbered, though, by the sport's passionate supporters. Cock fighting is as much a part of Philippine culture as machismo itself. And the sport employs a lot of Filipinos who might otherwise be scrounging through the garbage up on Smoky Mountain. It will be with us well into the 21st Century.

Woman Of The World

Travel and experience are the two catchwords in Kristina Price's life. "The travel bug regularly takes bites out of me. I've always found it hard to sit still for any length of time. I only feel really peaceful when I'm going somewhere."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"Now my modelling career is going somewhere, and that involves travel and lots of new experiences. For the first time in my life, I've been able to appreciate when things slow down. It gets pretty hectic."

"As a kid, I was always the one leaving home to see the world — like about every week. I was a bit of a worry, but luckily everyone at home could see the humor. 'Don't forget to write,' they'd say. I must have been all of five."

Kristina says she's planning a book. "I've been in some hilarious situations which don't seem to lose much in the retelling. I've seen life from the top *and* the bottom. Believe me, the view is much better and safer from the top, but you can fall into the trap of looking clear over the things that are closest to you . . ."

BY DR JONN MUMFORD

The ancient Indian science of Tantra revealed

Sex MAGIC

Tantra is the positive Indian teaching concerning the physical manifestations of sex. Tantra, although often badly misunderstood, is still the most potent and vital stream of Indian philosophy.

Tantra teaches that the total sexual experience may be a path to freedom, dissolving the ego. Ritual intercourse is a tool for consciousness expansion, overwhelming the incessant chatter of the thinking brain (cerebral cortex) with a flood of orgasmic excitement triggered by sensations in the erogenous zones. Body energies are used for cosmic bliss, with the understanding that there is a difference between "using" and "being used." "Use" not "ab-use" is the key.

Tantra is designed to alter (through worshipping another's body altar) the state of consciousness of the participants and generally requires that the fire of emotion — designated love — be concomitant with sexual excitement.

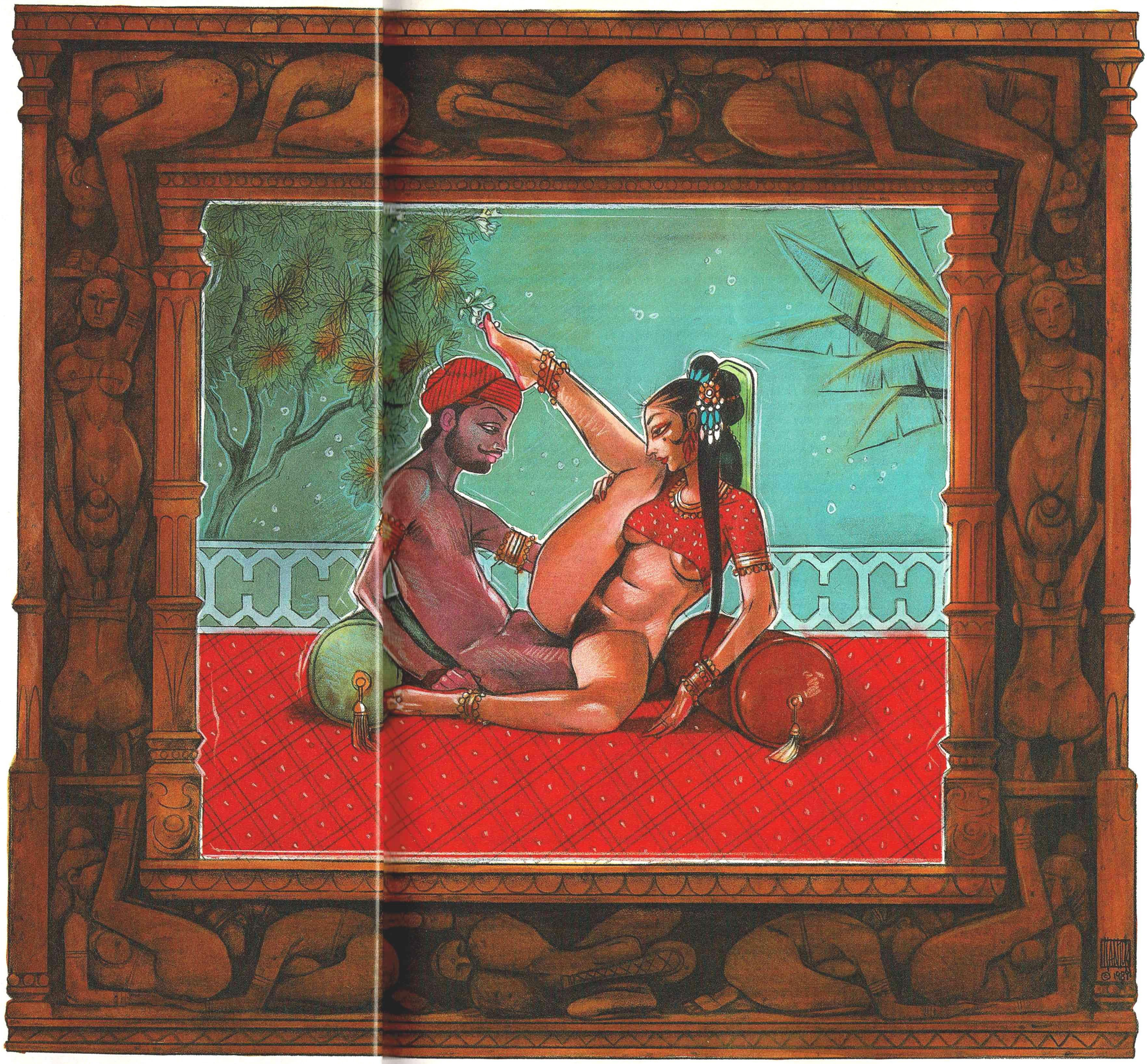
The Tantric orgasm instantly produces:

- Cessation of fluctuations of the mind ("Yoga is the cessation of the fluctuations of the mind stuff." — *Pantanjali Yoga Sutras, Book 1, Verse 2, c. 200BC).*
- Freedom from the past and future, suspending consciousness in point-instant time.
- Opening of the psychic centres in the head, resulting in psychedelic visions.

Tantra, as in all sex magic, rests upon the fact that the most important psychophysiological event in the life of a human being is an orgasm. Sex magic is the art and science of utilising sexual experience for the concrete materialisation of desire and the expansion of the inner life.

Extracted and adapted from *Ecstasy Through Tantra* by Dr Jonn Mumford, Llewellyn Publications, rrp $22.95.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



Sex MAGIC

Successful sex magic involves an interplay of four factors:

• All aspects of extrasensory perception are heightened during sexual excitation. The non-verbal communication and responsiveness of partners attuned to each other's needs during love-making is one example.

• Immediately before, during and after the climax, the mind is in a state of hypersensitivity, soaking up all suggestions like a sponge. Many sexual problems, frigidity and impotence in particular, have their origin in a careless comment uttered by a partner prior to or just after the climax. A person engaged in intercourse is highly vulnerable to positive or negative influences.

• Consistency of peak sexual sensations facilitates access to the unconscious realms. Prevalence of postcoital dreams, visions and kaleidoscopic effects provides ample evidence that this is so.

• During orgasm many people have experienced, at least once, a true *Samadhi* — an experience of transcendental bliss — involving timelessness and a total dissolution of the ego, accompanied by subjective sensations of being absorbed by their partner.

The sexual dynamic represents the most significant physical experience the occultist has at his disposal, and it lies within his power to turn this function into a spiritually regenerative act and a psychologically integrative practice.

The Tantrist knows that the orgasm is the first physiologically crucial moment in every human life. All that is required to transmute the physical sensations into another dimension is the mutual concentration of both parties upon an appropriate God-image of each other, accompanied by mantric invocation (use of sounds). Even this can be dispensed with if the attitude toward each other's body is profound worship (in Old English, spelled "worthship"), based on the knowledge that the physical temple is truly "worthy" of adoration. The Tantric procedure is to ride the crest of emotion and, at the apogee of the experience, thrust the mind higher through an appropriate concentrative method. The result sought is the *Samadhi* of the Yogi

Tantra utilises basic sexual excitation to flood the brain with sensations so strong that extraneous mental activity is obliterated or pushed out of the field of consciousness. Patanjali's definition, "Yoga is the cessation of the fluctuations of the mind stuff," becomes a psychophysical reality, for at the instant of convulsive spasm, consciousness of "doing" ceases and consciousness of "BEING" reigns. Orgasm is the only spontaneous, natural experience of a deathless, birthless, timeless, sorrowless dimension.

"Lift up your dress, sweetie!"

PSYCHOSEXUAL POWER

To experience Tantric ecstasy, the psyche must first be freed of negative attitudes toward sex and have achieved a basic sexual awareness. Several flat statements are required in discussing the psychic aspects of sexuality. The sexual experience is dependent upon integration of the nervous system. If one considers the achievement of orgasm as analagous to launching a rocket to hit the moon (ie, a climax), then it is an unequivocal fact that so far as the neural pathways in the nervous system are concerned, the method by which the sexual skyrocket is launched is of absolutely no consequence. All the nervous system is concerned with is that contact explosion in inner space. The firing modality, be it masturbation, homosexuality, or heterosexuality, is irrelevant. Theoretically, only the end result (orgasm) is important, and any form of sexual behavior is but a means to an end: the cessation of fluctuations of mind, producing timeless transcendence.

When it comes to practice, of course, we find our ability to achieve orgasm limited by attitude, the intervening variable between genital and brain. Only attitude, a product of social conditioning, prevents many from exploring their inherent bisexual nature or fully reaping the psychic benefits of autoeroticism and heterosexual copulation.

Many people, because of tension and negative conditioning, will only permit themselves a sexual experience when absolutely everything else is correct in both the external and internal environments. In other words, everything has to be right: no headaches, no stomach aches, no cramps, no emotional turmoil, and then maybe they will go and relax in a special room and have something they call "sex." The problem is that very seldom on any given day is everything just right or "perfect."

The occult approach to sexuality is that one doesn't wait for the right circumstances to have some sort of internal erotic experience — rather one goes ahead and has a sexual experience to readjust the psychic equilibrium of the nervous system and thus *make* things go right.

Tantric sexuality is the dimension of sex employed for consciousness expansion. One possible translation of the Sanskrit prefix *tan* is "expand", while *tra* means "liberate"; so Tantra becomes that which first "expands" and then "liberates" the mind. A colloquial translation of Tantra would be "mind-blowing."

In terms of profound sexual experience, this consciousness expansion is produced by the far-reaching effects that tactile or touch receptors exert upon brain states and personality. Sexual experience is primarily touch or tactile sensation. Standard psychophysiological estimates of daily sensory information input to the brain reveal the following percentages: 75 percent information via sight; 13 percent information via hearing; 6 percent information via smell and taste; 6 percent information via touch. Although only 6 percent of our total environmental information comes to us through tactile nerve endings, it has been recognised for thousands of years in Asia that it is not quantity but quality that is important. The most exquisite sensory sensation that man is capable of having comes through the tactile receptors that give rise to orgasm. The climax is the ultimate tactile sensation that ideally eradicates tension, blows the mind, induces consciousness expansion and leaves an aftermath of lucidity.

The path to psychosexual power begins not only with recognising and overcoming restrictive sexual prejudices, but also with cultivating intense gonadal awareness through conscious tightening of the pelvic floor. This is accomplished through deliberate, selective contraction and relaxation of the anal and urethral (urinary) sphincters.

These exercises have been traditional for thousands of years in Tantra Yoga and throughout the Middle East. The techniques have recently been rediscovered by Western gynaecologists and sex therapists such as Dr Kegel and Drs Masters and Johnson. We should remember that the word "discover" etymologically means to "uncover," so in actuality there is "nothing new under the sun."

Exercise One: *Mula Bandha*

This is a perineum or pelvic contraction lock which begins at the anal sphincter and spreads forward to the genitals. *Key:* the correct feeling of anal locking may be understood by recalling the sensation induced by holding back the passage of stool from the bowel or retaining an enema.

Method:

• *Step One:* Sit erect in any comfortable position, hands palm up on the thighs.

• *Step Two:* Focus attention on the anal region, beginning with awareness of the floor or chair exerting pressure up against the buttocks, and then pinpoint consciousness upon the anus.

• *Step Three:* Inhale a half-lungful of air, swallow and retain breath.

• *Step Four:* Slowly contract the anus to maximum while continuing to hold the breath. NB: Breath is retained throughout up to step six.

• *Step Five: Women:* spread pelvic floor contraction forward from the anus until a distinct twitch is felt in the vaginal lips. *Men:* spread pelvic floor contraction forward from the anus until a distinct pull is felt upon testicles resting in scrotal sac.

• *Step Six:* Release pelvic contraction completely, take in a sniff of fresh air and then smoothly exhale fully.

Advantages of Mula Bandha:

• Tones the anal sphincters, preventing and curing (in early stages) haemorrhoids and anal pruritus.

• Sends a blood flush stimulating the uro-genital system in both men and women.

• *Women:* tightens slack vaginal walls and reduces tendency toward so-called frigidity or orgasmic impairment. *Men:* reduces tendency for premature ejaculation and impotence.

• Awakens Muladhara Chakra (basal psychic centre).

Exercise Two: *Vajroli Mudra*

This is a simplified form of the classical Vajroli Mudra revealed to the Western world by the greatest living exponent of the nonsexual aspects of Tantra, Swami Parahansa Satyananda Saraswati of Monghyr, India. *Key:* Vajroli Mudra involves urethral sphincter closure exactly as when you cut off the flow of urine in midstream while voiding.

> The secrets of Tantra are really secretions generated in the cavities of the bodily temple

Preliminary awareness training: Drink several pints of water on an empty stomach. In an hour, empty the bladder. Practice cutting off and restarting the urine flow at least a dozen times until the bladder is fully drained.

Method:

• *Step One:* Sit erect in any comfortable position, hands palm up on the thighs.

• *Step Two:* Focus attention on the urethral sphincter, below the clitoris in women and at the base of the penis (near the pubic bone) in men.

• *Step Three:* Inhale a half-lungful of air, swallow and retain the breath.

• *Step Four:* Contract urethral orifice exactly as when cutting off urine flow and at the same time pull up the lower abdomen as if attempting to suck genitals into the pelvis. Relax the contraction and repeat as many times as possible on that breath, allowing a feeling of sexual excitement to spread up the spinal cord from the pelvis to the brain.

• *Step Five:* Cease the contractions, relax the abdomen, take in a sniff of fresh air and then smoothly exhale fully.

Auxiliary check exercise: Women: gently insert one or two fingers in the vagina and perform Vajroli Mudra. When done correctly contractions should spread, causing the vagina to clasp the fingers gently. *Men:* perform Vajroli Mudra standing naked in front of the mirror. Watch to check that the head of the penis twitches or elevates slightly with each contraction.

Advantages of Vajroli Mudra:

• Tones urethral sphincter, preventing and curing (in early stages) urinary stress incontinence.

• Sends blood flush stimulating uro-genital system in both men and women.

• *Women:* encourages clitoral sensitivity. *Men:* encourages erectile potency.

• Awakens Swadhisthana Chakra (second psychic centre).

Mula Bandha should be followed by Vajroli Mudra daily, beginning with ten repetitions of each, adding five additional repetitions a week until a maximum of 60 rounds each is performed a day. One round equals completion from the first step to last. Note that some people will achieve better control with three-quarters of a lungful of air or even full lungs rather than with the suggested half-breath. The sniff of air in the final step of each exercise is a Pranayama device designed by Gurudev Satyananda of Bihar Yoga school to give instant relief after Kumbhaka (breath retention) and permit a controlled, full exhalation.

Mula Bandha and Vajroli Mudra develop pelvic thrust ability in the male and penile gripping power in the female, enhancing sensitivity and control during intercourse for both sexes.

SECRETS OF SECRETIONS

Semen, or Bindu, is held to be the true elixir of life by Yoga and Tantric schools alike. For the Hindu, semen equals distilled blood, and to some extent Western biochemistry corroborates this attitude with the discovery that fresh semen contains liberal quantities of calcium, iron, phosphorus and vitamin C, all of which are essential micronutrients in the human body. Semen even possesses antibiotic properties, according to research workers at Hebrew University Medical School, with a particularly effective action upon Staphylococcus Aureas, or "Golden Staph" (the causative organisms of some minor skin infections such as boils).

The Tantric facial pack par excellence is liberal quantities of fresh, warm semen spread upon the skin, with special attention to the oily areas of the forehead and nose. As the semen dries it closes the pores with an astringent action and

tightens the wrinkles, feeds the skin cells and thus leaves the face rejuvenated and smooth.

The secrets of Tantra are really secretions generated in the cavities (caves) of the bodily temple.

Originally the Hatha Yogin prevented the escape of his seed by celibacy in its strictest interpretation. Tantra, however, has always taught that certain definite advantages accrue from intercourse, the most important being the exchange of positive and negative pranic or subtle energies between the nervous systems of the male and female. This is held to be a regenerative process, especially when the male is able either to prevent the ejaculation of semen at the precise moment of experiencing his own orgasm or, alternatively, to reabsorb his ejaculated essence from the vaginal communion cup of his partner.

It must be emphasised that there is not an iota of medical, physiological, or biochemical evidence that preventing emission of semen during the male orgasm prolongs life or rejuvenates the body. This is true in spite of a plethora of contemporary books on Taoism and Yoga suggesting otherwise. Although semen does contain fructose, mineral and vitamin nutrients, the amount is absurdly small in terms of the body reserves.

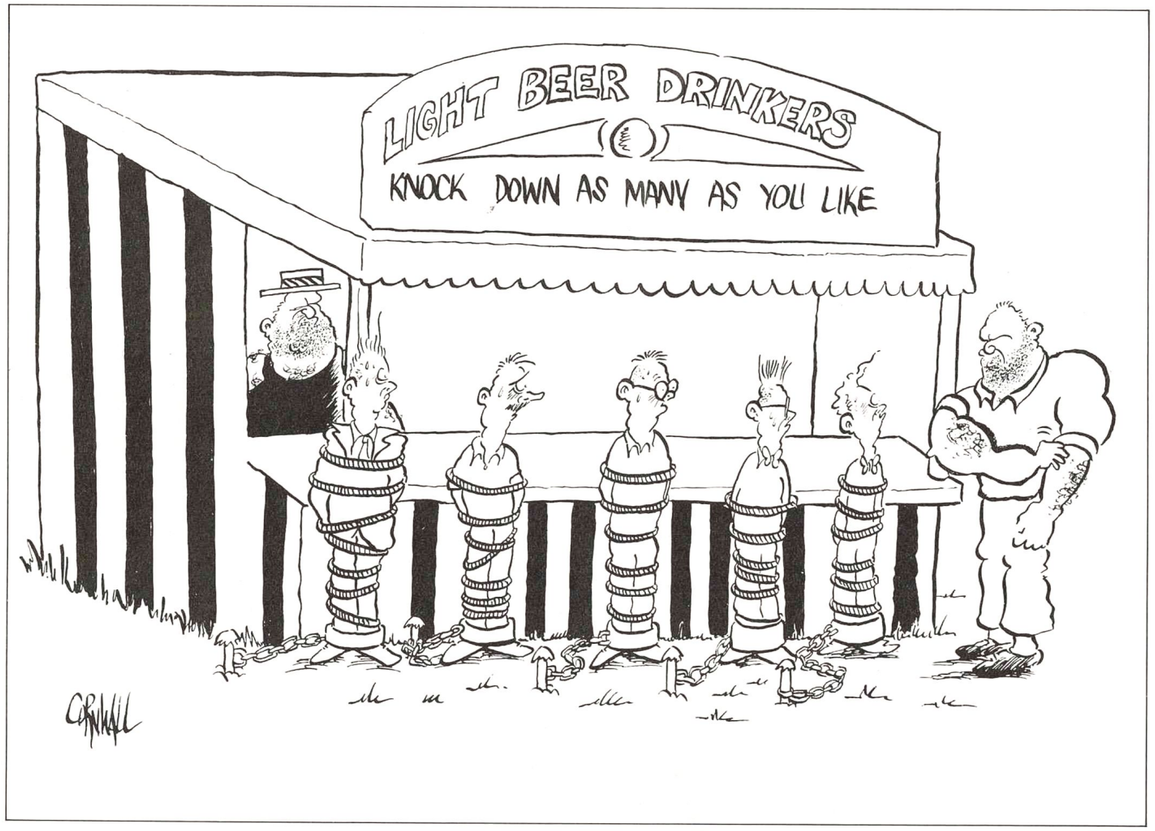
The concept that men lose energy by ejaculations is a leftover from ancient Indian, Chinese and Medieval European neuroticism. The true value of occasional use of "retrograde ejaculation" methods has to do with inducing an intensified, altered state of consciousness in the male, facilitating magical visualisation procedures. The effects are psychic and psychological.

Variations of seminal retention techniques sometimes enhance the possibility of men having multiple orgasms, just as stimulation of trigger points for the "G-spot" may allow some women to experience ejaculation. Neither male multiple orgasms nor female ejaculation constitutes a test of "sexual success" — they merely represent extra-dimensional aspects within a wide spectrum of normal human sexual response.

The first technique, stopping the ejaculation at orgasm, is indigenous to both Tantra and Chinese Taoism. Pressure is exerted on a vital point ("marma") termed Yoni Nadi, which corresponds to the origin of the vessel of conception in Chinese acupuncture and the mid-perineum in Western biology, the point midway between the scrotum and the anus. This effectively blocks the tube conveying semen to the penis, much as stepping on a garden hose will stop the flow of water.

The second method, exclusively Hindu in origin, is the notorious Vajroli (penis) Mudra (gesture). This technique — a more advanced version than that already disclosed — is based upon the startling discovery of Hatha adepts that isolation of the rectus abdominus (a muscle on the anterior abdominal wall, extending from the lower end of the breast bone to the pubic bone) will induce a semi-vacuum in the bowel and bladder. Normally, conscious control of this muscle is difficult, and the Yogin learns to tense it at will by an exercise called Nauli. By creating a partial vacuum in the bladder, the Yogin actually sucks his ejaculated semen back within the urethra (the tube conveying urine and semen through the penis), where it is subsequently reabsorbed by the capillaries in the epithelial lining of the urethra. This effectively returns psychic and chemical elements to the circulation, including tinctures distilled in the alchemical retort of the vagina. Vajroli Mudra is the ultimate in physiological recycling.

The preliminary training for Vajroli Mudra involves tactfully inserting a silver catheter or pipe into the urethra as far as the bladder. With one end of the pipe immersed in a bowl of liquid, the adept performs Madhyama (central control) Nauli and, focusing his attention, literally "wills" the fluid up the catheter, through the penis and into the bladder. Much depends upon the intensity of concentration, because Vajroli Mudra is an exercise in "mind" over "matter." At an advanced stage the tube is dispensed with.



Greater control is achieved by mastering aspiration of fluids in order of increasing specific gravity, commencing with water and progressing through milk, oil, honey and mercury. It need hardly be emphasised that the risk of internal rupture and cystitis (bladder infection) is high, thus discouraging the average Western student. The correct method of performing Vajroli Mudra is transmitted from mouth to ear by Guru to Chela; when initiated, I was shown a special way of injecting air into the bladder to facilitate the uptake of solutions.

The object of Vajroli Mudra is not merely the recapturing of seminal emissions after climax but the mixing and absorption of a Tantric elixir compounded of male Bindu fortified with hormonally rich vaginal secretions that appear only under conditions of unutterable ecstasy.

AROUSING KUNDALINI

Hatha Yoga schools have long been concerned with the possibility of arousing a residue of energy said to be locked within the body. This force is called Kundalini (literally "coiled," implying the power inherent in a compressed spring), and certain techniques will release Kundalini up a central psychic tube termed Shushumna. Shushumna is probably the equivalent of a fluid-filled cavity, the canalis centralis, in the centre of the 18 or so inches of spinal cord.

Kundalini wells up in Shushumna when the subsidiary energies in auxiliary psychic nerves, Ida and Pingala (related to the sensory and motor tracts running up and down the spinal cord) cease flowing. Ida, traditionally, is to the left of Shushumna, and Pingala is on the right, reminiscent of the twin chain of sympathetic ganglia in Western anatomy. Some traditions use celibacy as a prerequisite for the building up of sufficient psychic pressure or steam to clear Shushumna and arouse Kundalini. The semen is gradually converted to Ojas, or purified quintessence, which in turn constitutes the basic fuel stoking Kundalini. As Kundalini flows up Shushumna to the brain, various psychic centres, or Chakras, unfold.

Tantra has taken this hypothesis a step further by postulating that all sexual experience automatically arouses Kundalini, and hence a deep spiritual state will ensue from conscious recognition of this process. At the moment of orgasm, two bodies fuse momentarily on a psychic plane, and the energy of this fusion is focused in the middle channel, Shushumna. The ascent of Kundalini commences, accompanied by the mutual opening of the Chakras, or autonomic nerve plexuses, in each participant. One subjective result and test of successful Tantric intercourse is an aftermath of psychedelic visions and color swirls, indicative of the overflow of the unconscious (Kundalini) on to conscious planes.

Tantra was the first school which taught the later Vedantic secret that "Man is God." A couple approaching each other in the sexual embrace tacitly recognise this philosophical truth. A God and Goddess unite and transcendental bliss is achieved, using the physical mechanism as a lever.

TANTRIC INTERCOURSE

Tantra is an organised system which rejects nothing as a means to a spiritual end. It takes advantage of shock tactics to catapult the mind into a transcendent state beyond normal restrictions.

Another level of interpretation reveals aspects of Tantric ritual as sexual variations leading to a crescendo of orgasmic experience.

For example, the uniting of mouth and genitals frustrates the normal procreation-

> The Tantrist seeks freedom through life and not through escape, using the body as an instrument of evolution

oriented flow of sexual energies and produces a psychic short-circuit which quickly arouses Kundalini, inducing spiritual rapture and immobilising thought.

Tantra and sex magic recognise fellatio and cunnilingus as a yoga ("union") integrating consciousness by joining polar opposites. That which is above affixes to that which is below — following the Hermetic axiom, "As above, so below" — to create mental children rather than physical progeny.

Vajroli Mudra, fellatio and cunnilingus redirect psychic forces so that a "brainchild" — ie, an idea or "concept" — is magically conceived. Such a "brainchild" is immortal, out-living any mere physical, finite span of existence.

Any repugnance to oral sex among Westerners is due to widespread confusion about the difference between bodily secretions (waste products no longer needed) and sexual secretions (fluids rich in nutrients). Perfect genital hygiene is a prerequisite to Tantra.

The effectiveness of Tantra as a psychosexual event stimulating the subtle body and its inherent force centres is dependent upon prolonging the psychic tension leading to orgasm. Westerners are too anxious for mutual, explosive relief bringing the sexual experience to a quick end. The Tantrist concentrates upon the "means" rather than the "end", thus maintaining a special preclimactic state as long as possible. The Sanskrit "Tantra" (to weave, extend, stretch) is related to the Latin *tendere* (to stretch, strain), giving rise to a host of associated concepts such as attenuate, tension, tone, tendon, tend and tender (to reach out, offer). Tantra is the attending, with tenderness, to another's psychophysiological being, while building the fire of sexual-emotional tension. The result extends and attenuates the consciousness until — like an overstretched rubber band — the mind snaps, temporarily disintegrating the ego, or "little self."

The Yoga of penis and vagina is achieved with the female (Shakti) in an upright position sitting astride the male and facing him. The erect posture of both participants in the Tantric Eucharist adds a new dimension of intensified orgasm and positive affirmation to sexual experience.

In Hindu Tantra, the woman is power personified and as such is always active, the Lingam (penis) moving in her Yoni (vagina) like a pestle grinding inside an inverted mortar. She has reversed the normal social and psychological roles of male and female, transforming herself into the active, dominant force milking the penis of virile energies.

The sitting-up posture ("sitting-down" postures are considered non-existent in Yoga) firmly locks the Lingam in the Yoni, preventing it from slipping out, even after ejaculation.

The tendency of the semen, pulled down by gravity, is to drain away from the mouth of the uterus, thus confirming Tantric intercourse as a magical and psychic, rather than procreative, act.

While embracing, both parties can simultaneously engage in a gentle rocking and swaying to-and-fro movement which powerfully relaxes the nervous system. The ideal is to achieve virtually simultaneous orgasms for the most powerful sex magic and Kundalini arousal. Direct clitoral stimulation of the female is favored by these positions.

Tantra is the way of the Hero (Vira) who neither rejects nor fears any aspect of life. The Tantrist seeks freedom (Moksha) through life (sensation, sentient, sensual) and not through escape (abstinence, abstaining, absence), using the body as an instrument of evolution. In the words of a Tantric proverb, "He who would rise must first thrust himself up with the aid of the Earth."

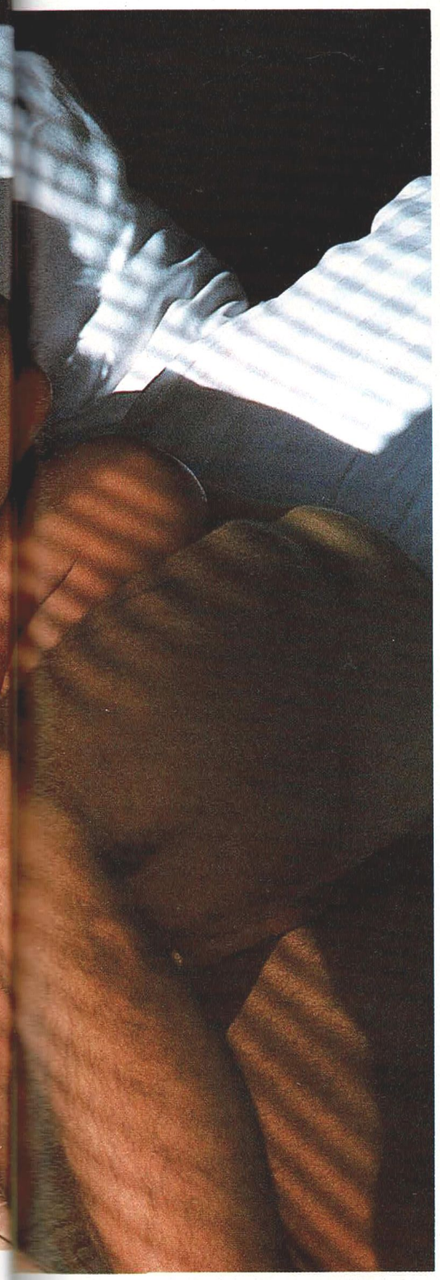
Tantra is the science of the Earth-mother, substituting feeling for logic, sensation for cerebration, and active touching for passive viewing.

Incommunicado

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

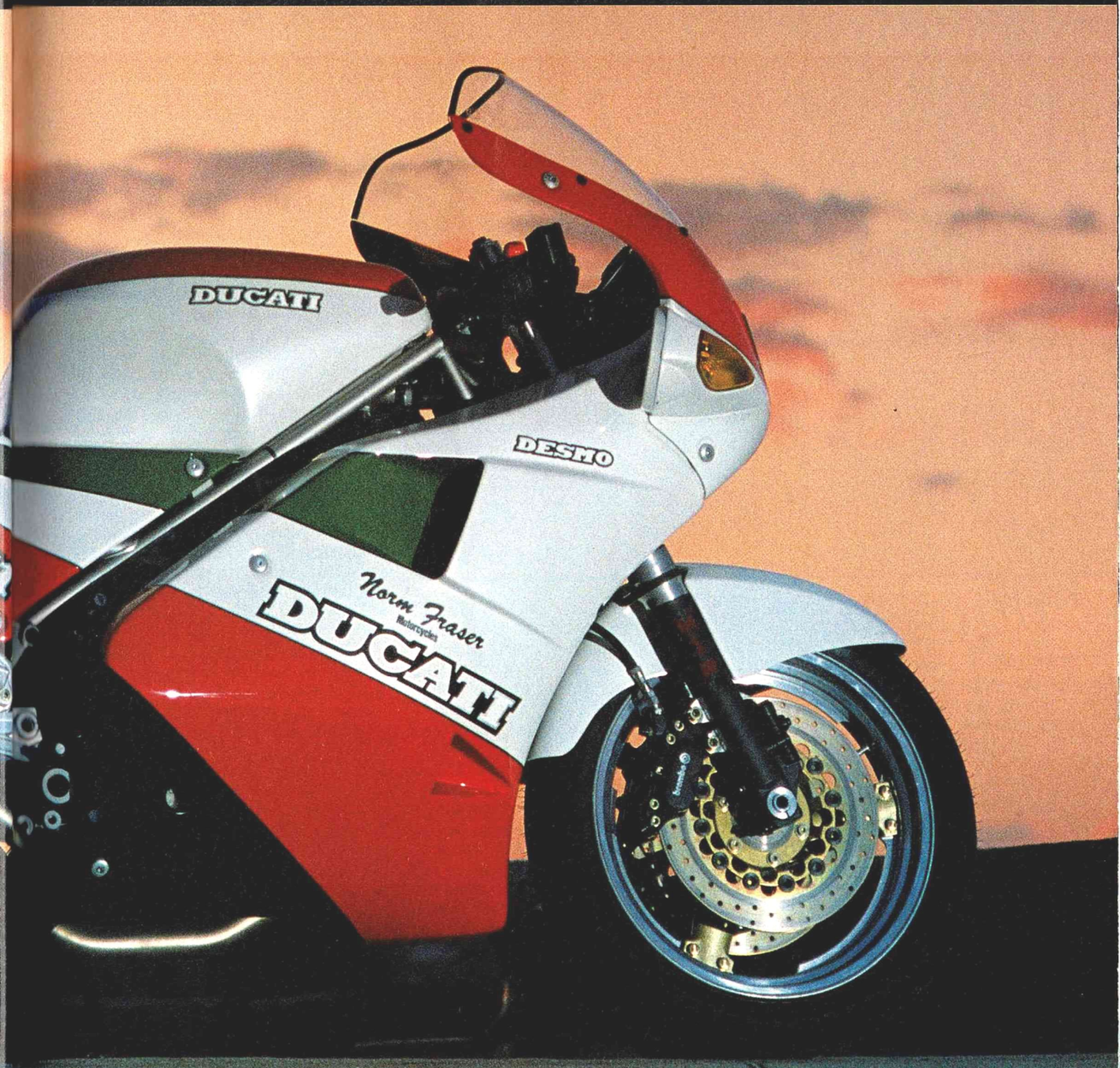
They had met through the personals. She was the "shy blonde looking for secret rendezvous." He was the "avid sportsman with cozy hideaway." Together they ventured off to his private weekend home to test their compatibility.

Secure in her surroundings, Melody revealed to Eric secrets she has never shared with anyone. Eric assured her he'd stay by her side.



Melody and Eric spent the rest of the weekend exploring those intimate details which were just now coming to light.

VIVA DUCATI!



BY TONY MITCHELL

The 851 Superbike proves that Ducati is alive and looking to kick some Jap arse

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES CALLAGHAN

Ducati owners have always been regarded by other motorcyclists as a fairly irrational breed with strong masochistic tendencies. Ask a non-*Ducatisti* why this is so, and he'll probably elaborate with comments like "rich hippies"; "must be on drugs"; "spend more time fixing it than riding it" and "waste of money."

While Ducati owners and their bikes may be all or none of the above, there's no denying that, since the early Seventies, the marque has built a reputation as the epitome of speed with style.

A Ducati isn't just screaming horsepower on two wheels, but a compete machine designed from the tyres up to not only go, but also to look, feel and sound like a pure sports motorcycle should. Temperamental it may be, but on a long, winding road, there's nothing quite like a Ducati at speed.

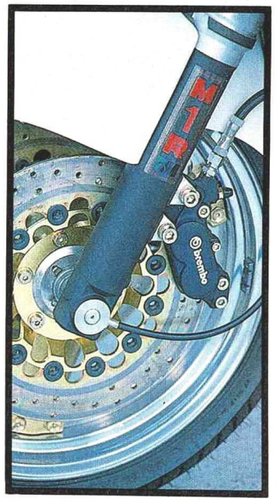
Ducati started producing bikes after World War II, and the man who designed many of the company's range of engines, including the 90-degree V-twin for which it has become famous, is Fabio Taglioni (otherwise referred to as "God" by the fans), who was appointed to Ducati as chief designer in 1954.

His main achievement was the development of the Desmodromic method of valve operation in 1956, a system which, instead of relying solely on springs to close the valves, uses rocker arms for both opening and closing functions. This allowed him to build engines which would rev high and hard without valve bounce, and is still a Ducati trademark today.

Some may argue, but Ducati's best bikes have all been desmo V-twins. The engine, and the marque, got on the road to worldwide appeal when Smart and Spaggiari won the Imola 200 on a 750 desmo, a forerunner of future road bikes, in Italy in 1972.

Although the V-twin had been around since 1970, and

'The 851 is no expenses spared Italian flair'



DUCATI!

the desmo system had been developed much earlier, this was the first time that the two had come together; and when the factory released a roadgoing Imola replica in 1973 and 1974 — the 750SS — the world woke up to the brilliance of the big Italian twins which offered not only power and speed but previously unheard of levels of handling and roadholding.

While the basics — ie the engine and the chassis — on Ducatis have always put smiles on their owners' faces (given the right maintenance), some other aspects of Bologna's finest have caused them plenty of aggravation. Ducati electrics used to rate right up there with the Lucas variety ("Joe Lucas — Prince of Darkness" goes the joke) when it came to not shifting the volts from A to B, particularly when it rained. I knew a bloke who rode his brand new 860 up from Melbourne, in brilliant sunshine, and after an overnight shower spent the next two days drying the wiring out so he could continue.

If the *forecast* was for rain, there was a 50 percent chance that a Ducati wouldn't start. Up until 1986, some models were fitted with a battery that, even when fully charged, was too gutless to turn the starter over. Thankfully those days seem to be over.

The big V-twins, with bevel drive cams, included the G60GT and GTS, the 900 Darmah, the 900SS and the Hailwood Replica. The latter was produced to commemorate and capitalise on the win in the 1978 TT Formula One race at the Isle of Man — after an 11-year break from the island — by the most famous bike racer of all, Mike Hailwood, on an NCR860.

In 1986 the big twin went out to 973ccs with the "Mille" series, but high production costs and noise levels meant the end for the bevel-driven overhead cam engine with these machines. An alternative cam drive system, using cheaper and quieter rubber belts instead of gears, had been premiered by Taglioni in 1979 on the 500 Pantah model, and this design has since been used on engines of 600, 650 and 750cc. At present the 750 Pantah engine is fitted to the Paso ("Ride sex on wheels" goes the advertisement) and the 750 Sport.

The smaller Pantah engines thrive on revs, and although they don't have the same effortless, loping midrange power delivery of their larger predecessors, the Pantahs have been popular simply because, in the transition from one engine to the other, the factory succeeded in retaining the essential Ducati character.

Ducati's latest offering, the third generation V-twin, is the 851 Superbike. In an effort to increase power and comply with increasingly tough emission control laws, Ducati has gone for water cooling, Weber electronic fuel injection and double overhead cam/four valves per cylinder. It was developed during 1986 and 1987. Like the 750SS, it started life on the track, chiefly in the hands of ex-World 500cc Champion, Marco Luchinelli.

And also, like the original 750SS, it's not for the masses. At $22,500, the 851 is a no-expenses spared piece of very purposeful Italian flair that's designed to show you-know-who from the Land of the Rising Sun that Ducati is alive and very healthy, despite its takeover a couple of years ago by the larger Cagiva group.

Power from the four-valve 851cc engine is now a touch over 100 horses (75kW), comparable with the current breed of Japanese 750s. The desmo valve system is still used, which means that there are eight individual rockers crawling around in each cylinder head. Desmo dukes have always required a skilled touch when it comes to setting valve clearances, so although access to the valves is now better, the 851, like all Ducatis, isn't a proposition for the ham-fisted mechanic.

All this top end complexity has resulted in a high 10,000 rpm redline, with peak power produced at 8250. It goes like stink. Wind the throttle on in any gear with the tacho at 4000rpm or above and Weber injection delivers instant response. Even in the higher gears, midrange acceleration is comparable to or better than most Japanese bikes in the 750 to 1000cc class, and although all that top-end hardware makes a bit of a racket, the engine never seems to feel like it's working too hard.

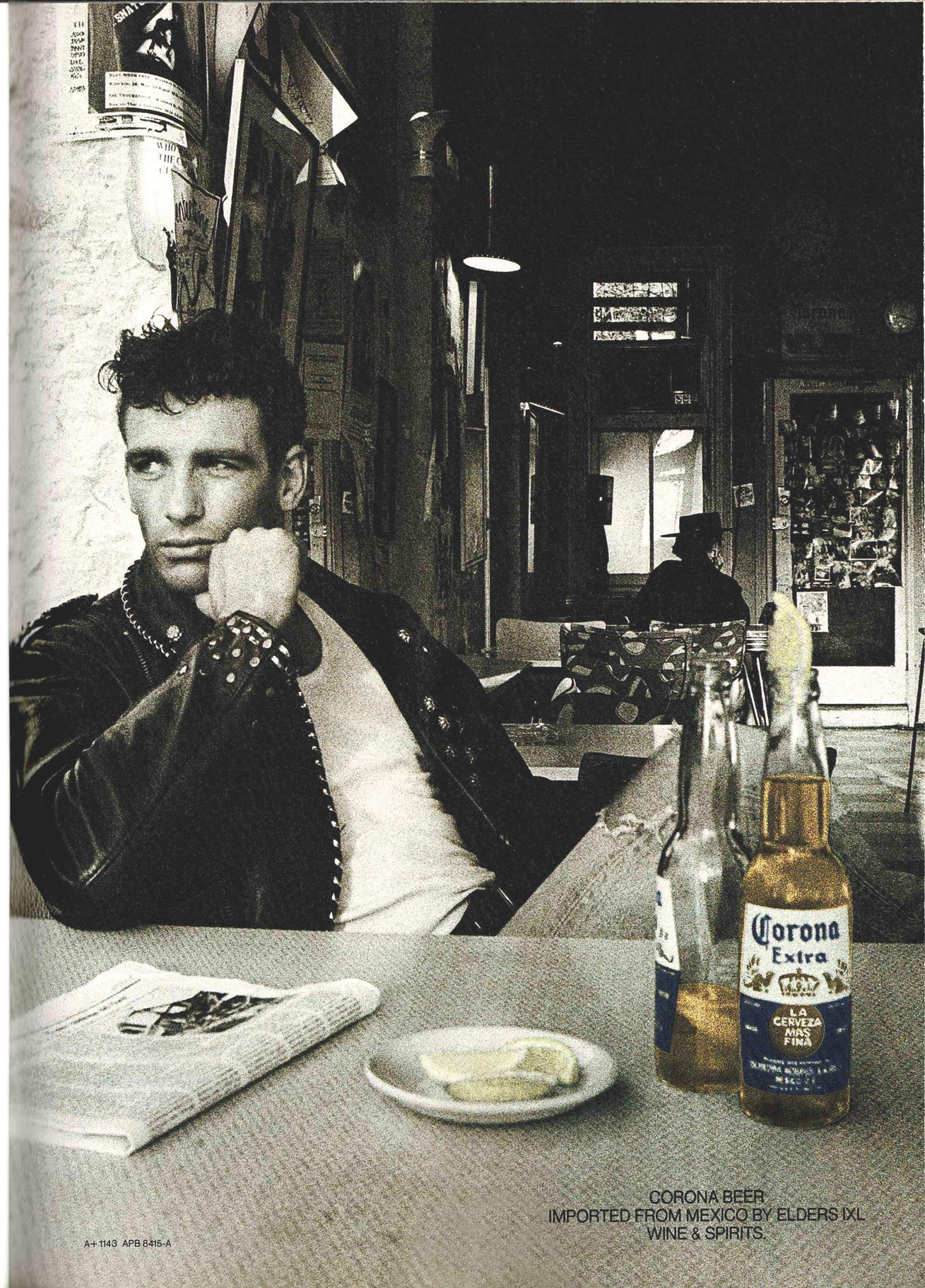
The new engine retains the brilliant flexibility of previous Ducati motors in that it'll leap out of corners even in high gears because all its power isn't stacked up in a narrow zone near the redline.

It's a sensational engine to use on a winding road, because this grunt means you're rarely bogged down a gear too high when the road starts to straighten and you set sail for the next bend. You can concentrate on other things rather than the gearbox, although the close ratio six-speeder is a delight to use if you feel inclined to play racers.

The 851's chassis is a mixed bag. Ducatis have always been renowned for high speed stability on all road surfaces, at the expense of a pretty bone-jarring ride when the road gets a bit rough. They demand plenty of forward planning at speed in the tighter stuff because their traditionally long wheelbase and slow steering geometry means that they take lots of muscle to lay down and pick up again. Once you've chosen a line though, a Duke will stick to it like a missile homing in on a target.

The 851's a bit different. For starters, its suspension — a single Marzocchi Supermono with adjustable preload and rebound damping at the rear and twin

Continued on page 144



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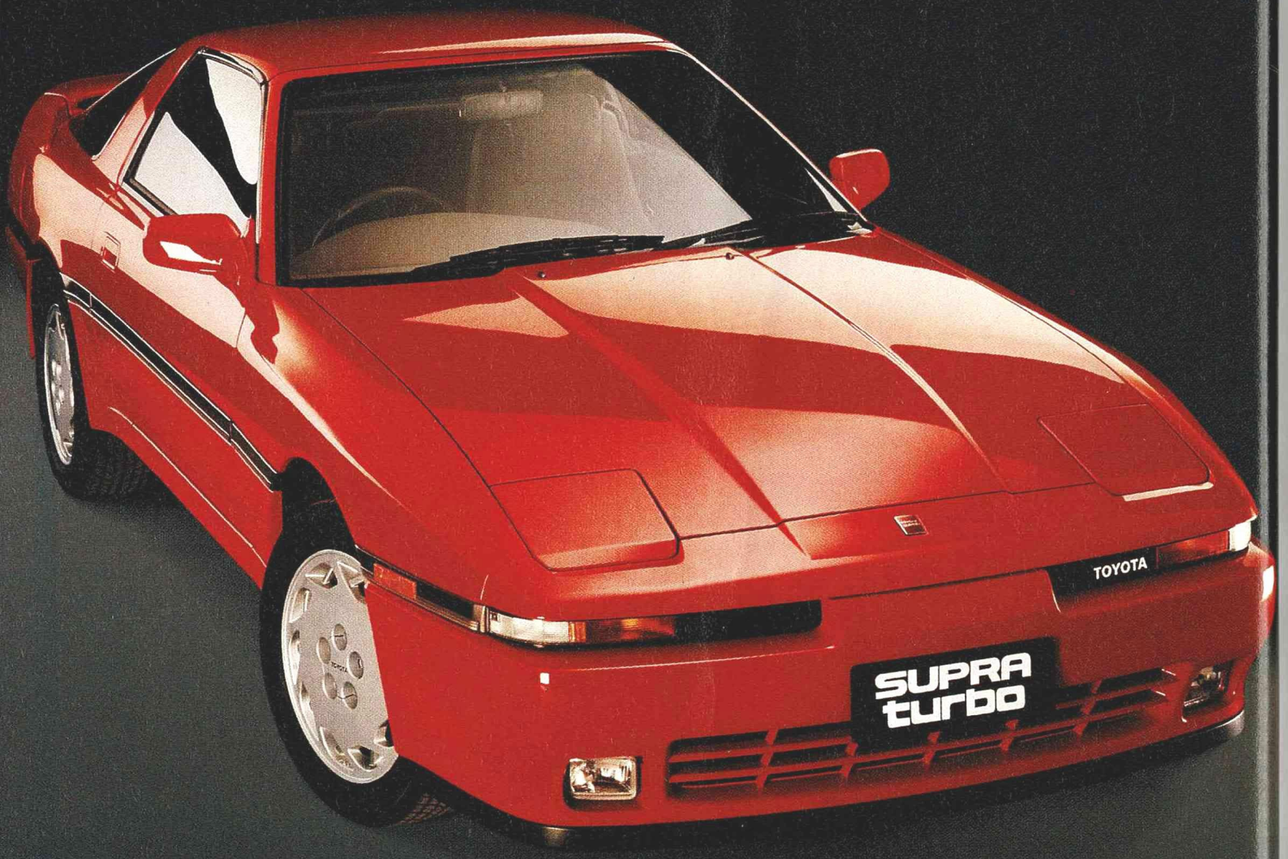


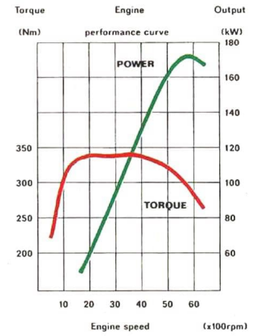
O H W H A T A F E E L I N G !

0-100 IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO READ THIS HEADLINE

The Toyota Supra Turbo boasts the most powerful six cylinder engine in Australia. An engine that can catapult you from a standstill to 100km/h in just 6.3 seconds – the time it takes to read this headline.

It is the ultimate expression of automotive power – a touring car in the grand touring tradition. Those who are fortunate enough to drive Supra Turbo will be both envied and admired.

This power comes from a three litre deep breathing Twin Cam, 24 valve engine with an air to air intercooled turbo which improves intake efficiency, and combats detonation. Notice how flat the torque curve is between 1800 and 5000 rpm. This means a delivery of usable power right across the rev band.



The power and flexibility are best demonstrated when you take the Supra Turbo for a test drive.

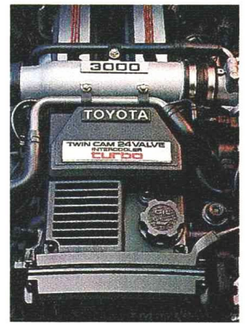
You can even move from rest in fourth gear. Not that we recommend it. However, this demonstration of usable power lets you handle all driving conditions easily.

But power only counts when it's directed through the transmission down onto the road.

Supra Turbo offers you the option of a five speed manual with overdrive or a super smooth, electronically controlled four speed automatic with overdrive.

The double wishbone independent front and rear suspension gives you more constant road contact on all surfaces.

The driver's seat is ergonomically designed and multi-adjustable with power controls. The cruise control is designed into the centre spoke of the leather bound "natural grip" steering wheel.



Power window and temperature controls are within easy reach.

And the audio system has six surround-sound speakers that would not be out of place in a professional recording studio.

The Toyota Supra Turbo is a driving experience you should not miss.

When you're behind the wheel, you'll feel it.

When you drive a Supra Turbo, you'll know it.

Visit your Toyota Dealer soon and borrow the keys.

TOYOTA
IMPORTED
SUPRA TURBO

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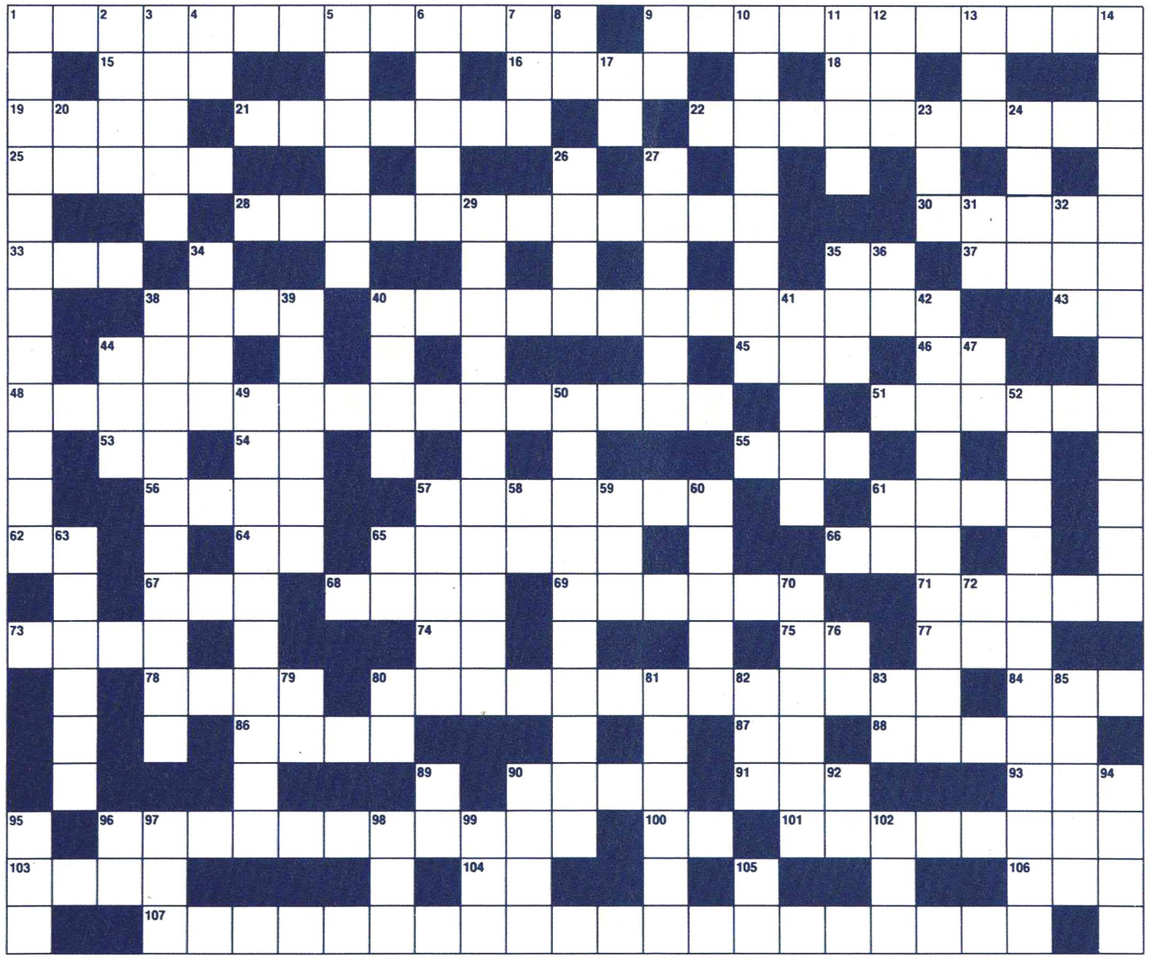
BY VINCE REID

Never a crossword between you and your friends? You don't know what you're missing. You might have heard of the lexicon of love, but to get through this inaugural *Penthouse* crossword you'll need to dust off your lexicon of sexual politics, bedroom hi-jinx, the Yartz, a little biology, sexology, and a liberal dose of smutty innuendo. And, believe it or not, a few of the answers actually have *nothing to do with sex*.

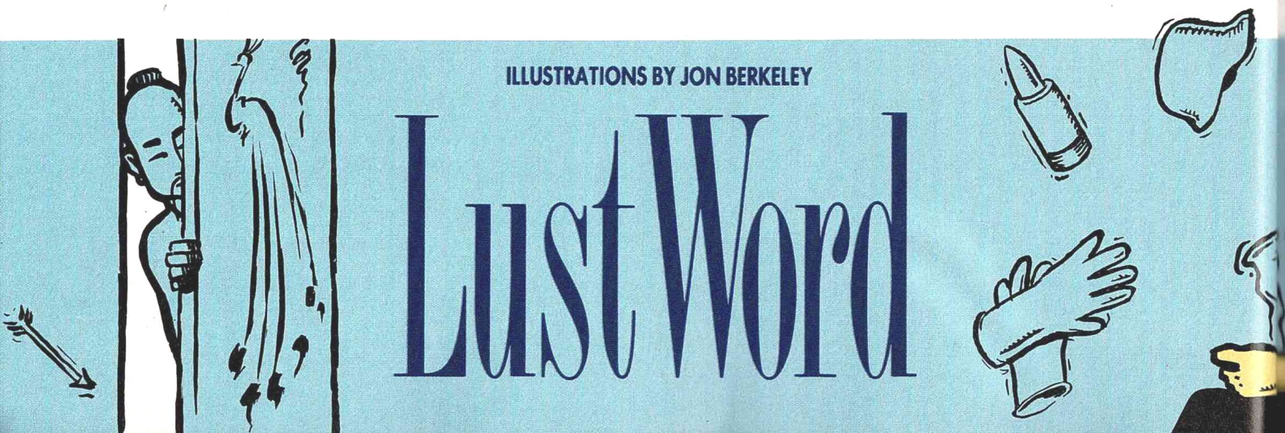


ACROSS

1. Our ex-Prime Minister found in a hotel lobby off his pants (7,6)
9. Style of books revealing all the dirty laundry of bedded superstars (4,3,4)
15. Intra-uterine device (abbrev.)
16. None of this makes Jack dull
18. Initials of (then) teenage star of *Puberty Blues*
19. Grind to a halt
21. People who commit bestiality (strictly speaking)
22. Feeling of being totally spent
25. The T in G&T
28. Italy's porno politician (5,7)
30. Rinsing of the rectum
33. Slang for penis, especially amongst fishermen
35. Public relations (abbrev.)
37. Testicle
38. Contest between two people, sometimes deadly
40. US televangelist famous for his "I have sinned" bawl, though never confessing to his rendezvous with a cheap hooker (5,8)
43. Adults only (abbrev.)
44. Trendy name for bachelor's love nest
45. "--- on my face."
46. Initials of now decrepit founder of Bunny empire
48. The press's tag for the beautiful Russian defector who became *Australian Penthouse's* first ever Pet (3,3,6,4)
51. Who does Dallas?
53. Initials of the most famous rock 'n' roll grandma
54. The square root of 121
55. Complete this Aussie football dictum: "Get your --- in, get your friend in."
56. Slang for fellatio
57. Disconcerting noises from women in throes of passion
61. Americanism for screw
62. The most useful word in the English language
64. Big turn-off for the ladies (abbrev.)
65. Lecherously flattering
66. Three letters of the alphabet that are better to receive than to give
67. Much --- About Nothing
68. Poofta (short form)
69. Bring up the same old thing in slightly altered style
71. "She's got that certain ----."
73. If you have sex, you get ----.
74. Knockout (abbrev.)
75. Overproof (abbrev.)
77. Americanism for arse
78. Course of action if her karate instructor boyfriend finds you together
80. Marvin Gaye's anthem to cure all ills (6,7)
84. What men often like to do post-coitus
86. VD (slang)
87. Initials of the blonde gentlemen preferred
88. Pet name for pecker
90. A great arse is likened often to this fruit
91. Fondle a *Penthouse* model
93. "As she disrobed, I thought I was going to ---."
96. Derogatory term for homosexual male (6,5)
100. Where men are men and sheep are nervous (inits)
101. The clavicle is the -------- bone
103. Impulse
104. Do you know where it's --?
106. Extended Sexual Orgasm (inits)
107. All over too soon for comfort (for men) (9,11)

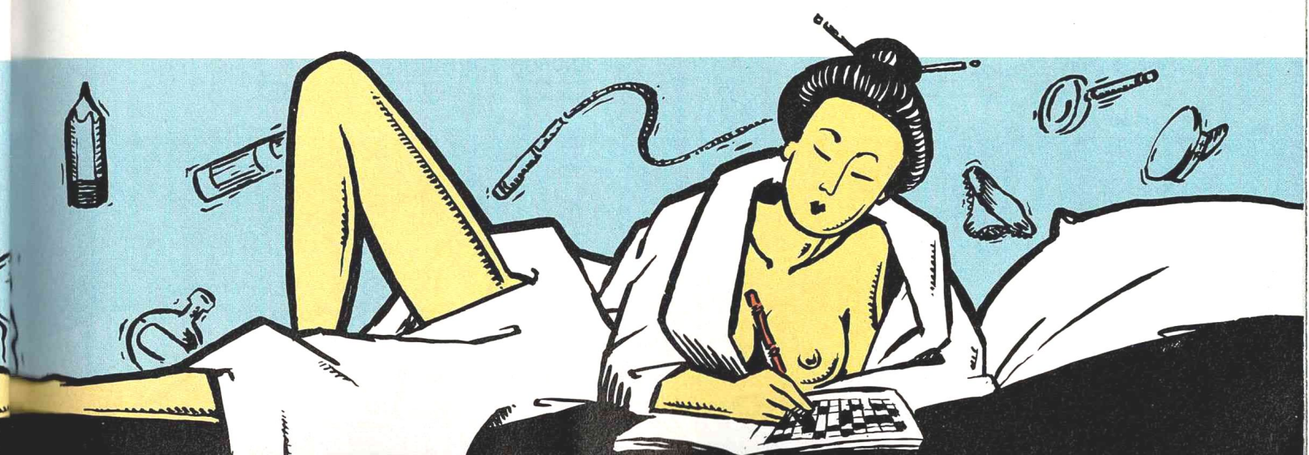
DOWN

1. Self-pleasure



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JON BERKELEY

Lust Word



LustWord

2. "When he came, he roared like a ----."
3. His arrows prick lovers
4. Overdose
5. Slang for homosexual
6. Where a contest takes place
7. Singles with extensions (inits)
8. The greatest game of all (inits)
9. Water-based jelly
10. The two missing accompaniments to rock 'n' roll (3,5)
11. Pertaining to the anus
12. Another name sometimes used for the disease chlamydia
13. Breast
14. Famous gulping star of *Deep Throat*
17. In the morning (inits)
20. Do that -- me one more time
23. Woman already referred to
24. "Though she was a novice fellatrix, she soon got the right ----."
26. Sexually promiscuous woman is one of ---- virtue
27. To take virginity is to de------
29. Owner of the world's most famous page three tits
31. Please note (abbrev.)
32. Member of the Legislative Assembly (abbrev.)
34. "Let's go and do ---- things to each other."
35. One of these on the bum can earn a slap in the face
36. Initials of the owner of history's most famous bowel
38. "I unleashed my crimson-headed ----- -----." (*Star Wars* character)
39. Sex drive
40. "You call that a dick? What a ----!"
41. How every Forum writer describes his equipment
42. "Ever heard of a cute game called hide --- -------?"
44. *Penthouse* girl
47. Lead in a pencil
49. Devilish, inhumanly cruel
50. Australia's most famous ten-pin bowler (4,6)
52. Australian politician described as dying "on the job" (5,7)
57. "Do you always ----- after sex?"
58. The initials that gold-digging bimbos like to see on a car
59. If a penis is a trouser snake, then it's only got one ---
60. Recent Australian movie, set in WA, dealing with hoons, a lone woman biker and gang rape
61. Same as 64 across
63. The color of the cult famous for making love wearing rubber gloves
65. To be infatuated is to be be--tted.
70. Surname of the owner of porn's longest schlong
72. Transsexual (abbrev.)
76. Professional Peeping Tom (inits)
79. Tender loving, minus the care (inits)
80. Starting price (abbrev.)
81. Making love to a very fat woman in exotic sex positions might result in such an injury
82. Sexual electricity might be measured in this unit of current
83. Country members generally belong to this party (inits)
85. Star sign of the ram
89. Partial to members of both sexes (abbrev.)
90. Short form of 88 Across
92. Initials of the male star of the movie *Big*
94. Earthly or sexual love; also God of Love, Cupid
95. Sexual excitement of male animal, like deer, goat or ram
96. Parental Guidance (abbrev.)
97. Intense Erotic Program (abbrev.)
98. Risk money
99. Someone with dark skin has had a touch of what brush?
102. In a promiscuous youth, more than one of these is sown
105. NSU, minus the specifics

THE SOLUTION IS ON PAGE 43

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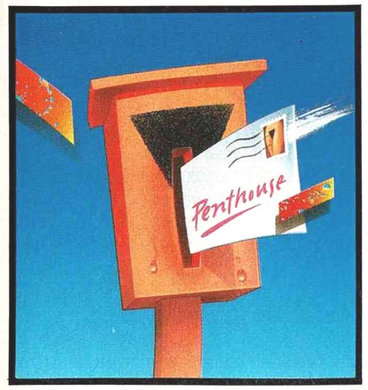


FORUM

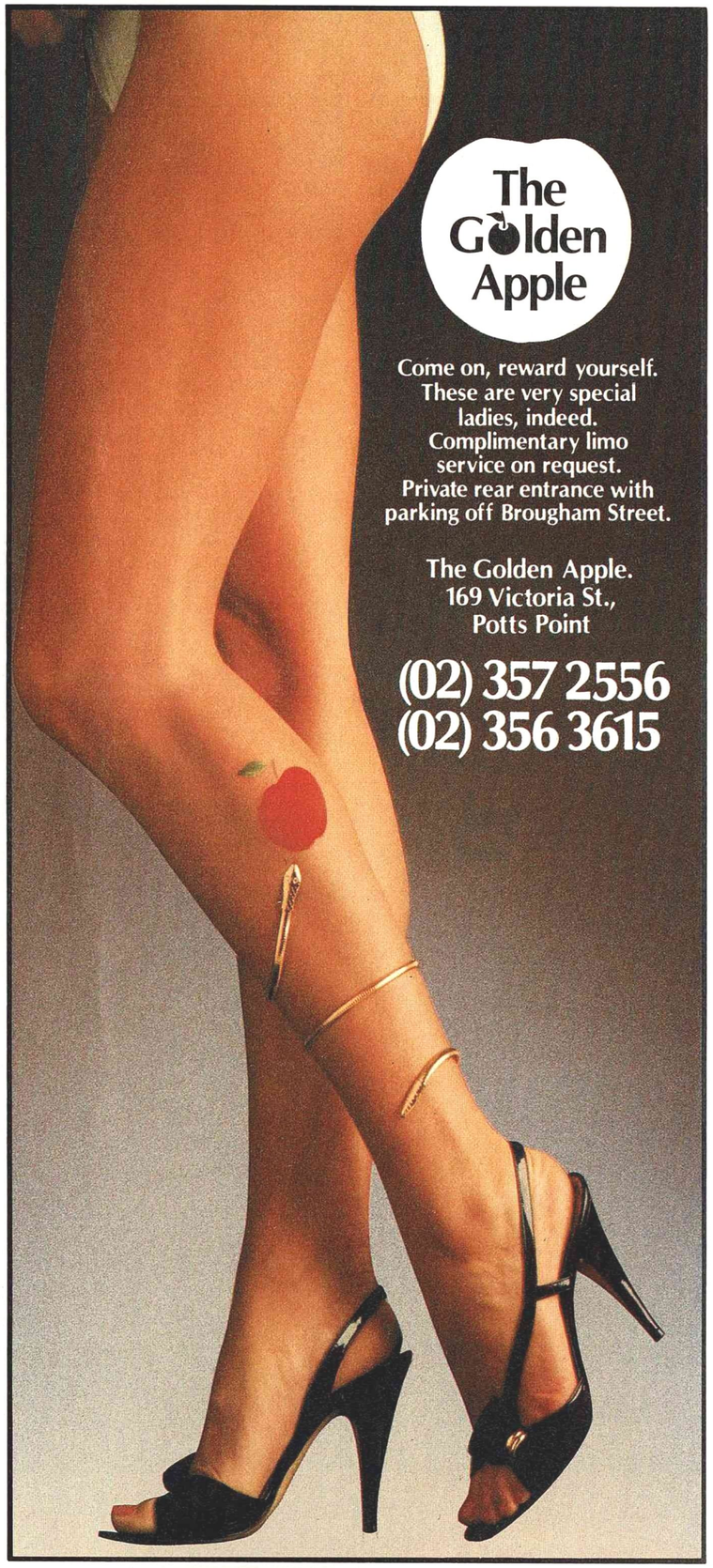
Continued from page 16

turned me on! I ran my cockhead up and down her wet slit. Every time I passed her opening, she thrust back. Her movements were getting quicker and quicker and her breathing was growing quite rapid. Vera ground her pussy into the table and said, "Fuck me, whoever you are, just fuck me!" Taking that as my cue, I positioned my cock and slid into her as slowly as I could. Vera was hot, tight, and soaking wet. My cock felt as if it were encased in a liquid velvet vice. She was moaning loudly and saying, "Fuck me, fuck me, I love your cock — please don't stop!" She didn't have to worry. We fucked through God knows how many orgasms, and I only stopped when I couldn't stand upright any longer.

As we cooled down, there were some moments of awkwardness. We faced the issue of "who was that masked penis?" Vera said to me, "Do you want to know me, or is this just a once-in-a-lifetime thing?" I told her it was the most overwhelming experience that I had ever had and, yes, I would like to see her again. With that, I walked toward the front of the store. The other salesgirl had a nervous but glazed look in her eyes — I guess she heard the sounds of our pleasure. Before I left, she said to me, "Sir, is there anything else that you're interested in seeing?" I replied, "No, I think I've seen enough today." — *Name and address withheld*

Horny honey

I am a 32-year-old happily married woman, but I have animal instincts just like anyone else. I teach at the local high school, so I have the best of summer off. For the past two months, I have watched as tanned young men put their broad-shouldered bodies to work at the construction site next door. Usually I'd watch them through the sliding glass door while eating lunch or reading a book. I'd get really horny thinking about what they'd do to me. Most of the time I'd end up running my hands down my slender body, along



my thighs, then up to the edge of my short denim skirt, stopping at my drenched panties. But I was too horny to be satisfied just by watching.

At two o'clock, when the sun was hottest, I opened the back door to get the attention of an innocent yet well-built young man. I was wearing my shorts, and though my breasts have always been big, I tucked in my tight white T-shirt to make them look even more voluptuous. He was wearing blue jeans.

I told him that a glass of water would be his reward for helping me move some furniture up to the second storey. He glanced around, then nodded his head and hesitantly followed the stepping stones to my back door. He came inside as I closed the shades and locked the door behind him. Having him in the house made my pulse race. I was hot and thirsty, so I asked him if he'd like that cold drink now. He looked up and said, "Sure, but I haven't done anything yet." I smiled and sat him down on the couch while I went to the freezer to get some vodka. I filled two glasses and brought them into the living room. Thinking it was water he raised it to his lips, then stopped when the alcohol touched his tongue. He looked at me and all I could think to say was, "Race ya!"

We slammed our empty glasses on to the coffee table in unison. I was warm all over and let my hands roam over his body. His hands ran up my thighs to where my crotch was hot and wet. His dick bulged and pressed against his jeans. I kissed down his chest, undid his pants, and licked his dick to attention. He was getting the feel for it now. He ripped off my shirt as he pushed me to the ground, then ripped off my shorts. With one hand he grabbed my head while his other hands pulled off my panties.

I was so horny, all I wanted was his huge dick deep inside me, but he kept sucking on my tits until I thought I would go crazy. I couldn't stand it any more. I grabbed his dick and put it in a more useful position. He got the idea and didn't hesitate to stick it in deep and hard. He began to pump, long and furiously. And he kept going till I thought I would die.

When I finally came, my legs wrapped around him, I was making so much noise I thought they might hear me outside, but he just kept going. It seemed that I couldn't get enough until sweat covered our bodies and I came again. My body shook and my back arched. My hands broke free and clenched his back. Just when I thought it would never end, he came in deep, undulating thrusts. His trembling body collapsed. When he recovered, he lifted his head and said, "I'd better go now."

He put on his pants and walked out into the hot sun. I was still shaking as I thought to myself, *If I had known it was going to be that easy, I wouldn't have waited so long!* — *Name and address withheld*

Michele my belle

Michele and I have been roommates since our first year in uni.

One day, while heading back to our room, we decided to dress up and go visit some guys who lived in another block. As I sat there putting on my sneakers, Michele decided that her shirt looked all wrong and took it off. I just sat there trying to act nonchalant, as she had also removed her bra. Because we were roommates for two years, I've seen her naked many times. I've always thought Michele was very pretty.

It turned out that the guys we were visiting were throwing a party. It was a typical party with a lot of drunk guys trying to get laid and most of the girls flirting outrageously. Michele and I were separated early on.

I got bored with all the dumb conversation and went home early. When I got back to the room, I noticed that Michele hadn't returned, so I put on my nightshirt, took off my panties, and went to bed.

Lying there, I though about Michele and her beautiful breasts and got really hot. I've always been pretty wet underneath, and as I slipped two fingers into my snatch I began a regular gush! My fingers worked in and out; I could barely keep from screaming. Just as I was about to orgasm, Michele burst into the room crying.

"Michele," I panted, still trying to hide my little illicit solo love fling, "what's wrong?" Her top was all crumpled and her eyes were red from crying. She came over, sat next to me, and cried about how her boyfriend Mark picked a fight with her at the party and stormed out. She was bawling so hard, I naturally hugged her and told her that it was only a small argument and that things would be better in the morning. After several minutes, Michele told me that I was a great friend and that she loved me very much. It was then that my concern for her turned into desire. I wanted her badly, but knew the emotional roller coaster she was on. I bent over and kissed her on the neck, telling her that she was my best friend too and that I would always love her. Michele sighed and began to rub my back. My kiss turned hard and I began to use my tongue to taste her neck. It was heaven! Her rose-scented neck was driving me wild with passion.

I gently lowered her to my bed and we started to go for it in earnest. I lifted my head, gazed into her eyes briefly, smiled, and lowered my lips to hers. We were clumsy at first, both being timid lovers, but soon our passion got the better of us. My tongue searched for hers as my hands moved up and down her slender frame. I'd never done anything like this before, but I instinctively placed one hand over the crotch of her skin-tight jeans. I slid alongside Michele and undid her belt buckle, slipping my hand on to her sweet gentleness. Michele was working her hands under my nightshirt, gently squeezing my nipples like they have never been squeezed before. I finally had my hand on the beautiful pubes that I pined after for so long.

Michele's cunt was wet and I rubbed it furiously, sliding my tongue into her mouth. I plunged my middle finger into her vagina, curving it upward as I do when I masturbate. Michele was gasping loudly, telling me that it felt so good. Her hands were roaming my breasts, cupping them, and my lips locked with hers once again. Michele orgasmed by my hand. I couldn't help but rub my aching vagina, bringing myself to a surprisingly intense orgasm. Michele watched me doing this, intently licking her lips at the same time. She was definitely in a better mood, and as she stroked her hand across my belly she said, "Now, just be a good little lesbian and lie back and and let me blow your mind!" I lay back to receive her gift of pleasure.

With a quick smile, Michele began to kiss her way down my trembling body, sending me to seventh heaven. She was inexperienced and plunged into me with her tongue, lapping up my pussy juices at a furious pace. I was so hot for her, and when I looked down at her curly head between my legs, I orgasmed. My whole body went through spasm after spasm of mind-numbing pleasure and I couldn't stop moaning and calling out Michele's name.

After I was finished, Michele crawled up beside me and kissed me. I tasted my love juices on her mouth and told her that. We giggled, kissed some more, and fell asleep in each other's arms. I was worried about how we would both feel the next morning, but Michele woke up with a smile, a kiss, and a "Morning, gorgeous!" I smiled and kissed her deeply back.

Since then our relationship has flourished, with Michele and I sleeping in each other's arms at least three nights a week. — *Name and address withheld*

Snow baby

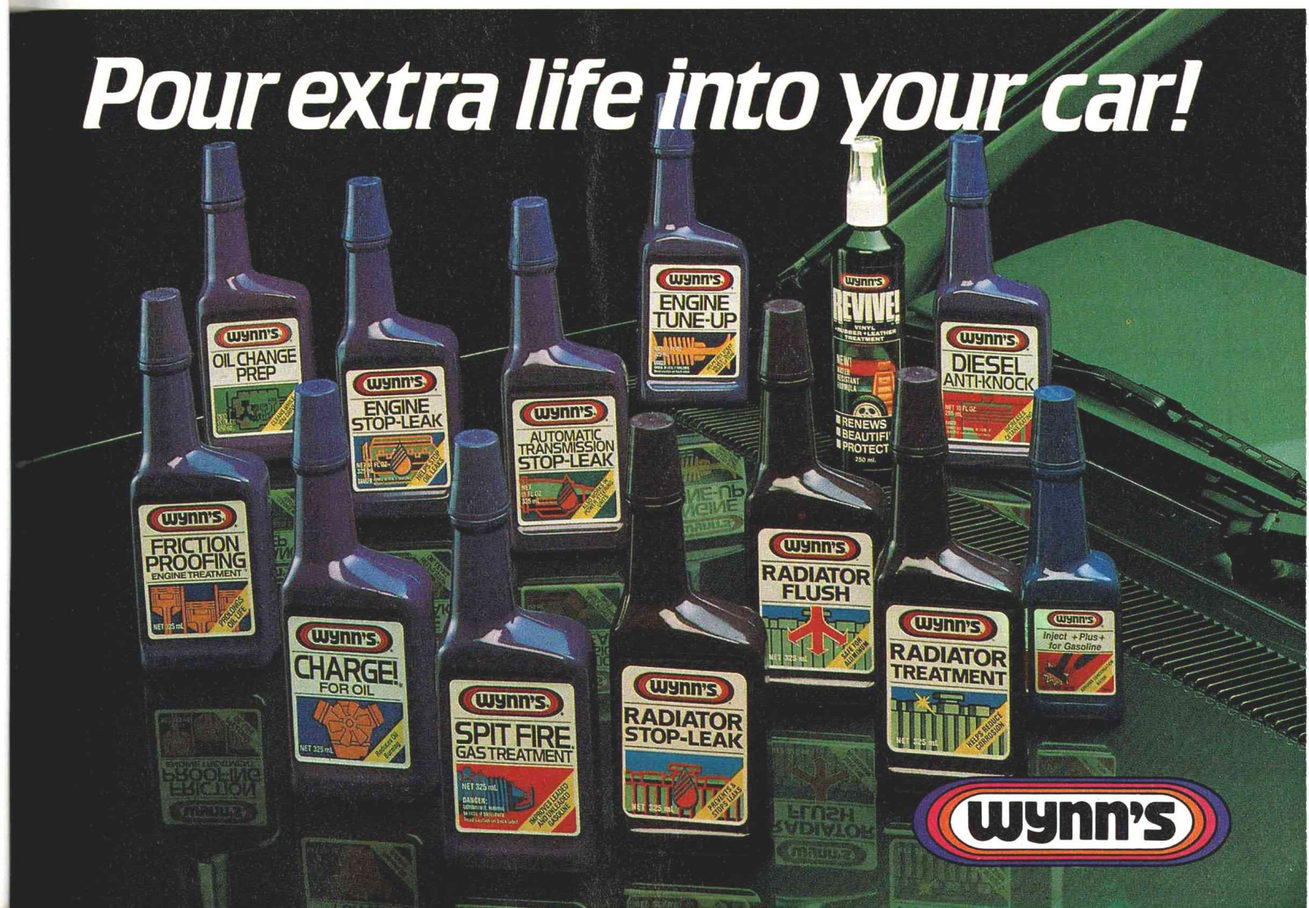
I live in a small town located near some of the best skiing in Victoria. I am an active 35-year-old male who gets in about 25 days of skiing each year.

It was a fairly warm winter day and the sun was shining brightly. On the way to work, I heard that my favorite ski area was covered with about a foot of fresh powder. When I arrived at the office, I explained to my secretary Karen that the mountains were calling me. Karen, who had just celebrated her 21st birthday, is a very shapely woman. She has extremely large breasts and well-proportioned body. Her fine figure is complemented by long black hair that hangs down her firm buttocks. She has a devilish smile and a seductive walk that I find quite erotic. I'd hired her a year ago and we had maintained a strictly professional relationship. However, it was about to take a turn for the better.

When I informed Karen of my ski plans, she smiled and asked if she could come along. Since she had worked a lot of overtime lately, I thought a day of skiing would be a good way to show my appreciation. We both had our ski gear in our cars, enabling us to drive directly to the slopes from the office. Karen put her skis and duffle bag in my station wagon, and the two of us headed for the mountains.

About 15 minutes into our drive, Karen said she would like to change into her ski clothes so that she could ski as soon as we arrived on the slopes. She crawled into the back of the station wagon and began to undress. My eyes were glued to the rearview mirror as my secretary exposed two of the most beautiful breasts imaginable. They were firm, large, and held in place by a black bra. I fantasised about how wonderful it would be slide my shaft between those large mountains of flesh. I watched as she removed her lace-trimmed panties to reveal the thickest bush I have ever seen. As my throbbing erection begged for freedom, Karen slipped into her ski outfit and returned to the front seat.

Karen offered to drive while I changed, and I gladly accepted. I promptly stopped the car and changed positions with my



sexy companion. While my secretary drove, I moved to the back of the station wagon and began to undress. My penis jumped out of my pants as its first opportunity. The stretch ski pants I put on made a much more comfortable home for my excitable organ, which was standing at full attention. I finished dressing and climbed into the front seat. Karen told me that she would feel more comfortable if I continued driving, so we switched positions and continued through the mountains.

I was surprised when Karen informed me that she had been watching me in the back of the station wagon and was impressed at the size and shape of my erection. She began to tug at my zipper and asked if she could feel my huge swollen cock. Before I could answer, Karen wrapped her hands around my grateful erection and began to stroke me very slowly.

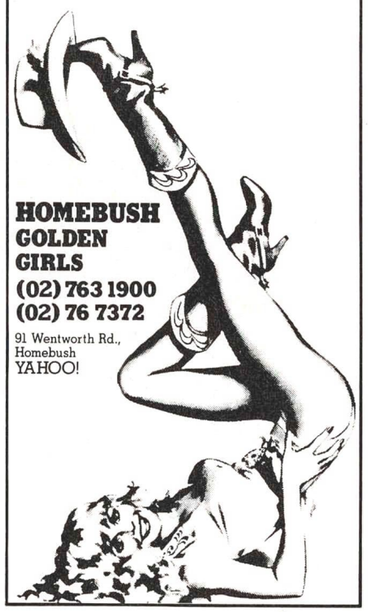
This young woman then looked at me, smiled her devilish smile, and said, "I have lain awake in bed many nights thinking about how nice it would feel to have your cock between my tits." As she continued fondling me, she told me about her high school sweetheart and their relationship that did not withstand the test of time. Karen confessed to me that this boyfriend, whom she hasn't seen for over a year, was the only man she has ever been with. She excited me when she told me her unfulfilled sexual urges. At one point she turned to me and said, "I have often masturbated while fantasising about laying my breasts around your cock and kneading them until you come."

I quickly pulled into the next rest area and parked in a secluded spot. By the time I turned the car off, Karen had her top off and was rubbing her large nipples. She lowered the back of my seat and crawled between my legs. In a few seconds my pants were opened and pulled down to my knees. Karen took a bottle of suntan lotion from her duffle bag and squirted some between her breasts. She then placed my cock between her mountains of pleasure and slid it up and down her lubricated valley of happiness. By now my pants were completely off and Karen said to me, "I want to taste your cock and the juice it gives." She leaned forward and began to lick the entire length of my erection. She eventually wrapped her young lips around my bulging manhood and ran them up and down until I was touching the back of her throat. I couldn't hold back any longer and unloaded my semen in her wanting mouth. She finished by licking the seepage off my balls and pubic patch.

We resumed our trip through the mountains and arrived at the slopes by 11 a.m. This experience taught me that the right companion can turn a drive to the ski slopes into a very exhilarating experience. — *Name and address withheld*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

KICK UP YOUR HEELS WITH THE GIRLS OUT WEST.



HOMEBUSH GOLDEN GIRLS
(02) 763 1900
(02) 76 7372
91 Wentworth Rd., Homebush
YAHOO!

Special lady

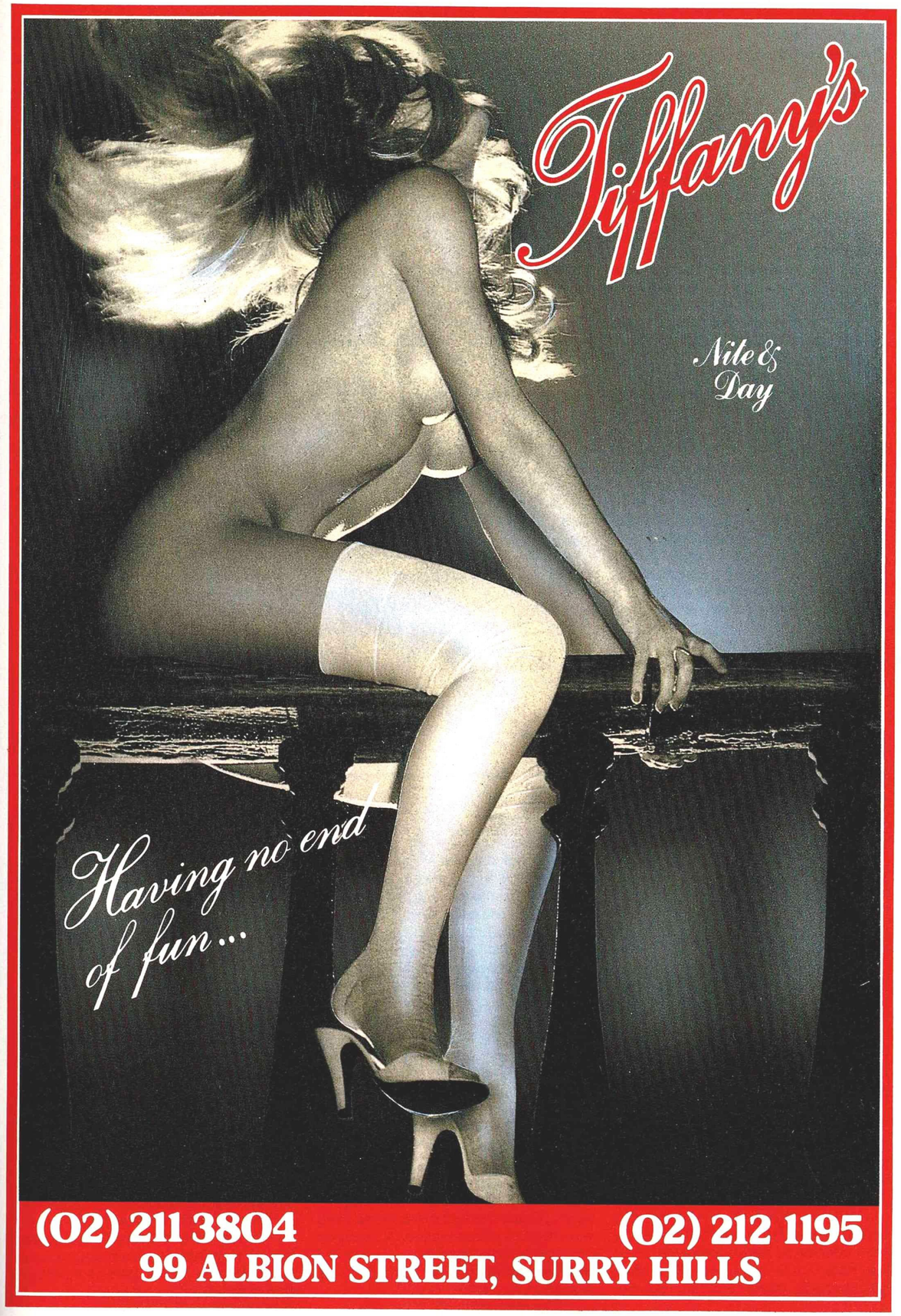
I'm writing this in tribute to this married man's best friend. Her name is Carrie, and we are both avid readers of Forum. Carrie is not the most beautiful woman in the world as far as physical beauty goes, but then I'm not Tom Cruise, either. But her inner beauty is really beyond words and we make each other very happy. I've been married over 15 years. I love my wife very much and have no intention of leaving her, and Carrie is well aware of this and accepts it.

It all started a long time ago in her flat. She had long admired my butt and made sure that I was aware of the fact. At first we just started to neck, but before I knew it my hand was under her nightgown feeling the intense heat of her sweet pussy, and she had my pants undone and was stroking my cock. It had been years since my cock felt so hard and ready for action. My biggest fear was that I would come before I had a chance to feel the pleasure of this wonderful woman's pussy. I entered her right there on the couch and pumped my come deep into her hot snatch. From that moment on, I was hooked on that woman. And what a woman she has turned out to be!

My wife is what I consider to be somewhat prudish. She doesn't see the need to talk about sex or to discuss our sexual fantasies. Our sex together is fairly routine and predictable, which seems to be enough for her, but not for me. Carrie knows about this situation and has been willing to play little sexual games with me, like telephone sex and masturbation. One of the most memorable occasions happened at work. Carrie had walked into my shop one slow Saturday, and I'd been playing with her tits and kissing the back of her neck between phone calls. Carrie doesn't have big tits, but her nipples are quite large and very sensitive, and this is all I really have to do to get her worked up, along with rubbing my hard cock between her soft, round arse cheeks. I could feel the heat of her pussy through her pants and knew that neither of us would be able to hold back for any length of time. However, my store was still open and I had to be ready in case a customer stopped by or called.

I took Carrie upstairs to an empty office within earshot of the the telephone and the front door. We began making out like a couple of high school kids, getting really worked up. That is when Carrie surprised me. She knew of my fantasy to watch a woman masturbate and asked me if I wanted to watch her finger fuck herself. How could any red-blooded man refuse? I pulled up a chair while she stripped to reveal a pair of lacy black crotchless panties (another fetish of mine) that she had bought just for me. She started to slowly work her fingers up and down her moist slit, gradually picking up the tempo. My cock felt like it was going to burst the buttons off my jeans. She played with herself to at least two orgasms while I watched, not believing the show she was giving me. I finally couldn't take it anymore. I limped downstairs, locked up the shop 15 minutes early, and rushed back upstairs to my fantasy woman. When I entered the office, she was lying on the desk with her legs spread wide, head tilted back, mouth open, and eyes half-closed, her two hands working feverishly on her delightful pussy. I was surprised I didn't come in my pants right then and there. We both knew that I wouldn't last very long, but at this point I don't think either of us cared. I pulled my pants down to my knees and stood between her outstretched legs. In one thrust, I sank my cock deep within her steamy pussy and just held it there. I didn't have to move at all — she milked my cock with her pussy muscles until I exploded. No woman has ever done this in the special way that Carrie does.

Unfortunately, Carrie has moved farther away, making our get-togethers rare, but we've now been experimenting with telephone sex (thanks, Ma Bell), and I bought her a cock-shaped dildo to help her over the dry times. She has promised me a live demonstration. I'll save that for another letter. Thank you, Carrie, you are an angel in vixen's clothing. — *Name and address withheld*



SEMI PRECIOUS

Continued from page 52

She ordered fish and watched me carefully for a reaction. I didn't have one. Then she gave me lots of eye business over the top of her glass; I wasn't in the running for a law suit and didn't respond, but it gave me a flash of how dangerous Eva and Precious would be together, on the prowl.

I told the girl Grace had hired me to find Precious, and asked where her friend might have gone. And with whom.

"Why should I tell you anything?" she asked, smiling sweetly and opening her eyes wide in a doomed attempt to appear innocent.

"Because something might have happened to her. Don't you care?"

"Precious can look after herself," she answered, burying her nose in whipped cream.

I tried another tack. "The way I see it, you've got a choice. You cough up, or Grace Ho will pay a visit to your Dad and fill him in on your extra-curricular activities."

Peter Nagy was a pillar of the Jewish community — B'Nai Brith, sponsor of the Australian Opera, Friend of the Art Gallery, hobnobber with politicians. Who knows, he may have even been nominated for Father of the Year. Stranger choices have been made.

The girl's eyes widened slightly, then narrowed. Fear is definitely uncool.

"Okay," Eva said. "If she's skipped, she'll be with Renzo Gambino."

Christ, I thought. Not L'Onorata Societa. "Who's he?"

"His father owns Gambino Seafoods. Loads of money . . ."

"I'm not interested in his father. Where do I find Renzo? What does he do?"

"Nothing. He's supposed to be doing Law at Sydney Uni, but he just hangs out most of the time."

"Where?"

"Whale Beach. They've got a beach house up there."

I got the address, paid for the drinks and thanked her. As she was getting into a taxi, she turned and said with a smile: "Tell Grace to go bite her arse."

That made me laugh. I like a bad loser. Eva's father was wasting 12 grand a year trying to turn her into a lady. I didn't mind; personally I prefer women.

I thrashed the Valiant out to Whale Beach, round the gleaming cliffs, through the bastions of privilege, past expensive boutiques, specialty shops and liquor stores.

I found the shack easily and parked the car. Nobody answered my knock, so I walked round the side. Immediately a head bobbed up above the fence, and I was bailed up by a codger with a straw hat, bermuda shorts and the undemocratic air of a retired company director.

I didn't think he'd believe I was the Avon lady, so I told him I was looking for Renzo Gambino. His mouth turned down; Renzo obviously lowered the tone of the neighborhood.

"Him!" he barked. "What for? Has he held up a bank or something?"

"Not that I know of. I'm trying to locate a lady friend of his."

"Which one?" he asked. "It's like a motel here. They come and go all the time."

"A Chinese girl. A very young one."

"You must mean Shanghai Lil," he said. "But she didn't look all that young to me."

"She's 15."

He was shocked; his fantasies had all been illegal. "I haven't seen her for a couple of weeks. Renzo either."

He sounded disappointed. Renzo's love life was a lot more interesting than exterminating thrips.

> "The Chinese absolutely freaked a couple of years ago when Madame Lu got charged with trafficking."

"Got any idea where he might have gone?"

"The family owns a unit at the Gold Coast, but I don't know where."

Back in town I dropped in on Grace to see if she wanted me to follow up the Surfers Paradise lead. I was hoping she'd let me go so I could look up Elizabeth Kincaid, a sharp, lovely and funny lady whose machinations had got me into the private investigation business. It was not to be.

"I know where Precious is, Mr Fish," said Grace. "And I am confident that I can get her back safely without help."

"Where is she?"

"I am not at liberty to divulge that information, Mr Fish."

"So I'm off the case?"

"Yes. You have been most helpful."

She wrote me a cheque and led me to the door. Her expression hadn't changed, but there was a new tension in her. By observing Grace closely, I'd discovered there were degrees of inscrutability. Nowadays I could detect little signs that clued me into what was going on in her head. She was worried.

It looked to me like somebody had snatched Precious and was putting the bite on Grace. But if she didn't want help, there was nothing I could do. I was out of the game.

But not for long. Three days later I got a curt message from Grace, asking me to see her.

After we'd exchanged the ritual courtesies, she said: "I've received some information, Mr Fish . . ."

"Don't you think it's time we got down to first names, Grace?" I interrupted.

"I've received some information, Sydney," said Grace, not missing a beat. "It seems Precious is living in an apartment owned by Mr Raymond Ling in the Connaught."

"You mean Precious is shacked up with Raymond Ling? Raymond Ling who owns all the restaurants and who is very married to the lovely Monique, queen of the social columns?"

"You are not taking this seriously, Sydney."

"Sure I am. In fact, I'll get right on the phone and tell Raymond Ling if he doesn't get your sister back here within the hour, we'll call the police. She is underage, you know."

I walked towards the phone. Grace slid up behind me and restrained me with iron claws.

"Please, Sydney. It is not so simple."

I'd thought not.

Grace sat down, smoothed leather over perfect thighs, crossed perfect silky legs and said: "Precious did not initially join Mr Ling voluntarily, you see. There was a small misunderstanding between Mr Ling and myself . . ."

"Over money, by any chance?"

"Over money. Mr Ling thought that removing Precious might encourage me to close negotiations speedily."

"He kidnapped her?"

"Yes."

"And you couldn't very well go to the police in case they wanted to know the details of your business with Mr Ling."

"You can understand my position, Sydney."

"Have you agreed to Ling's terms?"

"I was seriously considering doing so, Sydney, when I heard the news that Mr Ling had become attached to my sister, and had even spoken of leaving his family to be with her."

"Looking on the bright side, that means he's not likely to kill her to get his money."

"No. But it seems that Precious returns Mr Ling's regard, and has formed an alliance with him." Ms Brooks had turned out to be a good judge of character.

"She's gone over to the other side?"

"Yes. I want her back."

"So you can strangle her?"

"That won't be necessary. But an extended stay in a Swiss finishing school might improve her judgement considerably, don't you think, Sydney?"

I was astonished. Grace Ho had almost cracked a joke.

"Who knows about this little disagreement you're having with Ling?" I asked.

Grace lowered her eyes. "Just the two of us. The object of the disagreement was a small, private transaction . . ."

So Grace and Raymond Ling had been doing deals without the knowledge of the syndicate. Grace wanted to grow old gracefully, enjoy her ill-gotten gains in peace and perhaps even get an Order of Australia for her philanthropic work for the Chinese community. That meant I had to get Precious back from Ling without going public and revealing why he'd snatched her.

"Do you trust me to take on Raymond Ling?" I asked.

She decided she did. She didn't have a lot of choice. The Ho family were already creating enough havoc in Chinatown without Grace beating down the door of Raymond Ling's lovenest. We agreed Grace would stick close to the telephone, prostrate with grief.

I had no idea how to proceed, but at least for the time being the odds were equal. With Ling isolated from the syndicate, it was one on one.

I decided to see if Lizzie could come up with any ideas — she'd written extensively on the Chinese community. Over *yum cha* at the China Court Gardens, I filled her in on Raymond Ling and Precious.

"He's mad," she said. "He's three times her age."

"You haven't seen her picture," I said. "I'd say he's lucky."

"For the moment. Monique will make his life hell, her family will start plotting to take his kids away, and eventually Precious will get sick of living with an old fart who spends too much time in his restaurants. Then the fun will start."

"In the meantime, he's probably having a ball."

"Yeah, till she wears him out. These old blokes are much more interested in the idea of sex than in doing lots of it. They just don't have the stamina."

"You'd know," I said unkindly. Lizzie was dating a politician named Reg who had been married twice and had grandchildren.

When I hit her for Chinatown names, she told me a story. "I went to a banquet in Chinatown once. For travel writers. Hosted by the Dixon Street Friendship Association, or something like that."

"Sounds like a CIA front," I said. "Since when have you been a travel writer?"

"Since I needed a free trip to New York."

That must have been when she was having a glamorous international affair with a *Time* magazine staffer. She told me she'd broken it off finally because she couldn't stand his prose style.

"The food was terrible, of course," she went on, "but the whole thing was irresistibly weird. Towards the end this old Chinese gentleman came in with his entourage. He was the president of the association."

"So?"

"So he didn't speak one word of English, and he had this slick, bilingual lawyer translating for him. He reminded me of the Godfather, with what'shisface playing the Harvard-educated mouthpiece."

"Al Pacino," I said. "Are you sure you weren't hallucinating on too much cheap plonk and MSG?"

"Yeah, the wine was awful; but seriously, it was quite sinister. Almost as bad as that South Korean lunch I attended, where everyone looked like they belonged to the CIA."

"What's your point?" I asked. "You're burying the lead."

"My point is this. The Chinese are paranoid about bad publicity. They absolutely freaked a couple of years ago when Madame Lu got charged with trafficking. If Precious is cutting a swathe through Raymond Ling's marriage and causing a feud between the Lings and Monique's people, the Chows, maybe the Don would like to know about it before it gets violent and ends up in the papers."

"So somebody should tell him," I said faintly.

"Yeah, someone should," said Lizzie. She scrabbled around in her wallet and came up with a business card, held it up and smiled nastily. "Maybe someone should call Al Pacino."

I was trapped. I took the card. Al Pacino, it seemed, was being played by Dr Stanley Wu.

There was something subtly different about Lizzie today, I realised on the down escalator, so I quizzed her about it.

"I've shaved off my moustache," she said.

"No, really. Have you done something to your hair?"

"If you must know," she said, "I bought myself some sexy underwear."

"The sisters won't like that. I thought feminists were only allowed to wear Bonds cottontails. White ones."

"Well, I caught sight of myself back on in DJ's changeroom the other day, and I got so depressed I went straight out and spent $300 on this stuff."

Whereupon, to the astonishment of a bent Chinese ancient, she executed a perfect No Knickers manoeuvre to reveal black stockings, suspender belt and black lace panties.

As we moved off laughing to find a cab, I said: "Go easy on Reg, or you'll be up on a manslaughter charge."

It would take leverage to get me in to see Dr Wu, so I contacted Wayne Wong, who'd grown up with me in a tough inner-city neighborhood. Wayne and I had gone

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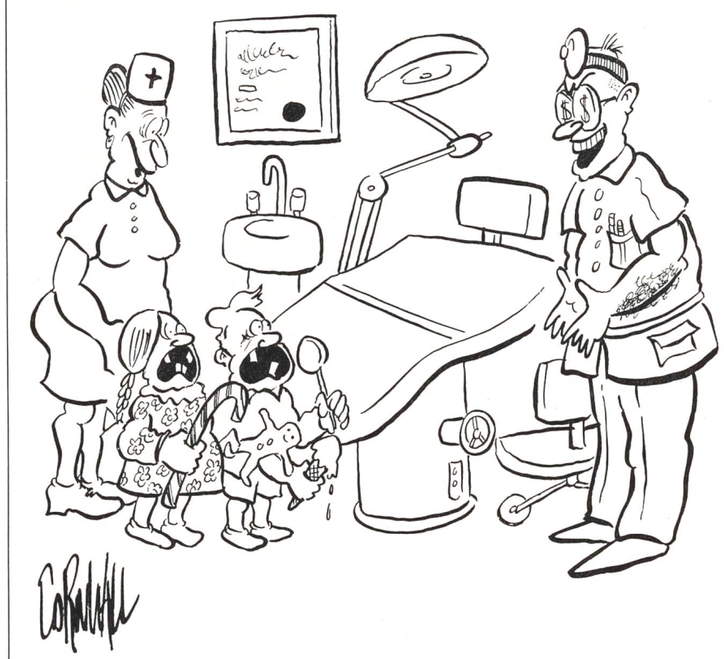


"Hansel! Gretel!"

starry eyes

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Miranda's her name — but by any other name she's not the same, according to this New Ager. A student of numerology and astrology, she says that her moniker has given her life a new thrust. "I'm here appearing in *Penthouse*, aren't I?"

"If you want to do your friends a favor," she advises, "never give them nicknames. Conversely, if you want to undermine the authority of some turkey, never use their real name correctly. You'd be amazed at the results. It really throws them."

Miranda is one girl who definitely has stars in her eyes. "I want to become an astrological consultant to big businesses. Someday all these magnates will be clambering to enlist the services of these new agers that they so readily sneer at today. I want to be in on the ground floor."

SEMI PRECIOUS

Continued from page 127

to different schools, but we'd traded insults, punches, marbles and finally a few confidences, and had kept in touch sporadically over the years.

These days Wayne did PR for the Australia-China Society — officially, anyway. Actually he was the conduit for the Chinese community's donations to political parties. In certain circles he'd be called a lobbyist.

Bilingual and ingratiating, Wayne had bartered his talents and integrity for a big house at Randwick, a lovely blonde Aussie wife, two little Wongs learning the violin at Sydney Grammar, a Mercedes Benz and a Volvo station wagon, and lately, a Chinese girlfriend. I'd found out about the lady from an envious mutual acquaintance one drunken night at the Paddo-Woollahra RSL.

When we met for lunch at Mario's, Wayne was wearing an expensive shiny suit, a heavy gold watch and a sunlamp tan.

"Doing well, I see," I commented.

"No complaints."

"Business good?"

"A PR man's life is never easy."

I snorted. "Save the bullshit for Boucher, Wayne; I need a favor."

"I dunno, mate."

"Wait till you hear what it is, sweetheart. You might find you want to help me."

"So what do you want, Syd?" he asked, lighting a cigarette with a flashy lighter.

"I need to talk to Stanley Wu."

The lighter stopped in mid-air. "Dr Wu? You want to see Dr Wu? What the fuck for, if I might be permitted to ask?"

"I want to insert some information into certain channels."

"What channels?"

"I want to let somebody very important know that Monique Ling is very unhappy about the fact that her husband has taken a concubine."

"Christ! Are you working for Monique Ling?"

"No, I'm working for the concubine's Big Sister. Grace Ho."

He whistled. "And you're in the middle of Grace Ho and Raymond Ling? Sydney, I hope you've got excellent insurance. Count me out."

"Before you make up your mind, Wayne," I said with a shit-eating grin, "how's Pat?"

"Pat's fine," he said suspiciously.

"And the kids?"

"The kids are great."

"That's good. I thought maybe Pat was upset."

"About what?"

"About what you do on Thursday nights when she thinks you're out at Macquarie studying Law."

"You arsehole!"

"Wayne, all I want is an introduction to Dr Wu. You're an influential member of the Chinese community. I'm sure you can find a way."

I called a waiter and paid the bill. It was the least I could do, and Grace was picking up the tab anyway. Wayne sat on, staring into his chardonnay-semillon, pale under the tan.

"Call me when you've got me a meet, mate," I said. "And give my love to Pat."

Satisfied that Wayne Wong would come good, I rang Grace and told her it was time Monique Ling found out about her rival. If she didn't already know.

"Is that a good idea, Sydney?" asked Grace.

I said yes and told her why. "We're going to use a little Chinese psychology here, Grace. If we can sic Monique on to Raymond Ling and get her family fighting his, the whole of Chinatown will take sides.

> "There's no bad company left in New Zealand; it's all living in Bondi."

Unless I miss my guess, there are lots of powerful people who don't want dirty Chinese laundry washed in public. I think they might bring a little pressure to bear to have Precious returned to her loving sister."

Grace laughed. "It's good, Sydney. I wish I had thought of it myself."

High praise indeed.

Dr Wu was tall, thin and reptilian, with an excellent grasp of English and eyes as cold as pebbles in a Manchurian stream. He made it clear I was taking him away from important matters, and was polite in a way that gives courtesy a bad name.

An appreciable silence followed my query about the whereabouts of Precious Ho.

"What makes you think, Mr Fish, that I would be remotely interested in the whereabouts of a runaway schoolgirl? Or that I would even recognise her if I saw her? After all, all Chinese look alike, don't they?"

This was supposed to make me feel like a round-eyed racist, but I persevered. I don't like being typecast. "Now tell me you wouldn't recognise Grace Ho if you fell over her in Hay Street," I said.

He laughed quietly. It was more chilling than his politeness. "Of course I'm acquainted with Miss Ho," he said. "She is very well known in the community for her beauty and business acumen."

"Ms Ho is very concerned for the welfare of her sister, Dr Wu. I understand family is very important to the Chinese. At the same time, she is concerned not to attract attention to her family troubles. However, if Precious is not found soon, I can't guarantee her continued patience."

Either the appeal to family solidarity worked or the veiled threat of going public planted the tiniest bamboo shoot of doubt.

"Please let Miss Ho know, from me, that I will give the matter my closest consideration, Mr Fish," he said.

It sounded like a letter from the Department of Administrative Affairs, but then the Chinese love bureacracy almost as much as gambling, and seem to be better at it. The interview was terminated.

I'd done all I could for the time being, so I rang Grace with a progress report. She was impressed that I'd got in to see Dr Wu; he was known to be a very private man.

"What do you suggest we do now, Sydney?"

"Sit back and wait. And you might wish to stir the pot a little."

That gave me an idea. I rang my favorite Chinese takeaway and ordered spare ribs with plum sauce, crispy skin chicken and rice. I decided against vegetables: I didn't want to ruin my reputation. Then I ate it in front of the TV, watching Clive Robertson subvert the news, and drank two bottles of Balmain Bock.

"How do you get plum sauce off a white shirt?" I asked Grace Ho when she rang next day.

"Send it to a good laundry," she suggested.

No self-respecting laundry would touch my shirts, so I mentally earmarked it for the Vincent de Paul.

Grace told me Precious had shown up, apparently none the worse for wear. "Mr Ling has decided to stay with his lovely wife and family, and Little Sister has agreed to spend a year visiting relatives."

"Where?" I asked, imagining what Precious could get up to in New York. Or Singapore. Or Hong Kong. Or San Francisco. Or . . .

"Wellington," replied Grace.

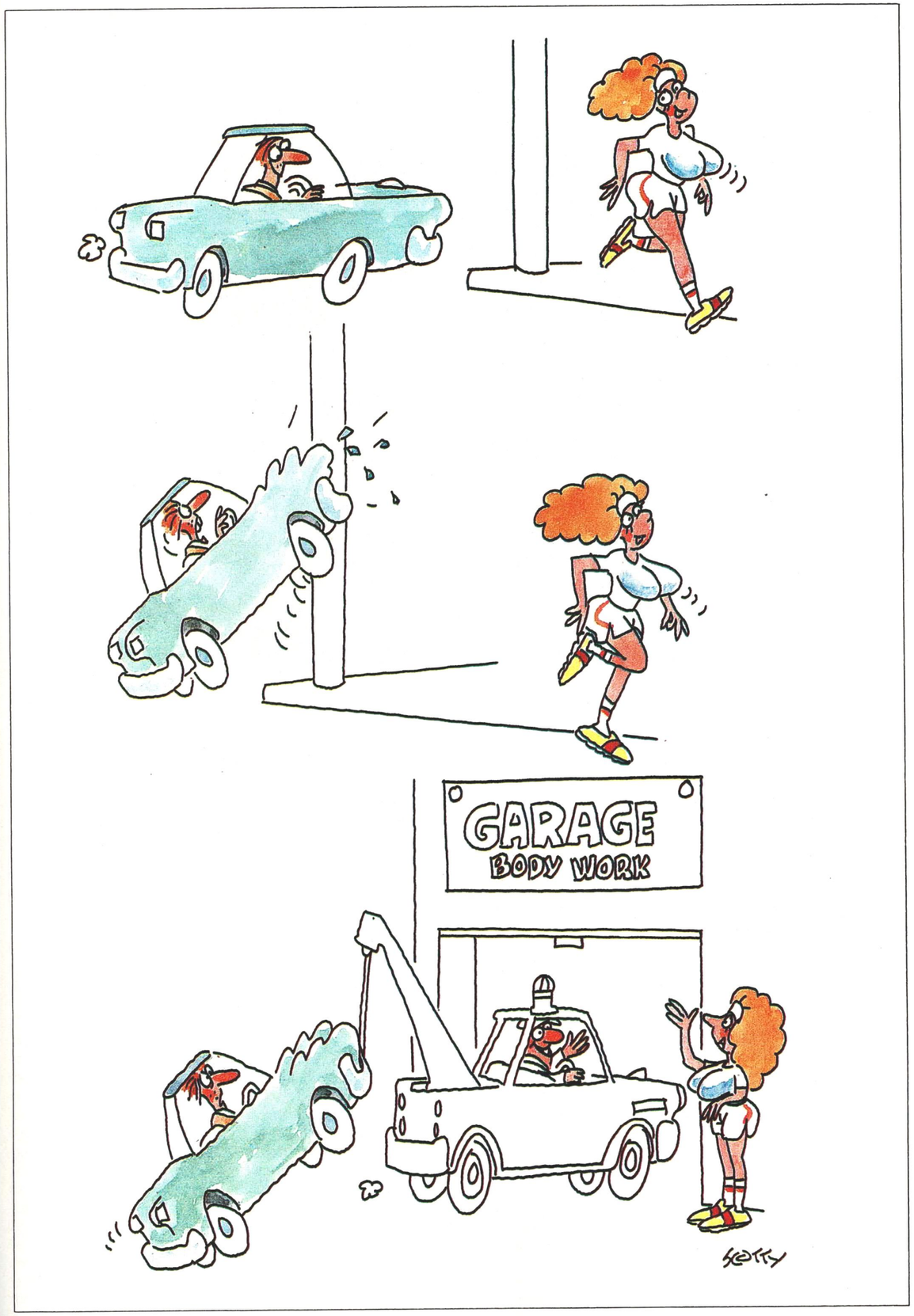
"That should work," I said. "There's no bad company left in New Zealand; it's all living in Bondi."

"Exactly."

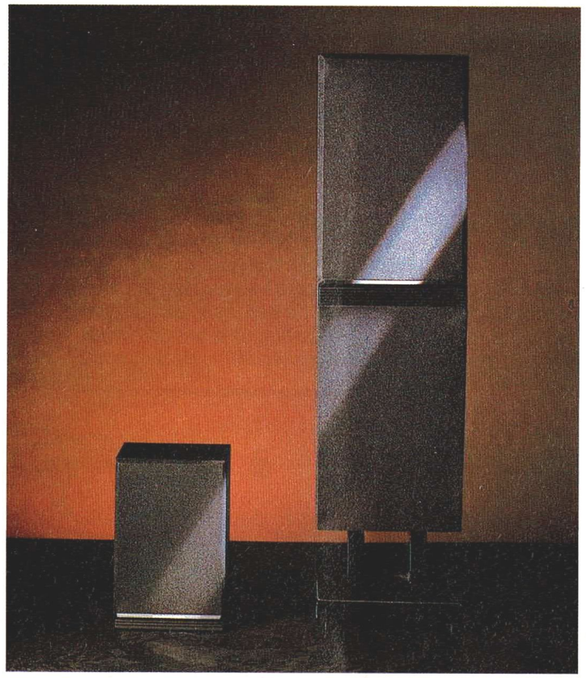
Then Grace invited me to dinner that night. "I have something I would like to talk over with you, Sydney. I am not a superstitious woman, but I feel that now would be an auspicious time for a change of career. And of course I want to thank you for returning Little Sister to me."

As soon as she hung up, I rushed out and bought a new shirt.

We live in hope.



FROM FIRST TO LAST



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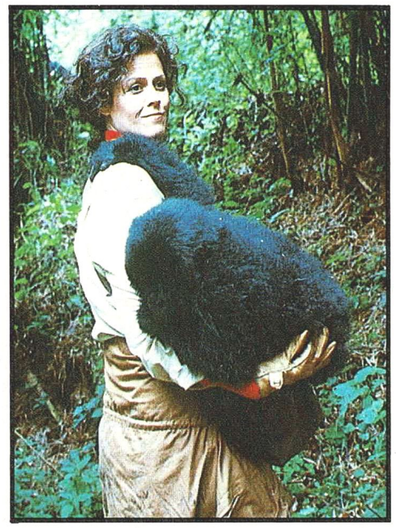
GOING APE

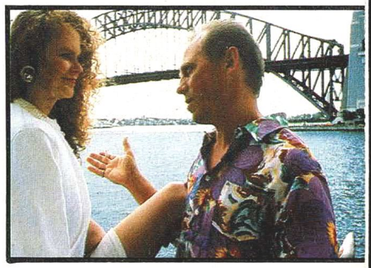
As the star of *Alien* and *Aliens*, fiesty Sigourney Weaver has found herself in some pretty hairy situations — but never hairier than her encounters in director Michael Apted's **Gorillas In The Mist**. No special effects here — nothing between Sig and the giant apes as she takes on the role of Diane Fossey, the American anthropologist who spent 20 years in the highlands of Central Africa studying and protecting the endangered mountain gorilla. Fossey's renowned determination and irascibility in her struggle to protect her beloved apes from poachers and zoo cages is recreated by Weaver in a performance that showcases her gutsy talents and the almost frightening sex appeal that places her among the screen's most interesting actresses. In between rolling around mountain slopes with gorillas, Weaver takes time out for a few rolls in the hay with our Bryan Brown (aka Brine Bran), who co-stars as love interest in the form of a *National Geographic* photographer who chronicles Fossey's work. Alas, in this film poor Brine's days as the lair in Weaver's mountain lair are short-lived, for when it comes to a choice between her love for him and her love for the gorillas Weaver takes the hairier option, thus reinforcing her reputation as a truly intelligent actress. Weaver's performance and the mesmerising sequences of her interaction with the gorillas prove the recommendations for this above average film.

In a performance that fulfils all her early promise, Jodie Foster scintillates in the gruelling role of pack-rape victim Sarah Tobias in **The Accused**. Also starring Kelly McGillis as Tobias' lawyer, the film begins with Foster fleeing bruised and bleeding from a bar-room where she has been raped on a pinball machine by three men while other bar customers cheered and chanted encouragement to the rapists. The compounding ordeal of medical examination and police questioning cede into Tobias' psychological torment after the attack, the sentencing of her attackers on a diminished charge and her fight to tell her side of the story in open court. Culminating with a flash-back to the rape and the events that led to it, *The Accused* is at once a study of the psychological torture suffered by rape victims and a denial of the myth that any woman — no matter how unsympathetic her character or provocative her appearance — ever "asks" for a violent sexual attack. Most important in this plot, however, is the question of the moral and legal responsibility of those who witness and fail to intervene in violent crime. The film pivots on the precedent-setting prosecution of the bar-room bystanders who, while not physically participating in the rape, encourage it by their presence as an enthusiastic audience. Despite any faults that can be nitpicked in its production (and there are a few, including an overpoweringly melodramatic score), the polemic issues addressed in *The Accused* render it of importance to both men and women. Written by Tom Topor, directed by Lawrence Kasdan.

On a lighter note, Tom Hanks just gets better and better — as does the calibre of the scripts he's offered. His latest, as ambitious and gifted amateur comic Stephen Gold in writer/director David Seltzer's **Punchline**, is a bottler. In this one the likeable actor who dived in with *Splash* and dogpaddled through fairyfloss forgettables like *Bachelor Party* gets to really stretch out bigger than *Big*. His character is by turns hilarious, sadly serious, sexily romantic, endearingly vulnerable and strung-out neurotic. And did I mention hilarious? Bit of a shame that we have to endure Sally Field in the central role as housewife and stand-up comic wanna-be Lila Krystick, but then the little dame's pretty damned good as she staggers through appallingly forced and unfunny comic routines in her quest for fame. It's those scenes where she struggles with her uncomprehending family and trots out the "Mommy wants to find herself" routine that leave something to be desired. Like a sick bag. *Punchline* is bittersweet comedy that explores the degrading lengths some people will go to to be loved and the prevalence of loneliness and self-doubt among so many fine comedians. All this and great gags too . . . what are you waiting for?



From the top: Sigourney Weaver and hirsute buddy in Gorillas In The Mist; Sally Field and Tom Hanks in Punchline; Nicole Kidman and Chris Heywood in David Williamson's Emerald City.



For the big screen David Williamson fleshes out his successful stageplay **Emerald City** with a swag of additional and funny scenes, and we get to meet many of the characters only mentioned in the stage production. John Hargreaves and Robyn Nevin star as the screenwriting and publishing couple who move from Melbourne to Sydney, only to have confirmed their worst expectations of the garish and grasping aspects of their new home city. Directed by Michael Jenkins, produced by Joan Long and also starring Chris Haywood as Mike, the shady opportunist who rates up there among Williamson's funniest creations. — *C.J. Mackay*

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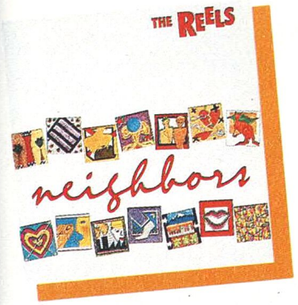
SOUNDS

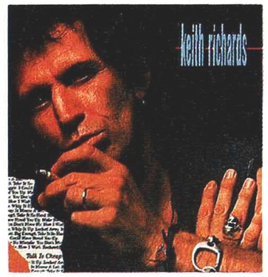
TWIST AGAIN

There was a period when the **Reels** used to play their 33rpm discs at 45rpm for inspiration ("Love Will Find A Way"). Reversing this process (ie 45s at 33) gave them songs like "Quasimodo's Dream." Much of their current tribute to fellow Australian musical *Neighbors* (Regular) is of the latter persuasion except for a cheesey knees-up version of "Eagle Rock." Barnsey's "Working Class Man" is done à la Seekers (Judith Durham, where are you now that Dave Mason needs you?) and Dragon gets taken up, up and away in the Reels' beautiful balloon on "Are You Old Enough?" The Reels (now a core of Dave Mason and Craig Hooper) have the courage to be ultimate dags whilst staying genuinely inspired. They twist rock and pop's role playing rules for their own amusement, which those with ears and a brain can share.



The **Machinations** have the more difficult task of establishing a distinctive voice from scratch without obviously reinterpreting others' ideas. *Uptown* (White), recorded in the bowels of New Jersey, is the closest they've come to being a rock and roll band though the single "Intimacy" is definitely the canine gonads of their live set with its pedestrian rock chug. They continue their work with producer Andy Wallace (Beastie Boys, Prince, Run DMC) which began with the single "Do To You" — a slice of Prince's classic sleaze pie (though with too much crust and not enough filling). This album sees their first serious recording with a live drummer, John Mackay. Despite his obvious punch the band sound somehow aimless in their pursuit of the good groove this time out.

Veteran rocker of ages past and present, **Keith Richards**, may claim that *Talk Is Cheap* (Virgin) but he still fronts at the microphone for lead vocal duties. To Keef's way of thinking Mick Jagger is off being trendy, so the world's premier rhythm guitarist is forced to discover life outside of the Stones. Always the collaborator, he has teamed up with drummer/co-writer Steve Jordan and some self-proclaimed X-pensive winos. They get down-home funky on occasion, while "I Could Have Stood You Up" visits the tabernacle of doo-wop. Tracks like "Take It Hard" show all the loose but powerful roll that was the Stones at their best. This album often sounds like a great feel looking for a song. You are left with the feeling of having eavesdropped on a pleasantly sozzled party jam session.



Physics Honors graduate, main songwriter for Cold Chisel and general nomadic spirit Don Walker is another performer stepping up to the centre stage mike for the first time with his new outfit **Catfish**. He obviously couldn't disengage from tour mode after Chisel and *Unlimited Address* (WEA) has the feel of a road album with notions of train stations, late night bars and some overseas jaunts like Russia and the Philippines. Walker's voice can't match the constant slam of the snare drum, but the introspective nature of much of his writing doesn't require him to be Son of Barnsey.

No stranger to such vocal chores is **Daryl Braithwaite**. Just as Sherbet struck a popular chord in the Seventies, so Daryl is back with a suitable *Edge* (CBS) to this album of big sounding modern pop. John Farnham finally married his vocal ability to up-to-date sounds for a born again career on the charts. He is to be heard warbling in the background and Braithwaite has a good chance at a similar market with this elegant solution to growing old in rock and roll.

Old hands at being young guns, **U2** have firmly embraced America as the source of their musical heritage. *Rattle And Hum* (Island) from the film of the same name chronicles this transformation. Recorded mostly in the States on tour and in the studio (including the famous Sun Studio— Elvis' spawning ground), it has such eminent guests as Bo Diddley and Bob Dylan.

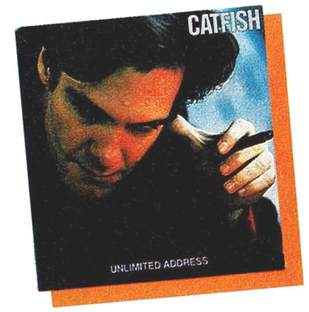
Tanita Takaram displays a believably *Ancient Heart* (WEA) despite her 19-year-old exterior. Her dark smoky voice sounds like she's been using Tom Waits' claret and nicotine mouth gargle while her melancholic, almost resigned acceptance of people's foibles suggests she may have visited Leonard Cohen's psychoanalyst.

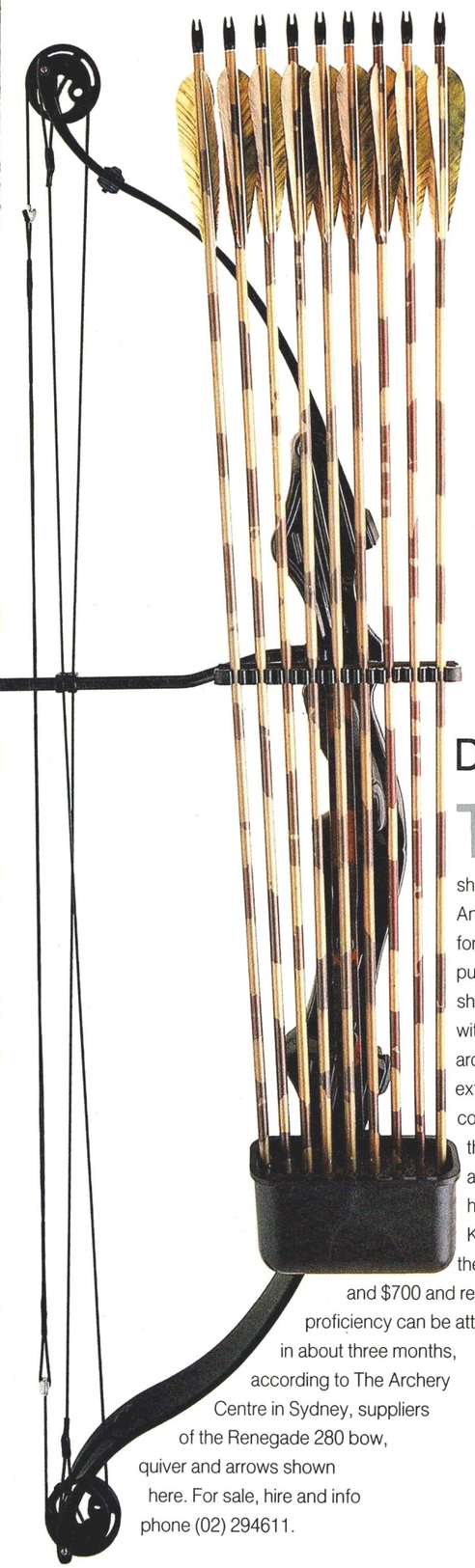
Irish colleen **Enya** doesn't stamp with Pop's plastic boots but leaves her own distinctive *Watermark* (WEA). The ex-Clannad keyboard player tinkles with romantic classicism on the instrumental title track. "Cursum Perficio" sounds like an excerpt from the "Carmina Burana" filtered through a Jon and Vangelis perspective. Its Latin lyrics are not out of place with the plaintive, almost religious feel of Enya's other tunes. The sound of an angel wafting over misty Irish hills.

Heaven 17 are back as *Teddy Bear, Duke And Psycho* (Virgin). Their machine funk is fleshed out with some strong guitar to brighten "another square day in another square week in another square year in another square lifetime."

To **Noiseworks** funk is definitely a four-letter word. They are out to do more than merely *Touch* (CBS) some ears with their serious big bash music. Singer John Stevens wins this month's tungsten tonsils award while the rest of the lads help lay strong claim to the stadium stages of the world.
— Jeremy Cook

Clockwise from far left: The Reels twist the rules of pop; while Mick's away, Keef plays; Ex-Chisel spirit Don Walker steps to centrestage with Catfish; Machinations still manage to sound aimless.





BREW YOUR OWN

We have seen the future of the drinking man and it lies in home brewing. The quality of home brewing materials and the variety of brew kits available in Australia have radically improved over the past two years and, with the ever-increasing cost of an over-the-counter hop drop, it makes good sense to give home brewing a go. Says Brett Farrar of NSW Home Brewing Pty Ltd: "By making your own beer you know you're drinking a product free of salt, chemicals and preservatives. You're saving big bucks and you're getting a real sense of achievement." NSW Home Brewers market the popular Gold Rush and Jad's brewer's ranges and have just introduced the My Shout range based on prime quality English malt. They're available through health, hardware and specialist stores. For more information and for expert help to guarantee brewing success, call the Home Brew Hotline on (02) 411 5844

DELIVERANCE

To employ an unpardonable pun, the sport of archery is shooting ahead in Australia. And it's not hard to see why, for not only does this ancient pursuit involve the target shooting we're most familiar with and field shooting where archers compete over an extensive animal target course, but it also embraces the extremely demanding and primal sports of bow hunting and bow fishing. Kitting up for archery will cost the beginner between $300 and $700 and reasonable proficiency can be attained in about three months, according to The Archery Centre in Sydney, suppliers of the Renegade 280 bow, quiver and arrows shown here. For sale, hire and info phone (02) 294611.

DRIVING SPIRIT

For the truly co-ordinated driver, Honda has introduced the quality Spirit Collection of supple kangaroo leather accoutrements. Including a conference folio, hip wallet, memo-jotter, key case and clutch bag, the affordable Spirit Collection for men and women is available through Honda dealerships and better motoring accessories stores.

SUPER-FAST VIDEO

For the home video buff, the kind who doesn't want to put in hours learning how to use a camera, Sanyo's newest release puts them in the picture. This is the VM-D5P, a digital 8mm Camcorder that puts professional features within the range of the amateur/home market. This baby has one of the most advanced image sensors around, enabling it to take crisp, clear pictures even in light levels as low as a single candle. The variable electronic shutter is capable of speeds of up to 1/4000th of a second. You'd have to be fast to catch this machine, with all its other features. It's $3299rrp — which also puts it in reasonable range. Well worth seeking out a demo.

SPEEDO WINNERS

The winners of the Speedo gift pack competition staged in the November '88 edition of Australian Penthouse were: Brian Guthrie, Cairns, Qld; Chris Seeto, Burwood, NSW; Stephen Parker, Hamilton, Qld; D.M. Foley, Yass, NSW; Geoffrey Brown, Windsor, Vic. Each winner received a comprehensive gift pack of quality Speedo products for the swimming enthusiast.

MORE MADNESS

Rubik's Clock is the latest torture device from that East European maestro of madness, Erno Rubik. It's a two-sided puzzle featuring nine mini-clock faces, four wheels and four buttons on each side. The challenge is to get all the clocks' hands to point to 12 at the same time. Sounds a snack, but as you move one clock's hands those of another one will also change. Available at department and toy stores.

LOOSE ENDS

The aptly named Look sportswear label from France demands attention and combines sleek style with the aerodynamic efficiency that makes it a favorite with European sportsmen. Pictured here is a selection of Mondrian inspired cycling wear available at the Clarence Street Cyclery in Sydney and selected cycling stores nationwide. Kit bag $59; jersey $69; shorts $69; gloves $39; touring shoes $179 and revolutionary pedal grips $179.

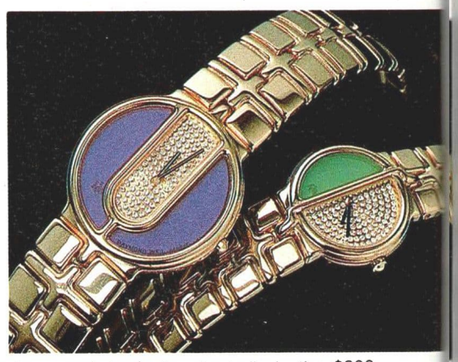
BOLD BOLD BOLD

THE BIG CHILL

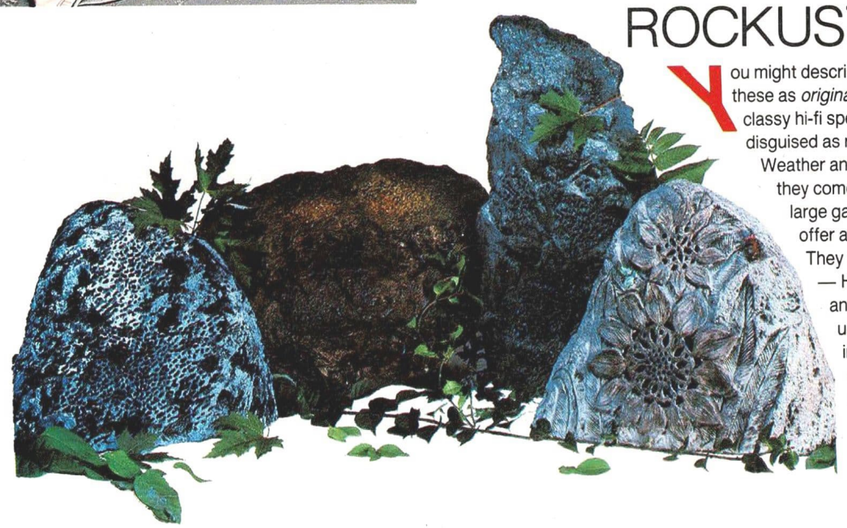
Frozen Smirnoff vodka is said to be even cooler than the polar bear who sat on an iceberg and sang "Don't It Make My Brown Eye Blue." And that's pretty cool. No Casanova's cooling cabinet should be without a bottle of ice-encrusted Russian joy juice, according to the hipsters, and the really hot tip is to bung a red hot chilli in the bottle before freezing. The resulting guzzle is guaranteed to send a fiery frisson through the imbiber and excite in any woman the legendary passions of Eskimo Nell. Worth a try perhaps, in the interests of science.

WATCH THE WATCH

The Traviata collection of watches from Raymond Weil, you could say, are quite distinctive. They feature brightly colored stained glass panels; some have faces "paved" with spinels, a diamond-like precious stone. All have quartz movements, shatterproof and scratch-resistant faces, a water-resistant case to 30m and a 10 micron gold-plated finish. Raymond Weil is one of Switzerland's top three watchmakers and dominates Australia in the $300 to $3000 price bracket. Stockists are limited. Ring (02) 371 4054 for information.



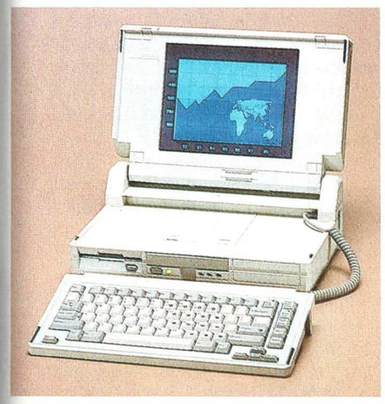
ROCKUSTICS



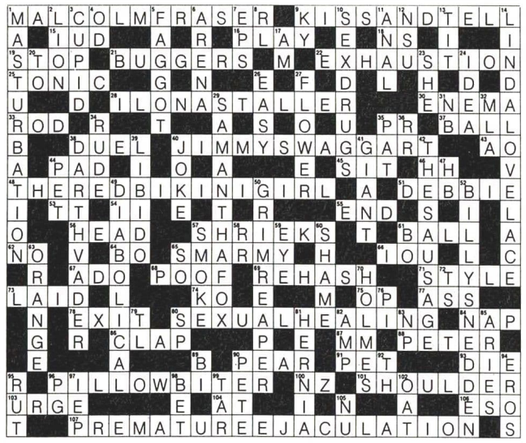
You might describe these as *original* — classy hi-fi speakers disguised as rocks. Weather and water proof, they come in the shape of large garden rocks and offer a full fidelity system. They come in three models — Hillside, Rocky Junior and Stonehenge — each using quality components including polypropylene woofers and one-inch soft-dome ferrofluid-cooled tweeters. Rockustics, by Rebel Audio, retail from between $600 and $1750. Ring (02) 6866 for details.

LAPPING THE FIELD

In the new generation of computers, one of the most exciting areas is the expanding field of shrinking workstations. At the top of the heap is the sophisticated number from Compaq with its SLT/286. Weighing just 6.3kgs, it sits on the average aircraft tray table. But importantly, it's a



full function personal computer compatible with all industry standard (IBM type) PC systems and software. Fully functional means that it will do literally everything that most desktop PCs do and its information is fully transferable to and from all industry standard office systems. The major breakthrough, though, is that it's fully battery powered. It will work for three hours in most situations without recharging. And the battery is so small that one or more spares can be carried in the briefcase. It can be recharged in the hotel room even when in use. Compaq's people are justifiably proud. This ain't no toy.



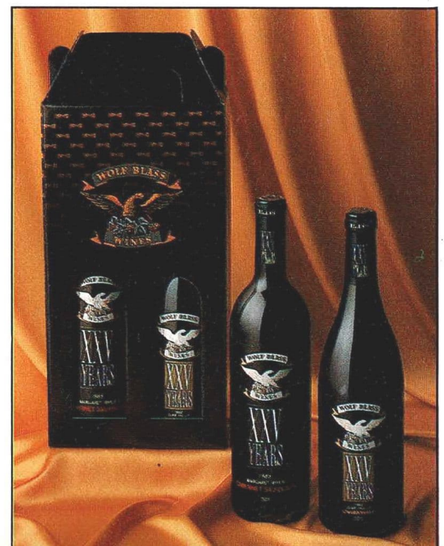
LUSTWORD SOLUTION (From page 116)

TAN'N'TUB

Welcome to the world of the all-over tan. Now there's an inflatable lounge specially designed to promote an even tan — without the need for you to even turn over. Ah, technology. Tan 'N' Tub means you can lie in a cool pool of water while you suntan. When inflated, the sun's rays penetrate the clear top layer of vinyl and bounce back from the reflective silver bottom. Sturdy construction of heavy gauge vinyl is guaranteed against defects. The device doubles as a comfortable air mattress for camping, and triples as a spare bed for overnight guests. It's $99.99. For information on outlets or mail order ring toll free from around Australia on 008-331325.

SILVER DROP

Wolf Blass celebrates 25 years of winemaking with two very special Limited Edition wines — a 1985 Margaret River Cabernet Sauvignon and a 1987 Clare Valley Chardonnay. There's only 1000 cases of each being distributed, so the word is if you see one, snaffle it. Both will develop over the next decade if you can resist the temptation.



Kelly Howell — Brazenly beautiful

A QUICK PEEK AT APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Inside — The repercussions of Queensland's Fitzgerald Inquiry may improve the quality of inmates in the Sunshine State's prisons as numerous police and politicians are predicted to find themselves before the courts. Next month *Penthouse* presents an exclusive pictorial on life behind bars, Queensland style. And you can bet it's no picnic. Don't miss this glimpse at these rare places where the Queensland sun doesn't shine.

Marilyn Monroe Interview— Humorist Colin Bowles' last *Penthouse* interview subject was God. But while he was visiting Heaven Bowles bumped into the most sought-after interview subject of the century — Marilyn Monroe. Next month he presents the answers to all Monroe's big questions. Find out who were her best and worst lovers, who she'd like to sleep with if she was around today, and what she thinks of Madonna in April *Australian Penthouse*.

Wally Lewis Talks — Although he's been widely regarded as the best Rugby League player in the world since 1983, Lewis has copped more personal abuse than any other man to strap on a football boot. A performer both on and off the field, "King Wally" speaks candidly, amusingly and often emotionally about the highs and lows of his extraordinary career.

Pet Of The Year — *Penthouse* presents a special 15-page feature on the 1989 Pet Of The Year. We guarantee she'll blow your mind. Plus there's a host of Australia's and the world's hottest women, including the brazenly beautiful Miss Kelly Howell.

The Edge — We feature another special supplement on the latest in fashion, electronics, sport, travel, wine and male accessories. Get the big April *Australian Penthouse* and you'll have The Edge.

DUCATI!

Continued from page 112

41.7mm Marzocchi forks with adjustable compression damping at the front — is far easier on the wrists and the arse than previous semi-rigid components. It swallows bumps that on earlier Dukes would have lifted you out of the seat. Fine. But unfortunately the little 16-inch wheels, particularly the one at the front which is fitted with a ridiculously wide 130mm tyre, make the 851 more suitable for the track than the road. Pitch it into a corner at ten-tenths and it points exactly where you want it to, but try the same exercise at, say seven-tenths (still by no means hanging around) and you've got to concentrate hard and hold it to the line.

Still, one look at it is enough to give a bloke the clue that seven-tenths is about as slow as the 851's supposed to be ridden. It's an all or nothing bike, and the faint-hearted will think it steers like a truck.

The riding position is real head-down, arse-up, here-I-am-on-the-grid-at-Phillip Island stuff — perfect for the way most owners will use the 851. It's a roadracer, and top class Brembo brakes, the pathetic mirrors, Michelin Radials that stick like shit to a wet or dry blanket, the black painted outlines on the ducktail where you're supposed to put your racing number, and the poor excuse for a seat all leave no doubts as to the image and intent of the bike.

If the road version of the racer ain't enough for you, then the racer itself comes fully specced to face the starter with a 10.6:1 compression ratio (up from 10.4:1), no air filter, an exhaust system that makes a proper noise, a closer ratio box, cams with nearly double the overlap, 17-inch Marvic racing wheels with Michelin slicks, and a few other hot bits. The racer produces nearly 120 horsepower at 10,500rpm. Only 200 racers have been built, of which Australia got two — both now sold for $26,500 a piece.

As for the street legal 851, is it worth 22 and a half grand? No. Not unless you like collecting exotic and rare toys, in which case, as the first of its kind, it may prove to be a good investment. But any person who buys one purely to mothball in the hope that it'll appreciate should be shot.

$22,500 will score you a nice new Harley, plus a hot Jap 750 for when you feel the need for speed, plus a bush basher for when you don't feel like riding the other two. That's the best way I can think of to spend that amount of riding money.

Nevertheless, if you're a committed Duke freak — the type described at the start of this story — well, you're obviously beyond help. In your case, the 851 will provide a few surprises, but you'll know as soon as you ride it down the road that the Ducati heritage is safe.

The motorcycle for every desire you ever had.

And then some.

It may be comforting to know that the bigger engine in the all new GSX-R1100 makes even more power and torque than ever before. As a matter of fact, power is up to 138 PS and torque is up by a whopping 10%.

It has four valves per cylinder, a Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber, Suzuki's Advanced Cooling System, new bigger bore slingshot carburetors, an hydraulic clutch, computerised ignition and a stainless steel exhaust system.

You will also discover that the new GSX-R1100 has a more compact, stronger frame made from aluminium alloy, new cartridge type 43mm forks that are fully adjustable and Full-Floater rear suspension.

But what's more important is what you can do with it all.

In this case, with the GSX-R1100, you can enjoy your favourite stretch of road with the confidence only a Suzuki GSX-R can give.

On the other hand, you really don't have to prove anything with a GSX-R1100, even though you could if you wanted to. Walk softly and carry a big stick, someone once said.

He must have had Suzuki's new GSX-R1100 in mind, the ultimate sports performance motorcycle ever built.

GSX-R750

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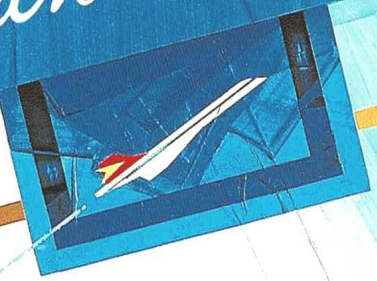
PETER STUYVESANT

...so much more to enjoy!



Peter Stuyvesant

FILTER 20

RICH CHOICE TOBACCOS
KING SIZE

SMOKING CAUSES HEART DISEASE
Health Authority Warning

APB 7394-C RMP 3901